THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

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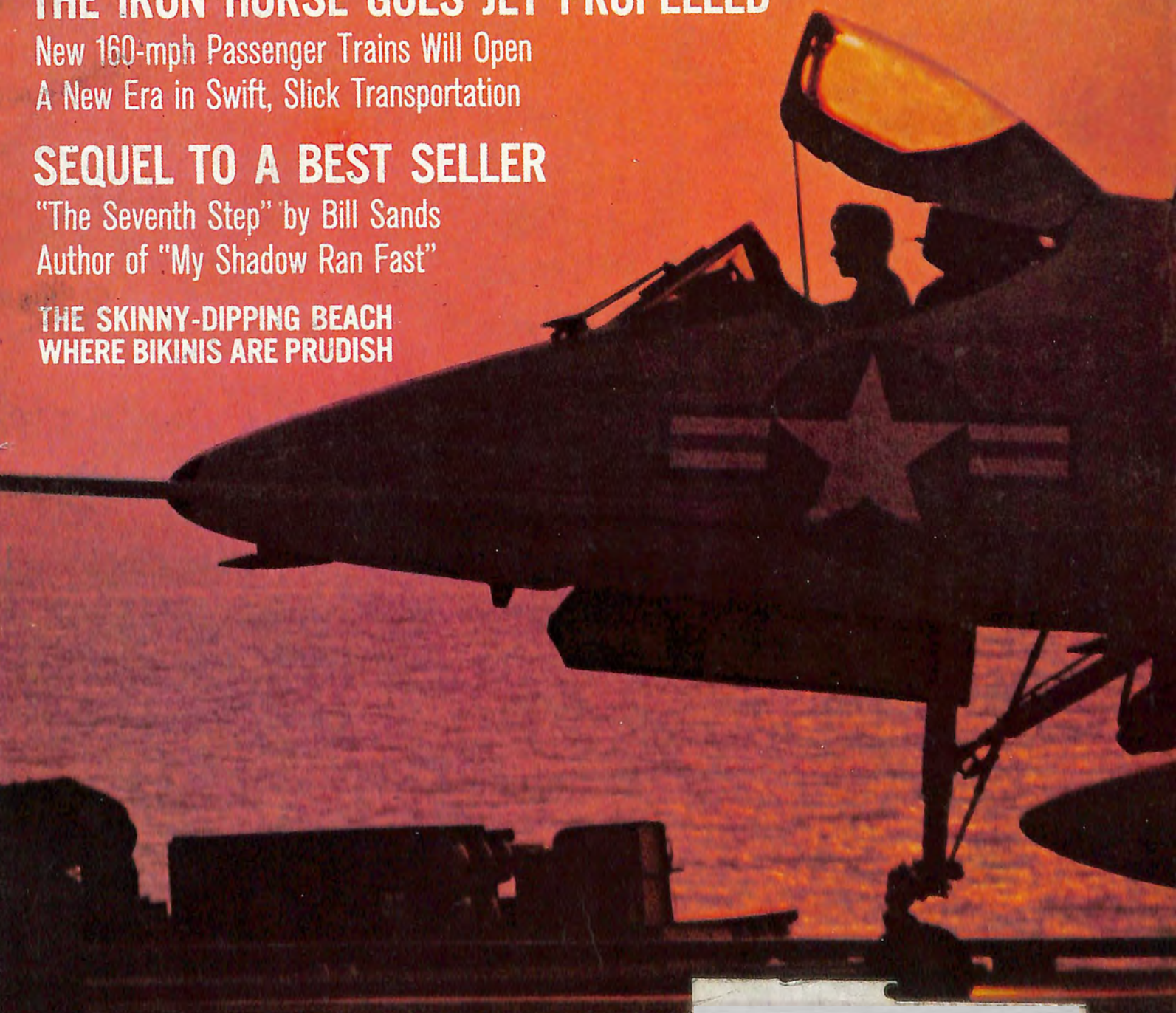

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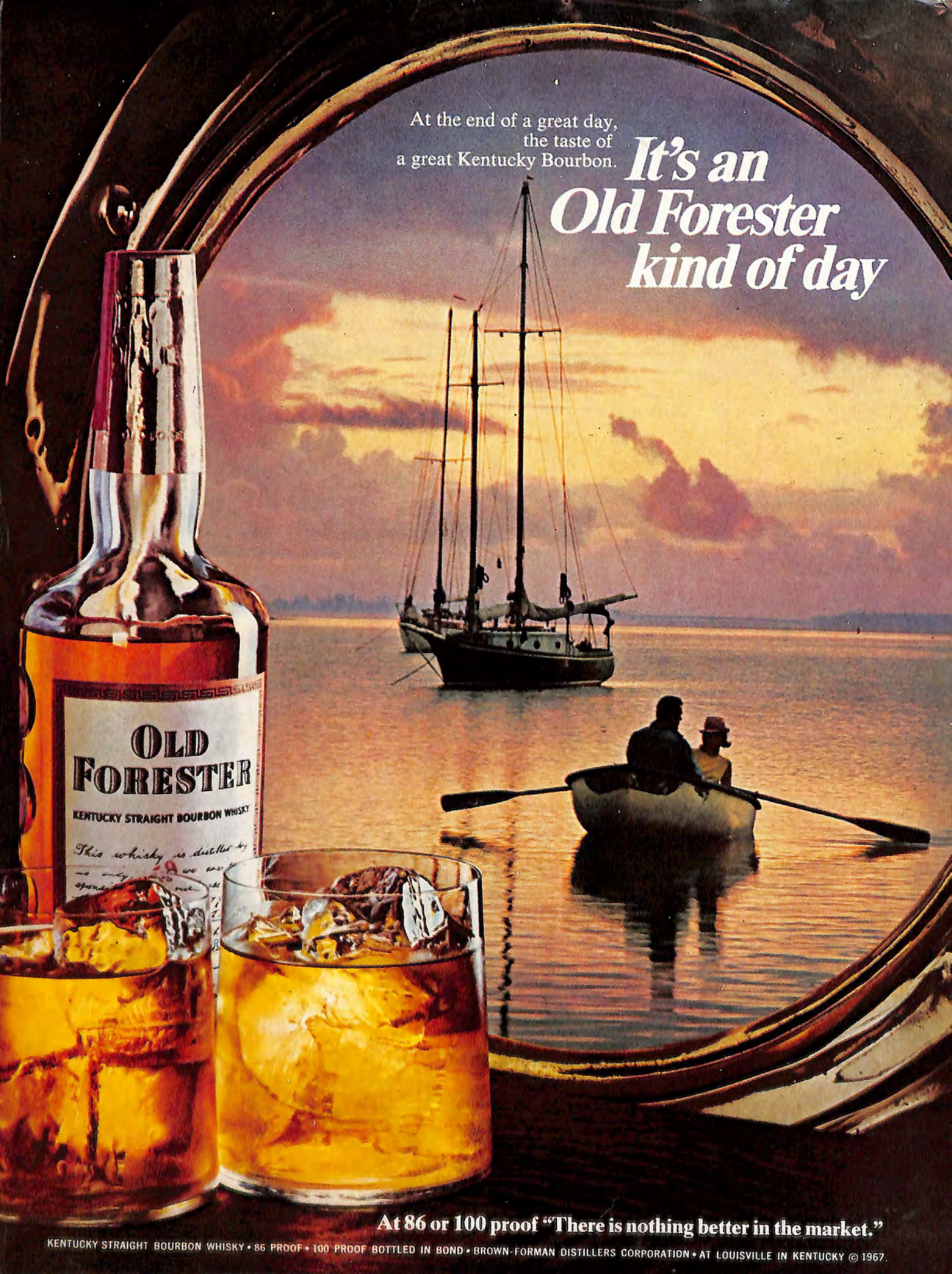
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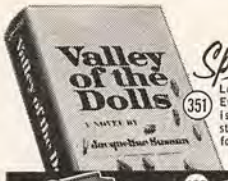

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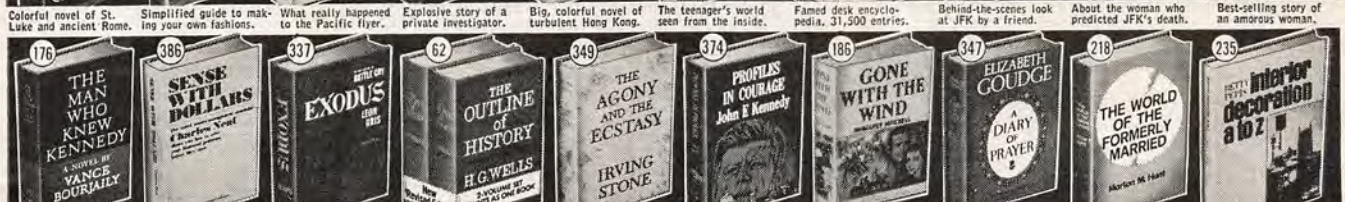

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Marital Mixup

In reference to your item in the May issue (*Man's World*) in which you state that 61 persons were married in Hell, Michigan last year—how in Hell (Michigan or otherwise) did an odd number of people get married. Was there a divorce and a subsequent wedding? Or is Michigan reviving Utah's Mormon polygamy of the last century under the present Messiah? (Same issue, page 15.)

—K. Jones
Denver, Colo.

If 61 people can be married, it sure beats hell. . . .

—George Ferguson
Deer Lodge, Mont.

. . . takes two to tango, bud.

—A. H. Schmechel
Portland, Ore.

Way we heard it, one guy married identical twins.

Synanon Revisited

An honest, for once, article about this "communistic subculture" society called Synanon. . . . My extreme dislike of constant, enforced "rapping" (communication talking) and absolute Nazism led me to split in January, 1966, and I am *clean* ever since, too. I was so completely brainwashed when I split although I was sure I was doomed without my savior, Mr. C. Dederich—somehow, though, I managed to survive intelligently without his help. I might add Synanon was helped greatly by my stay (financially)—woe to the poor addict, he'll never get in the door of Synanon today. . . . Mr. C. D. is wealthy today for all of us who have gone on.

—Ex-addict Helen
San Francisco, Calif.

As a Synanon graduate, and a member of the spearhead group who introduced the program in New York, I take vigorous exception to Paul Lofty's article (May TRUE). While it may have been a lucrative commercial venture for Mister Lofty, it was scarcely a factual presentation of Synanon . . . and not even very well written.

To "bravely speak the utmost syllable of one's convictions" is an important part of the Synanon philosophy, and urged of every member, past and present. However, if the whining impressions set forth by Lofty really reflect the sum total of what he gleaned from 26 months in the environment, I would suggest he run—not walk—to the nearest facility and request readmittance, despite the fact that he is cured of drug addiction. And it is highly unlikely that he would be expected to "raise between $500 and $1,000 if he wanted in." While those who can are, of course, expected to contribute upon entering, the doors of Synanon are closed to no one who sincerely wants to help *himself*. The indigent addicts from the streets of New York City who are now Synanon residents are living verifications of this fact.

Graphic proof of how completely Lofty missed the essence of the dynamic is summed up in his last paragraph. Synanon is not, as he implies, dichotomous as either a cure or a way of life. Synanon is *primarily* a way of life. The cure occurs as a side effect. . . .

—Miss L. Spencer
Reno, Nev.

Where There's A Wills

Where does Ron Smith research his stories? He states on page 90 of the May issue that "Walter Alston and the Dodgers had just returned from Japan—a much-publicized trip that Dodger short-stop Maury Wills had not taken. Wills stayed behind and tended to outside interests while Dodger owner Walter O'Malley fumed."

Maury Wills' departure to Pittsburgh was hastened by his *leaving the Dodgers while they were in Japan* to get attention for his ailing knee. A magazine such as yours should not condone a blooper such as this.

—Paul Kearns
McKeesport, Pa.

What Ron meant to say was that Wills was doing what he was most famous for—he stole home!

Many A Truth . . .

I enjoy your magazine, but your April issue has an unfunny cartoon on page 74, which shows a car dealer warning a man about letting his wife drive his new car. We women are fine drivers—who do you think you're kidding?

—Mrs. Harriet Feld
Hoboken, N. J.

Sorry, Harriet. Sometimes our cartoons are not so funny—just true.

Magic Diet

The item on athletes using hormones in your April issue reminds me of what a friend did several years ago out here, using herbs instead of hormones. He got some remarkable results with athletes, by using herb tea, but the most unusual effect was on a horse, Iron Dart, which had raced five or six times in 1964 at Tijuana. The horse was so stiff with arthritis it couldn't step up for a carrot and was picked up for a few hundred bucks. Six weeks later he was entered in a race and came in fourth; in the following 24 weeks he was entered each weekend—and came in the money 51 percent of the time!

This was accomplished with a nine-year-old stud. It is unusual to race a horse every week for six months, at any age—but this horse sure seemed to like it.

—M. J. Fritz
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

[*Continued on page 4*]

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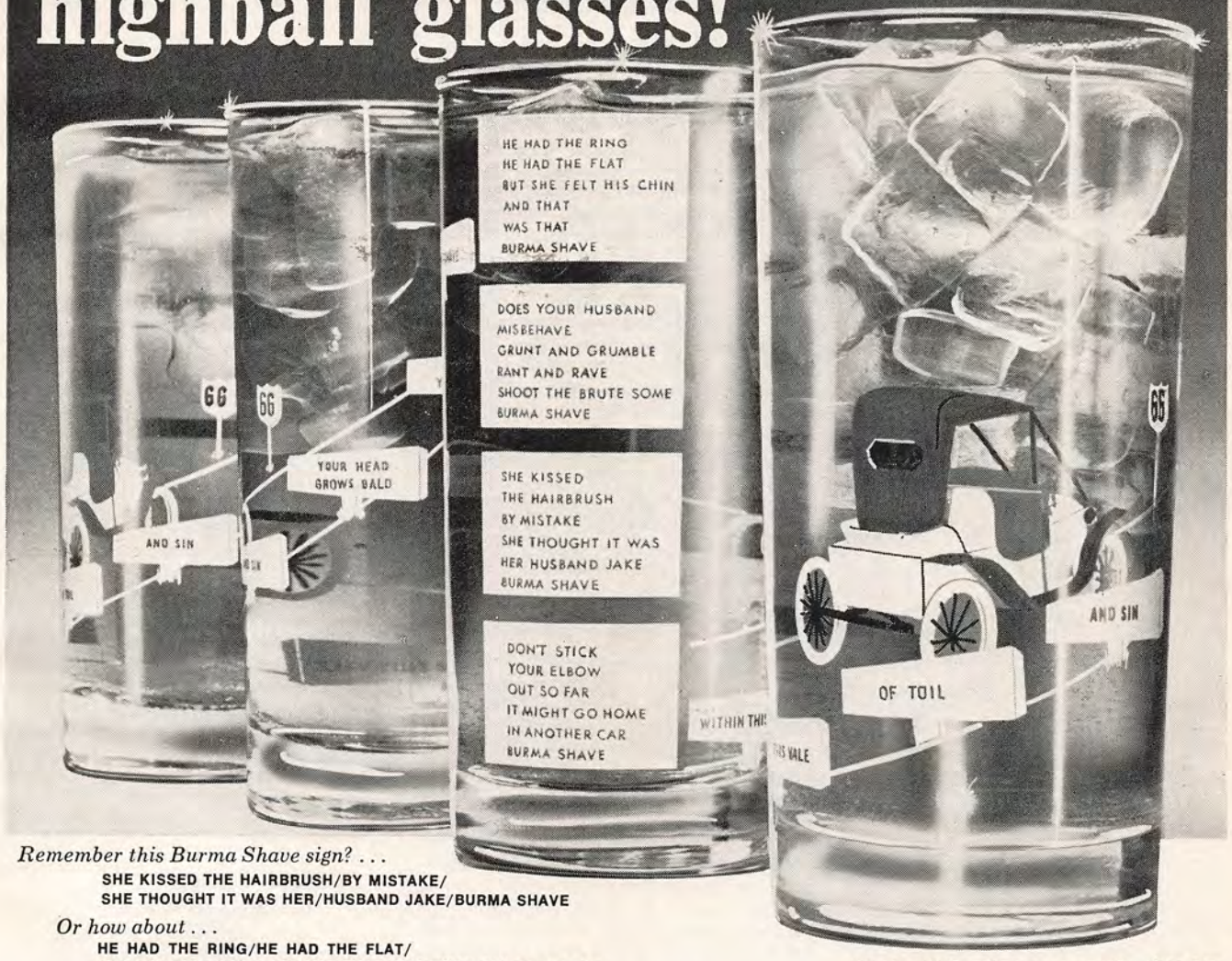

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BUT SHE FELT HIS CHIN/AND THAT WAS THAT/BURMA SHAVE

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The limitations of printing just can't do justice to the hilarious charm of these Burma Shave signs nor the sparkling quality of these impressive glasses. You have to see for yourself how they "break the ice" at any gathering! So send for them today. If not completely delighted, merely return the Burma Shave glasses and every penny will be promptly refunded in full.

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[*Continued from page 2*]

Show Biz

In your April issue I was surprised at *Trueviews* review of Sen. Everett Dirksen's record *Gallant Men*. I realize it's not necessary for everyone to like the record, but I would like to know about American ideals today, and just what this encompasses in the reviewer's mind. Perhaps to please the reviewer, background music should have been performed by the Animals and words by Joan Baez, in order to bring the record up-to-date.

I feel the criticism could have been kinder toward Senator Dirksen.

—Tom Givens
Clarksdale, Minn.

Maybe Senator Dirksen could have been kinder to the public.

Afterthoughts

In your April *Truely Yours* column, a reader, Dr. E. T. Prendergast, states that Houdini, the famous magician and escape artist, did not "come through either." This is in reference to your story on *The World of Ted Serios*, in an earlier issue.

In the book *Life After Death*, the author, S. Ralph Harlow, documents receipt of a message from Mr. Houdini two years after his death and purportedly verified by Mrs. Houdini.

—E. D. White
Cleveland, Ohio

***We* didn't get the message.**

Job Evaluation

In the March issue, one of your readers comments that "an American soldier fighting" is the most hazardous job. I prefer to think that statement should be rewritten to read "fighting an American soldier is the most hazardous job!"

—Carey Smith
Tucson, Ariz.

You said it, Carey!

Mustang Massacre

Hearty congratulations for printing such a fine story as *One Man's Fight to Save the Mustangs* in your April issue. I pray it will arouse both our nations once more to the splendid united action they demonstrated a year ago when the BLM (Bureau of Land Management) thought they as good as had the 140 Pryor Mountain mustangs exterminated. They hadn't counted on their proposed dastardly deed leaking out and making headline news from coast to coast, gathering a mob of angry mustang sympathizers from all walks of life who bombarded Washington with so many wires and letters that the planned mustang massacre was immediately halted. But only for a year.

Now the BLM are "cooking" their forage survey by comparing vastly dissimilar areas in their report to prove how little forage there is in the horse area compared with the non-horse areas, which are not even in the same locale. . . .

—N. Bearcroft
Richmond, B.C., Can.

It creates a good feeling inside some of us when we read articles such as the one where the Tilletts are trying to save the mustangs of Montana.

Rather than get rid of the horses, it would do this country more good if we were to do away with the entire Department of Interior (and while at it, do away with the Department of Agriculture). The savings to the taxpayer would be ample justification for such action and it would also be a very good start in liquidating the smelly mess called Washington, D.C.

—L. R. Curran
Weaverville, Calif.

Night and Day

Have just finished reading the bonus book condensation in the May issue—*Wild Season*—and would like to state the following: I have been a subscriber to various outdoor magazines and book clubs for many years, in fact, I think since most of them were first organized, and I have never read a book I enjoyed more. I started the feature in the evening and enjoyed it so much that I refused to quit reading until I had read the final paragraph early in the morning. Keep articles like this coming.

—W. J. Melton, Jr.
Brentwood, Mo.

Will do. If you can stand the loss of sleep.

Pirate Puzzle

In your article on Oak Island (January TRUE), the author attempts to debunk the "myth" by claiming: 1. Pirates wouldn't have had the initiative or ability for such a construction job. 2. They wouldn't have anything worth the trouble. 3. What were they doing in Nova Scotia anyhow?

Well, after giving the matter much thought, common sense supplied these answers:

1. Egyptians built the pyramids, Greeks built the Parthenon, Romans built the Colosseum and the aqueduct. Great castles and cathedrals were built during the Middle Ages, fabulous cities were built by the Incas and Mayans, and in 1936, at a summer camp, 85 boys aged eight to 13 built a 2,000-square-foot recreation hall in six weeks and still had plenty of time for swimming, fishing and baseball!

People have always been able to build or do pretty much what they wanted to do or were forced to do. And while the bulk of the men on a pirate ship may have been ignorant or uneducated, there were always two or three who were competent navigators, including celestial navigation, and thus might well have been able to do the designing and engineering.

I estimate that 150 men could have done Oak Island in six or eight months, perhaps between March and October.

2. Some years ago, in Florida, a group of divers recovered some $3,000,000 worth of treasure from two sunken ships. The original fleet was estimated to have contained about $18,000,000 worth of treasure, and this was just *one* of a long series of annual or semi-annual shipments from Mexico to Spain from the middle of the 17th to the middle of the 18th century. Obviously, if a pirate intercepted just one or two ships like that, they could gain enough treasure to be distinctly worthwhile!

3. As to what they were doing in Nova Scotia with money captured in Florida or the West Indies, I can only point out that many Californians vacation in the West Indies, even though Hawaii is closer. Conversely, many New Yorkers vacation in Hawaii even though Nassau is closer. If a wealthy New Yorker can go south for the winter, why shouldn't wealthy pirates go north for the summer, especially if they could thus combine business with pleasure, and maybe even make the trip tax deductible!?!

—John H. Cone
Pasadena, Calif.

Where did poor pirates go?

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY RON SMITH

THE NIGHT NURMI TASTED DEFEAT

■ Paavo Nurmi began training to be a distance runner while still a boy, chasing trolley cars in the streets of Abo, Finland. By 1925 he was the world's best-known pedestrian. He held international records in 10 different events and people called him Peerless Paavo, The Flying Finn.

Then Nurmi sailed for America to begin a long, profitable tour. He was booked into every town in the country that had an indoor track and a bank. He collected $30,000 on the tour, along with something nobody thought he would get—his only defeat in 45 races.

Experts pontificated that Nurmi was unbeatable because of his diet. It had been reported that he trained entirely on black bread and fish. Nurmi never actually said this himself, but the public believed it. A reporter called on him once at the dinner hour and found Nurmi with a knife and fork, surrounded by chicken livers and dumplings. "No black bread and fish today?" said the reporter.

Nurmi gave the guy a look that would stop a freight train. "Why should I eat things like that?" he asked. Even so, people kept on believing about the black bread and fish.

The only time Nurmi lost in America was in a 5000-meter run on a March night in 1926 at the Knights of Columbus Meet in New York's Madison Square Garden. Earlier in the day Nurmi had attended a luncheon in his honor given by Finnish-American citizens. They were big eaters and they were all eating veal potpie. All but Paavo. The waiter brought him an order of black bread and fish.

"None of this," Paavo said, pushing his plate away.

The waiter gasped. "But it's in your honor."

"I can't put honor in my stomach," scowled Paavo. "Pass the veal potpie."

Nurmi polished off the pie. That evening he got ready to polish off the 5000-meter run as well. He went to the front and stayed there, gliding around the track with long, powerful strides. Then it happened.

Halfway through the race The Flying Finn developed engine trouble. His legs wobbled and he clutched at his sides with both hands. He was losing ground fast. And he was getting green at the gills even faster. Nurmi knew it was something he ate. The veal potpie had risen up and bitten him. He staggered off the track, lurched past the officials' table, and crash-landed on the floor.

A meet official looked Paavo over carefully. He was moaning loudly while the veal potpie churned over and over. "Hmmmm," said the official knowingly. "A bad piece of fish." Paavo moaned even louder.

After that Paavo was fussy about where he ate in America. He didn't change his diet much. He just stayed away from Finnish banquets.

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE JULY 1967

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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trueviews: movies books records

movies

THE FLIM-FLAM MAN. A slow freight goes by, a deck of cards flies out, then a suitcase, then a man. He's the Flim-Flam Man, older than Time and twice as tricky. The sly codger teams up with a sharp youngster for a series of hilarious swindles and an excruciatingly funny car chase. George C. Scott is brilliant as the con artist, and Mike Sarrazin and Sue Lyon are fine. Don't miss this one.

KING OF HEARTS. Alan Bates plays a Scottish soldier in WW I. He is sent into a French town alone to disarm a time bomb left by retreating Germans. What he doesn't know is that the townspeople have fled and the folk from the local loony bin have taken over. Quite funny, sometimes touching and thoroughly charming.

Jean: Flint's formidable foe.

IN LIKE FLINT. James Coburn stars as the indestructible Derek Flint, this time fending off a farrago of females, led by Jean Hale, who try to take over the world. He is, of course, successful. It's silly, but fun. With 55 beauties in bikinis, does the plot matter?

FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE. Clint Eastwood stars as The Man With No Name, the fastest gun in the Old West. He and Lee Van Cleef compete for the head of a bandit worth $10,000. They kill a dozen others before they get to him, but getting there is half the fun. A fast-moving sequel to *Fistful of Dollars.*

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE. Julie Andrews is thoroughly marvelous in this musical of the Roaring Twenties, but even she can't carry its elephantine plot all the way home. At times a spoof of the period, at times a loving re-creation, it ends up Thoroughly Mangled. Buy the record.

ACCIDENT. This is a grim, oblique exploration of the tangled byways of adultery. Two married professors at an English university covet a girl student. She gets engaged to a fellow student while having an affair with one of the professors. Then, when a car accident kills her fiance, the other professor takes advantage of her shock and seduces her. Dirk Bogarde and Stanley Baker help make this an extremely absorbing movie.

THE CAPER OF THE GOLDEN BULLS. Stephen Boyd is blackmailed into robbing a bank in this limp, loose loser. There are twists and turns, but the only surprise is that they bothered to make the movie at all. Yvette Mimieux brightens it up, but nothing can help it enough.

THE JOKERS. Two young Englishmen feel that they're underrated by the people around them. What should they do about it? Well, one thing they could do is steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London. Michael Crawford is exceptional as a bumbler who does everything right for once, and Oliver Reed and Harry Andrews are also fine. It's delightful.

ELDORADO. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum star in this bang-up, colorful Western. By the time they're through, not a cliche has been left unturned, but it's all good fun. Wayne is the fastest gun-for-hire in the West, and Mitchum is the drunken, seedy sheriff that Big John rehabilitates so they can shoot up the bad guys at the finish like the pros they are. Good old Arthur Hunnicutt helps.

TRIPLE CROSS. Hollywood has taken the story of Eddie Chapman, safecracker-turned-spy in WW II, crossed it with James Bond, and come up with a mishmash. Chapman was captured by the Germans, trained as a spy, dropped into England, and promptly became a double agent. Fantastic and true, but it looks unbelievable. Christopher Plummer, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard and Yul Brynner can't save it.

CHUKA. Rod Taylor is excellent as a scruffy gunman trapped in a fort full of Army misfits surrounded by hostile Indians. It's an old story, but done well. Taylor wants to handle the Indians with humanity, but Army regulations and a paranoid commander (John Mills) cause a massacre. Ernest Borgnine is fine as Taylor's foe, and Luciana Paluzzi stands out as his friend.

TWO FOR THE ROAD. Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney are perfectly marvelous as husband and wife in this bittersweet comedy-drama detailing the joys and sorrows of marriage. Their happiness is contagious, their sorrows achingly real. A fine film.

books

R.F.K.: THE MAN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT by Ralph de Toledano. Robert F. Kennedy, being human, single-minded and tough, undoubtedly has flaws. If he had as many as this book indicates, though, he'd have hooves, horns and a tail. Part smear, part biography, all mishmash. *Putnam; $6.95.*

HOW I GOT THAT STORY, edited by David Brown and W. Richard Bruner. Thirty-four members of the Overseas Press Club tell the stories behind the headlines. Their tales reflect the dangers, frustrations and joys of journalism. Many are fascinating, especially those by Richard Tregaskis, Tad Szulc and Ben Lucien Burman. *Dutton; $5.95.*

CLOWN ON FIRE by Aaron Judah. A richly comic novel about a Jewish boy in India who cannot escape getting into trouble. After failing as a student and an apprentice businessman, he's shipped off to military school where he causes a revolution. Hilarious. *Dial Press; $4.50.*

THE COUNTRY TEAM by Robin Moore. This documentary-type novel about a Southeast Asian country in trouble parallels events in Viet Nam a few years ago. As with much semifiction of this type, it's interesting when dealing with the realities of the situation and dull when dealing with the fictional aspects. Worth reading. *Crown; $5.95.*

THE DAMSEL by Richard Stark. A thief on the run gets tangled up with a damsel in distress in Mexico and the two of them, followed by a herd of hoods, embark on a tense but wryly funny journey to safety. Topnotch. *Macmillan; $3.95.*

THE THOUSAND HOUR DAY by W. S. Kuniczak. A massive (628 pages) novel about the six-week war in 1939 when Germany invaded Poland. Much of it is brilliant, especially the combat, but in the end it becomes ponderous. *Dial Press; $7.95.*

[*Continued on page* 10]

"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense,* and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after,* this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued,* and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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trueviews:

[Continued from page 8]

AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE by Len Deighton. The current master of the spy novel returns with his wildest cast of characters ever. A secret agent is ordered to turn real secrets over to the Red Chinese in the interests of peace. Everyone in Paris tries to stop him, including a cheerful, sadistic pornographer. Good, tough and entertaining. *Putnam; $4.95.*

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT by William Manchester. The most controversial book of the century turns out to be undeserving of the uproar. It's a very good book, but nothing more. It is well written, carefully organized and exhaustively researched. Its flaws (some inaccuracies, some subjectivity, too much detail) are, in context, minor. Everyone should read it. *Harper & Row; $10.00.*

BITTER GREETINGS by Jean Carper. This broadside blast at the draft is the best of several recent books on the subject. It exposes the arcane practices, totalitarian thinking, inefficiency and hypocrisy of Selective Service bureaucrats. One bombshell in it is a study of the draft which was suppressed by the Pentagon and which shows that the draft is unnecessary. *Grossman; $5.00.*

records

FRANCIS ALBERT SINATRA & ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM. The Boss meets the boss of bossa nova and, on 10 soft numbers, they redefine excellence. A standout is their duet on "How Insensitive." Catch this one. *Reprise.*

LES McCANN PLAYS THE HITS. The fine jazz pianist here plays a dozen contemporary tunes and adds to them immeasurably. Backed by a swinging group, he jazzes up "Sunny," "Sunshine Superman" and the rest with deft vitality. *Limelight.*

MIRIAM MAKEBA IN CONCERT. Miss Makeba creates instant excitement on her latest record. She sings American, Brazilian and African songs (including the famous "Click Song"), and she raises the roof with her enormous talent. *Reprise.*

SPANISH MOONLIGHT. In this album, young Irishman John Gary tackles a dozen Latin songs and wins hands down. In Spanish and English he sings "Guantanamera," "Poinciana," "Yours," "Malaguena" and others, with gentle virtuosity. This is his best album to date: *Bueno! RCA Victor.*

FOR EMILY, WHENEVER I MAY FIND HER. A collection of songs by Glenn Yarbrough who is a mighty fine singer. His voice soars but the lyrics are clear. "Golden Under the Sun" and "Tomorrow Is a Long Time" are especially good. *RCA Victor.*

CASINO ROYALE. Most soundtrack albums are bores, except for musicals. This one is an exception. Burt Bacharach has composed a variety of numbers that are different enough, and interesting enough, to listen to more than once. Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass play the main theme and Dusty Springfield sings a ballad. *Colgems.*

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF JEAN-PAUL MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. Whew! This is another soundtrack with a difference—the songs from the bizarre, shocking movie which depicts, literally and graphically, the events in the title. Offbeat but absorbing. *UA Records.*

ELLA & DUKE AT THE COTE D'AZUR. Two records in the album for the price of one. It's a concert by Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington and his orchestra on the French Riviera. Ella sings "Going Out of My Head," "The More I See You" and several others. Duke and the boys play "Squeeze Me," "Mack the Knife," "It Don't Mean a Thing," and more, and the joint just rocks and rocks. *Verve.*

Lana: Sings with assurance.

AND THEN THERE WAS LANA. Let there be no equivocating: Lana Cantrell is one of the best singers to come along in quite a while. Only 22, she sings with the assurance of a veteran. "I Will Wait for You," "A Man and a Woman," "I'm All Smiles" and eight others never sounded better. *RCA Victor.*

EQUINOX. Sergio Mendes and his small Brasil '66 group were a big hit last year with their Mod Latin Jazz sound. Now they're back with another sure hit. This album contains 10 cool-but-swinging numbers, sung and played with exuberant excellence. "Night and Day," "For Me" and "Constant Rain" are tops. *A&M Records.*

FLAMENCO FEVER. Sabicas is known in his native Spain as "the king of the guitar" and this album confirms his title. Nine flamencos are highlighted with fantastic dexterity and passion. *ABC Records.*

DINAH DISCOVERED. During her lifetime, Dinah Washington was known as "the queen of the blues." This collection concentrates on movie songs: "Blue Skies," "Stormy Weather," "Three Coins in the Fountain," etc. Her controlled stridency and high style still sound superb. *Mercury.*

RAY CHARLES—A MAN AND HIS SOUL. This deluxe two-record album assembles an anthology of great renditions. It includes a variety of songs—country and western, blues, jazz and pops. The gravelly genius of the singer is everywhere evident. *ABC Records.*

ANYWAY . . . ONWARD. The key words of Mort Sahl, whose stream-of-consciousness wit is as sharp as ever. This album, his first in several years, deals with politics. LBJ, Hubert Humphrey and Bobby Kennedy are among the targets of his sharpshooting. *Mercury.*

LENNY BRUCE. Those who view the late comic only as a purveyor of four-letter words will be surprised by this. Bruce offers a brilliant, funny defense of capitalism, satirizes homosexuality and demolishes hypocrisy in free-wheeling, hilarious style. *UA Records.*

TOGETHERNESS. Allan Sherman is a humorist rather than a satirist, and sometimes he's too gentle, but generally he's good fun. "Strange Things in My Soup" and "There's No Governor Like Our New Governor" (Reagan) stand out. *Reprise.*

THE MAMAS AND THE PAPAS DELIVER. This group is kind of funny-looking, but they sing quite well—better than most other rock groups. Here they deliver eight of their own compositions plus four more songs, including their big hit, "Dedicated to the One I Love." *Dunhill.*

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE. Return, via the soundtrack of the current musical, to the jazzy, razzamatazzy twenties. Julie Andrews sings the title tune and a potpourri of boop-boop-a-doopers beautifully, and Carol Channing chimes in with raucous renditions. Delightful. *Decca.*

EXTRA SPECIAL! A mixed bouquet of past hits, never before gathered into an album, by Peggy Lee. Included are "Hey, Look Me Over," "Walking Happy," "The Doodling Song" and nine others, rendered with Miss Lee's usual verve and high style. *Capitol.*

TRUE goes shopping

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified. You'll get speedier delivery if you include your Zip Code.

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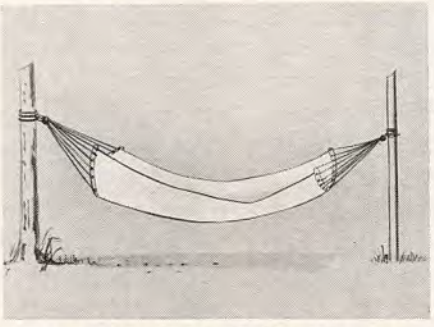

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TV'S ANGRY MAN

■ On the wall of his 11th-floor office at the Ford Foundation's Madison Avenue headquarters in New York, Fred Friendly has an elegantly lettered framed quotation of Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "If you believe in great things, you may be able to make other people believe in them."

For the entire 20-year lifespan of television in America, Fred Friendly—a massive, voluble and pyrotechnical TV documentarist and newsman—has been trying to make other people believe in things which may shake up their lives and blow ignorance out of their world.

Last February, Friendly found himself at the center of a national controversy when he quit one of the biggest journalistic jobs in the country—president of CBS News—after a titanic hassle with his corporate bosses who refused to let him broadcast Senate hearings on Viet Nam. Renouncing commercial television, Friendly moved to the rarefied atmosphere of teaching and foundation work, causing many to believe it was the end of him as a force in American broadcasting. But only months later, he was back in the headlines with his revolutionary proposal to make educational television competitive with the three major commercial networks. Then there is his new book *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control . . .* which is perhaps the angriest blast yet fired at U.S. television and its alleged need for higher profits at the expense of news and public affairs. As a result of all this, people inside of TV and out are contemptuously calling Friendly "an impractical sorehead," a "pie-in-the-sky romancer" and the "P. T. Barnum of TV news." But few deny that he may be the one man with the energy, talent and courage to change things. In a sense, he's TV's first angry man.

That Fred Friendly, from such academic niches as the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism and the Ford Foundation, now should be able to cause such commotion is remarkable, unless you recall that it was he—in his celebrated collaboration with the late Edward R. Murrow—who tilled the virgin soil in which TV documentaries now grow. And it is in large measure due to Friendly that today's TV has some significant programs.

Two landmark TV series were Friendly's principal battleground in his 16 years at CBS: first, *See It Now* (one of the most controversial series ever on TV) which generated such memorable TV moments as the "exposé" of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy; the investigation of the Air Force's firing of Lt. Milo Radulovich; and conversations with world figures like Pandit Nehru, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Arnold Toynbee, Jonas Salk, Sir Anthony Eden and Carl Sandburg. Then came *CBS Reports* (which continues in slightly altered form to the present) and its hard-hitting programs on the plight of American migratory workers, civil rights, smoking and health, big-city corruption, social welfare legislation and constitutional law.

For more than a decade, beginning with the 1949 record album, *I Can Hear It Now* (still a brisk seller), Murrow and Friendly were so intimate a collaboration that their associates often thought of them as a single entity. The two men first met when Friendly, at 32, was almost completely unknown in the broadcast business, and Murrow, at 40, was its most prestigious and distinguished name. He had returned shortly before from covering the war in Europe; his radio broadcasts during the Battle of Britain had made him a national figure. Friendly's admiration for Murrow's style and incorruptibility was oversized; Murrow, in turn, admired Friendly's tenacity in pursuing a story and dramatizing its main issues. They sometimes dug into their own pockets for money to buy newspaper advertisements promoting particular *See It Now* segments. Usually Friendly was responsible for compiling and editing the film into a unified whole and writing the continuity; Murrow advised on the editing and composed his own summations. In the incredibly long hours involved in mounting so topical a series during that decade of hard work, the two men ate, drank (both were Scotch drinkers) and defended themselves together—from angered viewers and the occasional displeasure of their CBS bosses.

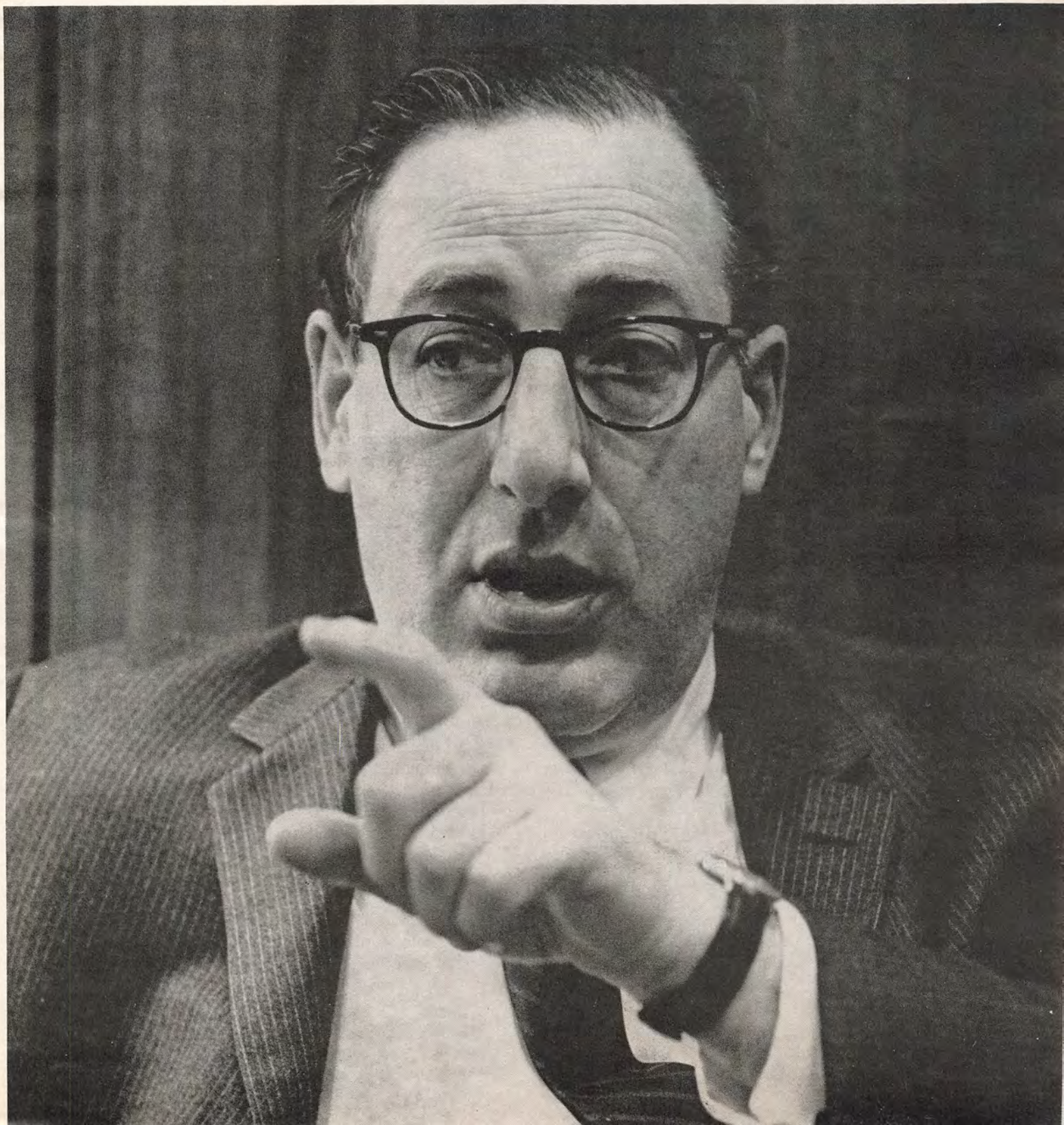
To say that Fred Friendly today is hyperactive is to understate the matter: his energy is demonic at times, and the tiger in his particular tank drives him to labor for 15 to 20 hours a day when the need exists. Central to his nature is the fact that he *loves* television in a special way and is a visionary about its destiny.

Friendly can't bear it when somebody tells him: "I never watch television." He once was in the habit, whenever he heard that haughty disclaimer, of removing his glasses, smashing them against some

BY NEIL HICKEY

Fred Friendly is the nonconformist newsman who battled CBS-TV and lost. Now he's running full tilt at all the major television networks, with an amazing plan to turn today's TV wasteland into tomorrow's promised land

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE SCHAPIRO



President Johnson gets a "briefing" from Fred Friendly, then president of CBS News, in preparation for a TV show about LBJ's first 100 days in office.

He is a man who dares to dream and is not afraid "to believe in great things"

nearby object, and declaring: "And I never read!" A visitor recently asked him if that were not an expensive, albeit a telling, gesture. "I've only done it about three or four times," Friendly replied, a bit sheepishly.

Friendly's energy and theatricality have earned him at least as many enemies as admirers. The former category includes co-workers at CBS News who were driven to the limits of their physical and emotional strength by his sometimes unfeeling imposition of his own work habits on them. One of them says: "The dangerous thing is that Friendly is a megalomaniac who achieved positions of great power on the basis of credit which Murrow deserved. But he may return to commercial TV at some time in the future, and I'll have to deal with him again. I'm not going to sit here and jeopardize my career by knocking him. But it's a fact that when he was at CBS, he sometimes walked the narrow line between integrity and showmanship, and in the cutting room he'd frequently edit a show to suit his own prejudices."

Stephen Fleischmann, once a *CBS Reports* staff producer under Friendly and now head of his own documentary unit for ABC, recalls: "You had to have a certain tolerance to work for Friendly. He worked totally intuitively. You might suggest a story on Nigeria, and the next thing you knew you were on a plane to Africa, wondering how you got there."

Although some old CBS hands claim that had there never been an Edward R. Murrow, Friendly would be little more than a boisterous and flamboyant nonentity, Fleischmann says the opposite: "That's baloney. Friendly liked to make it look as though Murrow played a big part in some of those shows, but *Harvest of Shame* [which concerned the plight of American migratory workers], although narrated by Murrow, was produced, written and directed by David Lowe." Friendly could inspire you to do your absolute best, Fleischmann avers, and "people broke their backs to give him what he wanted. I love him dearly," Fleischmann says. Nonetheless, after a heated dispute with Friendly over how a particular *CBS Reports* program should be edited, Fleischmann quit CBS cold in 1964 and joined ABC.

Though other colleagues did not quit Friendly, they had these strong impressions of him:

"He's intemperate at times, but I had the feeling that was an act—his idea of what a temperamental producer should be. . . ."

"Friendly knew how to use people, including Murrow. He would use Murrow's name like a club sometimes. He'd say, 'Murrow wants . . .' and everybody would quiver. . . ."

"Friendly knew how to get the headlines and he knew where to stop. He also knew how to take care of himself at the expense of other people. William

Paley [CBS board chairman] and Dr. Frank Stanton [CBS president] were afraid of Murrow because he was the biggest thing they had, the top prestige name at CBS, and, in fact, in all of broadcasting. With the Murrow-Friendly marriage, they also grew to fear Friendly a little."

TV newsman Howard K. Smith, a charter member of the so-called Murrow team at CBS and now an ABC commentator, says Friendly "drew me into TV by having me travel around and do stories for *See It Now* while I was European correspondent for CBS. Fred developed the 'little picture' method of documentaries: the focusing on a single individual—an Arab or an Israeli, let us say—to suggest the full impact of the bigger story." David Schoenbrun, another Murrow regular, says that part of Friendly's impressive success is due to his "great skill in film editing; he has the technical skills of a great Hollywood film cutter. The best shows I've ever done were done with Friendly."

A longtime associate claims: "Nobody ever really got close to Fred. He doesn't really have any close friends." A New York physician, Dr. Samuel Standard, who is as close to Friendly as anybody outside his own family, says: "Fred's only hobby is his children. On days off, he likes to take them around to places and just be with them. [They are, Andrew, 15; Lisa, 13, and David, 11.] Fred isn't interested in theater or movies or card playing. He has no way of squandering time. His life is his work, and his work is the sort that has great possibilities for personal development." Ed Murrow was a formally educated, cultured man, Standard points out, but "Fred's work has been his education. He never forgets anything. His learning capacity is startling. He has come into contact with some very great minds, and those people take to him. Like Oppenheimer, for example; his affection for Fred was very moving. They all feel his bullish earnestness about what he's doing."

Friendly lives in Riverdale, a few miles north of Manhattan, and owns a home on a lake in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he and his family go to relax, and where he wrote much of his recent book. He has two offices, one on the Columbia University campus in upper Manhattan, where he is available to his graduate students and their problems relating to radio and TV journalism; and another in the Ford Foundation's modern midtown headquarters.

November 18, 1951, seems like a long time ago to him, so much has happened in the meantime. That was the day *See It Now* came on the CBS air for the first time. Murrow did the narration while live

Friendly discusses his latest plans for improving TV with McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation.

cameras showed split-screen pictures of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans—the first time viewers had ever seen both coasts of the United States at the same instant. It was a gimmicky but effective means of dramatizing the vast capabilities of the new electronic journalism.

The first big controversy of *See It Now's* eight-year life came two years later with *The Case of Lt. Milo Radulovich*, an Air Force Reserve officer who was asked to resign his commission "for having maintained a close, continuing association with your sister and your father," who were alleged—by unspecified accusers—to have communist sympathies. At the same time, the Air Force told Radulovich that "no question as to your loyalty is involved." Radulovich decided to fight, and the case came to the attention of Friendly and Murrow who hurriedly dispatched a reporter and cameraman to Dexter, Michigan, the story's locale.

According to Charles C. Lockwood, Radulovich's attorney, the Air Force Hearing Board had placed a sealed envelope in front of the young Reserve officer, and said: "These are the allegations. Now proceed to exonerate yourself." The Air Force produced no witnesses, Lockwood said, and "we were not told who the accusers were. . . . But at the conclusion of the trial, although we had met the allegations, the Air Force made findings . . . that every single allegation was true." Radulovich himself [*Continued on page* 20]

3684. HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS—S.R.O. The Work Song, Mame, etc.

3790. THE SUPREMES Sing Holland • Dozier • Holland. Love Is In Our Hearts, etc.

3759. ANDY WILLIAMS — In The Arms Of Love. Sand And Sea, Remember, 7 more

3734. NANCY SINATRA — Sugar, Sugar Town, All By Myself, What'll I Do, etc.

2430. HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS — Whipped Cream & Other Delights.

Come on in where the hits are!

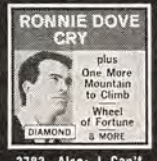
3443. Also: I Wish You Love, Free Again, Le Mur, Martina, etc.

3855. Plus: Free Again, Nice 'N' Easy, Girl Talk, etc.

3679. Also: Strangers In The Night, Sunny, etc.

3818. Also: Miss Amanda Jones, She Smiled Sweetly, etc.

3782. Musical fantasy for the young at heart



3783. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, Autumn Rhapsody, etc.

3888. Also: Country Girl, Old Devil Moon, 7 more

3735. Also: England Swings, Color My World, 12 in all

3872. Yesterday, A Lover's Concerto, Blue Star, 12 in all

3707. Also: If I Had You, Just Friends, Home, S'posin', etc.

3760. ". . . nothing less than genius." —London Daily Tel.

3442. Also: A Poem on the Underground Wall, Cloudy, etc.

3827. Plus: Last Train To Clarksville; Mary, Mary; etc.

3628. Also: Cancan, Greensleeves, Blue Danube Waltz, etc.

MORE Great Hits!

MORE Great Stars!

MORE Great Values!

3551. Also: Hurt So Bad, Message to Michael, etc.

3762. Also: Sixteen Tons, Bang Bang, The Lonesome Road, etc.

2875. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Copland, etc.

3916. Also: Mona Lisa, That Old Black Magic, 12 in all

2605. "Some of his funniest material." —Billboard

3648. Also: Little By Little, Losing You, Goin' Back, etc.

3766. Plus: C.T.A. — 102, Time Between, Mind Gardens, etc.

2640. "The Mormon Choir sings like one voice." Eve. Bulletin

3755. Also: Dancing In The Dark, Moonglow, 12 in all

3867. Sixteen Weeks, Hello Heartache, Do Me A Favor, etc.

2639. "The best musical score of '65." —Am. Record Guide

2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.

3890. Here is a treasure for your classical library... this special two-record set counts as one selection only

3733. Plus: I'm The One, All Is Mine, No Fair At All, etc.

2214. Alborada del Gracioso, Ritual Fire Dance, etc.

3720. Also: My Baby, Get Ready, Don't Look Back, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. ✻

3775. Plus: Creole Love Call, Black And Tan Fantasy, etc.

3618. Plus: Ghost Riders in the Sky, Gay Ranchero, etc.

2403. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.

3669. Also: Don't Worry 'Bout Me, You've Changed, etc.

2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

3870. Also: I'm A Free Born Man, Port Lairge, etc.

3513. All the music from Broadway's mightiest musical.

2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.

3632. Also: Louise, Undecided Man, Good Thing, 12 in all

3615. Also: Swanee, I'm Yours, The Impossible Dream, etc.

1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.

2505. Lara's Theme, What's New Pussycat, 12 in all

1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

3713. Also: Young Land, Happy Me, The Lights Of Home, etc.

3578. Also: One Note Samba, Berimbau, Tim Dom Dom, etc.

1044. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.

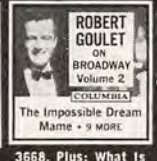
3767-3768. Two Record Set (Counts As Two Selections)

1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

1096. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming." HiFi Rev.

3712. Plus: One By One, I'll Go Crazy, Nothin' Yet, etc.

2402. Also: It Ain't Me Babe, Flowers On The Wall, etc.



3668. Plus: What Is A Woman, Walking Happy, 7 more

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made." —Life

3676. Plus: Message To Michael, Pretty Flamingo, 12 in all

3477. Also: I Talk To The Trees, Pretoria, Cabbage, etc.

2606. Also: Live Wire. Quicksand, Wild One, 7 more

3675. "Stunning musical. Brilliantly conceived." —N.Y. Times

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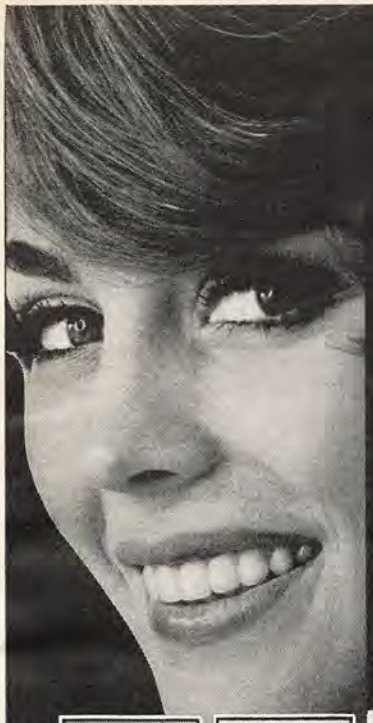

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if you begin your membership by purchasing just one record now, and agree to buy nine more records during the coming twelve months (you will have up to 3,000 records to choose from)

3728. FRANK SINATRA—That's Life. Winchester Cathedral, Somewhere My Love, etc.

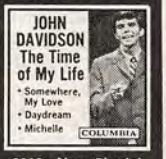
3244. THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS—Cass, John, Michelle, Dennie. Words Of Love, etc.

3472. Also: I Need Help, I Had It Made, Oo Papa Doo, etc.

3747. Plus: Dear Heart, Yesterday, Unchained Melody, etc.

1012. Also: What Do I Care, Forty Shades of Green, etc.

3732. Also: Sand and Foam, Writer In The Sun, Museum, etc. *



3608. Also: Blowin' In The Wind, A Taste of Honey, etc.

Plus this handsome BROWSER RECORD RACK FREE

Brass-finished rack holds up to 50 records for convenient browsing. Folds flat when not in use.

3784. Also: Anna, A Lover's Concerto, A Felicidade, etc.

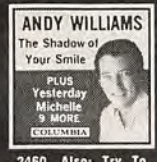
3789. Also: I Wish You Love, Who Can I Turn To, 8 more

3690. Also: I Can't Go Wrong, There's A Kind Of Hush, etc.

2673. Also: On A Clear Day, All Or Nothing At All, etc.

3751. Also: Work Song, I'll Be Around, 11 in all

2253. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." S.F. Chron.



2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.

3774. Also: Sink The Bismarck, Rock Island Line, etc.

3586. Plus: The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, 12 in all

2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

2184. More hilarious reminiscences by this great comedian

3590. Plus: One In A Million, I Love You Yes I Do, etc.

1530. Greater than ever... winner of 6 Academy Awards

3719. Also: Circle, Dolores, Ginger Bread Boy, etc.

2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc. *

1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.

3614. Plus: Michael, Sad Tomorrows, Sinner Man, etc.

2290. Also: Born Free, The Song From Moulin Rouge, etc.

3587. Also: Don't Keep Me Lonely Too Long, In Person, etc.

3366. Also: Set Me Free, Dedicated Follower Of Fashion, etc.

3674. "The most entertaining evening in town."—Cue Mag.

3465. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

3785. Also: White Lightin', Ain't Gonna Lie, 12 in all

2416. Plus: Green, Green; We'll Sing In The Sunshine; etc.

3670. Also: What Now My Love, My Foolish Heart. More, etc.

2652. "...a flamboyance which makes for excitement."—Hi. Fid.

2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.

3555. Plus: Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart, Money, etc.

3786. Also: Sweet Love And Happiness, You Had A Call, etc.

2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.

3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more

2887. "The most fun since Tom Swift."—Wash. Sun. Star

3741. Also: Let It Be Me, A Walk In The Sun, 12 in all

THAT'S RIGHT! Here are more top albums, more top stars and more great labels than are offered by any other record club! And if you join right now, you may have ANY 10 of these hit albums — ALL 10 FREE! What's more we'll also send you a handy record rack as a free gift!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 10 RECORDS FREE — simply write in the numbers of the ten records you want on the postage-paid card provided. Then choose another record as your first selection, for which you will be billed only $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo). In short, you will actually receive eleven records — all 11 for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway and Hollywood; Country and Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month you will receive your free copy of the Club's music magazine, with up to 300 different records to choose from. You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested . . . or take any of the other records offered . . . or take no record in any particular month.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

After purchasing your first album through this advertisement, your only membership obligation is to purchase nine more records during the coming twelve months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any records from the Club, and you may discontinue membership at any time. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

MONEY-SAVING BONUS-RECORD PLAN. If you do wish to continue membership after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will be eligible for the Club's bonus-record plan ...which enables you to get the records you want for as little as $1.99 each (plus a small mailing charge). So the Club represents your best buy in records for as long as you remain a member. Just mail the card today.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a Stereo record player. *Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Indiana

[*Continued from page* 15]
told *See It Now's* reporter that even if his father and his sister *did,* in fact, harbor communist sympathies he did not intend to cut those family ties and "denounce" them for their beliefs; that the concept of "guilt by relationship" was an abhorrent one. Murrow summed up *See It Now's* position this way: "We believe that 'the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father,' even though that iniquity be proved—and in this case it was not. . . . Whatever happens in this whole area of the relationship between the individual and the state, we will do it ourselves—it cannot be blamed upon Malenkov, or Mao Tse-tung, or even our allies. And it seems to us—that is, to Fred Friendly and myself—that that is a subject that should be argued about endlessly."

Public response to the program was tremendous. A national wave of sympathy for Radulovich's plight made itself felt in high echelons of government, including the office of Air Force Secretary Harold E. Talbott. On November 24, four weeks after the Radulovich broadcast, Talbott appeared on *See It Now* and announced that the Air Force was reversing itself, and he was directing that Radulovich be retained in his present status in the United States Air Force.

It was a tremendous victory for the *See It Now* company and a dramatic denouement to television's first big public affairs controversy.

Having thus undertaken to dramatize the horrific effects of Red-baiting on civil liberties by means of the Radulovich case, Friendly and Murrow turned to the central figure in the whole panoply of suspicion and innuendo which gripped the United States in the early 1950's: Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin. McCarthy's campaign against alleged communists in the government and military had already attracted the fire of radio journalists but it remained for television —specifically *See It Now*—to mount the kind of tough, penetrating appraisal which would show America the McCarthy methods in action. Friendly and Murrow amassed all the available news film of the senator and distilled it to less than 30 minutes, including Murrow's interpolations comparing McCarthy's accusations with the record. The result was one of television's best-remembered programs and, according to some observers, contributed greatly to McCarthy's decline and eventual "condemnation" by the Senate.

After that, the McCarthy phenomenon was never quite the same. Before *See It Now* finally disappeared from the nighttime air in July, 1958, it had logged other, less portentous, but equally memorable moments: Murrow's report on Christmas in Korea in 1953; a story on a Texas land scandal in 1955; a study of racial tensions and apartheid in South Africa; dramatizations of segregation in Arkansas and Mississippi; and talks with people like Harry Truman and Gen. George Marshall.

See It Now had been an outgrowth of a Murrow-Friendly radio show called *Hear It Now,* which, in turn, was an offshoot of a Murrow-Friendly record album titled *I Can Hear It Now.* It was that album which brought the two men together for the first time. Friendly's broadcast career had begun in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1938 (he was born in New York in 1915) after schooling at Roxbury Prep, Nichols Junior College and Providence Business College. While still in his teens, Friendly conceived, wrote, produced and narrated a radio series called *Footprints on the Sands of Time,* five-minute dramatized biographies of persons whose ideas had been important to the country's growth.

"No! No! No, Shoaf! Only the waitresses!"

His budding career was interrupted in 1941 when he was drafted and assigned to the Army's Information and Education section, then later sent to the China-Burma-India theater as a correspondent for the Army daily, *CBI Roundup,* as well as a lecturer for the Information and Education branch. He toured Army units throughout the Pacific Islands, and later covered the war in Europe. He was in India when an explosion occurred on the Bombay docks, and for his work in removing the dead and salvaging ammunition, he got the Soldier's Medal of Heroism. (He also holds the Legion of Merit and four battle stars.)

After leaving the Army in 1945 as a master sergeant, Friendly knocked about New York's networks and advertising agencies trying to sell program ideas, with no success. J. G. "Jap" Gude, a well-known business agent (then handling newsmen like Elmer Davis, Raymond Gram Swing, Don Hollenbeck, William L. Shirer and Ed Murrow) took Friendly on as a client. Gude recalls: "I lent Fred a copy of Frederick Lewis Allen's book *Only Yesterday* and he began wondering if it were possible to put together a record album comparable to that book, an aural history of the years 1932 to 1945. We became enthusiastic about the idea. Fred said, 'We need a good name as narrator. You represent Edward R. Murrow. How about him?' "

They went over to Murrow's office at CBS. "I introduced this hulking character to Murrow," Gude says, "and we sat around chatting about the record album. Murrow liked the idea immediately, and sent us to the Columbia Records classical music department, then headed by Goddard Leiberson, who agreed to bring it out."

Friendly was broke at the time, but a $1,000 advance on the album allowed him to marry Dorothy Greene, a *Time* researcher who then turned her experience to the new project. "It required about 18 months to put the thing together," says Gude. "We didn't know what the hell we were doing. Nobody had ever tried such a thing before." By Thanksgiving, 1949, the *I Can Hear It Now* album was on sale and was an immediate success. Friendly claims to have banked $25,000 before Christmas, his first big killing in the broadcast business.

Around the same time, Friendly sold NBC a radio series called *Who Said That,* a rotating panel of celebrities being quizzed by host Robert Trout on quotations from the week's news. He also produced for NBC a four-part radio series on the birth of the atom bomb called *The Quick and the Dead,* and convinced the network that Bob Hope was the man to narrate it. "What the hell does Bob Hope know about the atom bomb?" a network executive asked him. "Nothing," Friendly replied. "But the main job is to get people to listen. If we put on some science editor, we'll have no audience." The series was a large success, and partly as a result of it, CBS asked Friendly to join them as a staff producer working with Murrow.

Their first radio collaboration was the series *Hear It Now,* which, after one season, became the TV series *See It Now.*

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Popular round fifth available as usual.

Now you can take Old Crow wherever you go. In the tuckaway fifth is the same mellow, smooth Bourbon you find in the familiar round bottle. Famous since 1835, today Old Crow is the most popular Bourbon in the land. Enjoy the Traveler at no extra charge.

The tuckaway fifth that packs as flat as your shirt!

The latter succumbed in 1958, a victim of increased competition and the reluctance of the CBS management to allow so autonomous a unit as the Friendly-Murrow combine to continue its free-swinging interpretations of the news—interpretations which, rightly or wrongly, caused frequent embarrassment to CBS Board Chairman Paley and CBS President Stanton.

It was the golden age of television quiz shows, in that shadow period just before the bubble burst and the collusion scandals shook the nation's faith in TV's veracity. In his book *Due To Circumstances Beyond Our Control. . .* Friendly described the crucial meeting between Murrow and Paley in which *See It Now* took the *coup de grace:* ". . . enforced calm vanished and a 45-minute scene ensued in which these two commanding figures, the industry's foremost reporter and its top executive, friends for 20 years, faced each other in a blazing showdown with all guns firing. . . .

" 'Bill,' Murrow pleaded at one point, 'are you going to destroy all this? Don't you want an instrument like the *See It Now* organization, which you have poured so much into for so long, to continue?'

" 'Yes,' said Paley, 'but I don't want this constant stomachache every time you do a controversial subject.'

" 'I'm afraid that's a price you have to be willing to pay,' " Murrow told him. But CBS wasn't willing, and *See It Now* disappeared. John Crosby, then television critic of the New York *Herald Tribune,* wrote: "There have been some dull *See It Now* shows, and some have been better than others, but it is by every criterion television's most brilliant, most decorated, most imaginative, most courageous and most important program. The fact that CBS cannot afford it but can afford *Beat the Clock* is shocking."

Friendly went on to a short-lived and not-significant program called *Small World* and Murrow continued briefly with the pleasant but lightweight *Person to Person* celebrity interview series. All the while, however, Murrow's relations with CBS were worsening; he departed for a year-long sabbatical early in 1959, then accepted President Kennedy's offer to head the United States Information Agency the following year. CBS handed Friendly the newly-minted *CBS Reports* series, a program cast in the role of successor to *See It Now,* but with two crucial differences: Murrow was to have no regular part in it; the network management would exercise full policy control over the series' content. Even so, *CBS Reports* under Friendly was a distinguished public affairs effort right from the start.

Finally, on March 2, 1964, CBS made Friendly president of its news division, an appointment which surprised many industry observers. ("Well, I see that the lunatics have taken over the asylum," newscaster Harry Reasoner jocularly observed to Friendly.) It was a post Friendly was to occupy for less than two years—first in intermittent combat with the top CBS corporate managers over matters of news judgment (Churchill's funeral, the Papal visit, UN sessions) and then, for the final six months of his term, in unremitting disagreement with Doctor Stanton over CBS's reporting of the Viet Nam war.

An added burr under Friendly's saddle came in February, 1966, with the injection of a new name into the Paley-Stanton axis, that of youngish John A. Schneider who was appointed to a newly-created niche in the CBS facade and given the title Group Vice-President, Broadcasting, placing him third in the CBS pecking order and making him, effectively, Friendly's immediate boss. Schneider's promotion occurred while the Senate Foreign Relations Committee under Sen. J. William Fulbright was holding an important round of hearings on Viet Nam, and among the experts testifying were Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Gen. James Gavin, then-AID Director David Bell, Gen. Maxwell Taylor and former Ambassador to Moscow George F. Kennan. Friendly deemed the hearings important enough to be on CBS daytime air, live from Washington, but he had been meeting resistance from the network officers who were eager that CBS stick to its income-producing daytime schedule of reruns and game shows. On Schneider's first day in office, he refused

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The incredible story of an American con man who played Trujillo against Castro and lost

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Friendly's request for air time to televise Ambassador Kennan's testimony, and Friendly reacted violently (too violently, many say) to this frustration by a rookie executive with little news experience. Schneider's decision stuck, however, and the following morning, while NBC had Kennan on its screen, CBS was airing an *I Love Lucy* episode.

Friendly sat down and composed his now-famous "Dear Bill and Frank" letter in which he not only told Paley and Stanton that he was quitting CBS after 16 years, but that the decision not to televise the Senate hearings made a "mockery" of the network's long-standing crusade for TV access to Congressional debate; he quoted Ed Murrow: "I can find nothing in the Bill of Rights or the Communications Act which says that [networks and stations] must increase their net profits each year, lest the Republic collapse." That was the nub of Friendly's complaint: that TV news judgments ought not to run second to the need to please stockholders.

TV insiders claim to have detected an audible sigh of relief at Friendly's offer of resignation and CBS's hurried acceptance of it. Industry observers knew that, as a team man in the commercial television context, Friendly simply was not quite housebroken; he was too bullish for CBS's rather expensive corporate china closet, and his rambunctiousness finally became unendurable for the network officers. It was a simple matter of conflict of interest: CBS's job was to run a store; Friendly's to run a newsstand within the store. But he hawked his newspapers too loudly, and—in the view of some network executives—frightened both the managers and the customers.

The day Friendly resigned from CBS, Walter Lippmann told him: "Now go home and go to bed and don't get up till 10 o'clock tomorrow morning and don't take any phone calls and don't agree to anything." Friendly agreed. He was propped up in bed at home the next morning, reading the page one newspaper reports of his battle with CBS, when the White House telephoned. McGeorge Bundy, then a special assistant to President Johnson, was on the phone: "Look, I'm going to be head of the Ford Foundation, and we spend a great deal of money on television. I'd like to have you come and see me and see if you couldn't give us some advice."

So Friendly joined the Ford Foundation as a television consultant, and also took over the first Edward R. Murrow Professorship of Broadcast Journalism at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, in both of which posts he currently serves. He immediately started thinking about how to beat the commercial TV bind which prevents important Congressional hearings—and other significant public affairs stories—from getting the air time they deserve. He reasoned this way: (1) commercial television has massive resources but not enough air time to satisfy both its own revenue-producing needs and the best interests of the public; (2) educational television has plenty of air time, but hardly any money; (3) both commercial and noncommercial broadcasters are saddled with the enormous high costs of microwave relay and coaxial cable systems needed to interconnect TV and radio stations around the country in order to achieve simultaneous reception of programs; (4) the American people already have invested billions in the rocket capability which allows us to hoist synchronous satellites which hang over the earth in fixed position and are able to relay TV and radio signals far more economically than the present earth-bound methods of such so-called "common carriers" as RCA Communications, Inc.; AT&T; IT&T World Communications, Inc. and Western Union International, Inc. (At present, synchronous communications satellites are in place over the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, but none over the continental U.S.)

Friendly concluded from all this that if those savings derived from satellite relay could be funneled into the production of more and better educational television, the nation would stand at the brink of a bright new day in its broadcast life. The three commercial networks comprise a single service, Friendly argued, so similar is their programming. What is needed is a "second service" devoted to excellence, and not at the mercy

[*Continued on page* 86]

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER CO.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

SAY "PEACHES"

Did Abraham Lincoln have teeth? You can't prove it by his photographs. This perverse thought crossed our mind when an excited courier brought word that a search for the gleamingest porcelain-jacket crowns in the world has been successful. Ostensibly the search was for the 10 Women With the Most Beautiful Smiles, but in shuffling the photos of the winners we couldn't help noticing that their dentition was dazzling, a coincidence that must have pleased the makers of T-Lak, a cosmetic tooth whitener, who chose the winners. Not to prolong your suspense, the winners were Julie Christie, Jane Fonda, Jane Holzer, Sophia Loren, Melina Mercouri, Dina Merrill, Simone Signoret, Nancy Sinatra, Connie Stevens and Leslie Uggams. Each won a plastic paperweight. Of the group, Connie Stevens, Jane Fonda and Leslie Uggams (shown here) were to our mind superior. Their display swept well past the bicuspids to the first molars. But the owner of the most famous feminine smile in history, the Mona Lisa, was evidently excluded on grounds of no teeth.

OLYMPIC RUSH

There has been a lot of speculation that the low oxygen content of the air at the high altitude of Mexico City will slow down athletes when the Olympic Games are held there in 1968. But the geographic effects may be quite the contrary unless the Mexicans do something about their water or whatever it is that suddenly induces tourist's diarrhea or "Montezuma's revenge." Could be that some runner astonished on the track will be the first man in history to run a three-minute mile.

WIFELY ALLOWANCES

A woman who signs herself "A Little Old Lady From Upstate New York (who also reads your magazine)" asks for some statistics on budgets and allowances. Income of the two-member family, herself and her husband, is over $9,000. She's allowed $21 a week to buy all the food, cleansers, paper products and stuff to run the house. She spent $300 last year for clothes, medicine, church and entertainment. What a woman! Lady, it doesn't take statistics to indicate that your consort is a tight man with a buck. You should be spending at least $25 a week for food alone, according to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, without eating very high on the hog. A real sport of a husband might even dole you out $30 a week for household necessities. Take the fishhooks out of your pockets, man. Buy the little woman a hat or a surprise box of candy or a 50-cent flask of perfume. It's remarkable, the return you get from a trifling gift that makes her think you're thinking of her. She'll say you shouldn't of, but you should of. End of sermon.

FERTILITY CONTROL

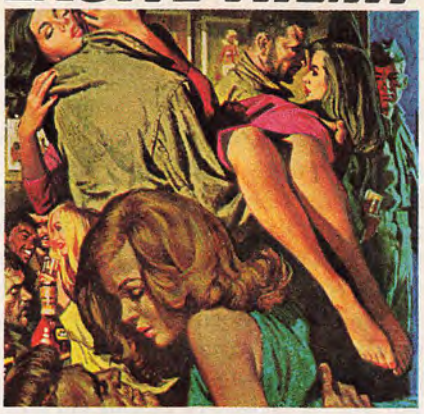
A simple modification of men's clothing may provide an easy method of controlling the population explosion. So say Drs. John Rock and Derek Robinson, of the famous Rock Reproductive Clinic in Brookline, Massachusetts, in reporting their experiments with 10 healthy, fertile young men. Each of the men wore an ordinary athletic supporter, lined with several layers of light paper tissue topped by a single layer of thin oilcloth. This insulation increased local body heat and had a remarkably depressing effect on sperm production. After six weeks, average sperm production was only 14 percent of what it had been before the experiment. The men wore the garment only during waking hours. There was strong evidence that the longer the treatment, the more the production of sperm could be depressed. "These results," the doctors say, "may have application to the development of a simple method of male fertility control."

LAST MALE SANCTUARY

Can they restore the poolroom to its old-time glory by calling it a "billiard lounge," laying thick carpets, painting it in pastel colors and inviting the women in? No, thinks Ned Polsky, a hustling sociologist who knows more about pool than a sociologist should. Pool has been his chief recreation since age 13, and it breaks his heart to conclude that the present poolroom "revival" is doomed to peter out. Professor Polsky—he's associate professor of sociology at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York—gives a sad analysis in *Trans-Action,* a sprightly journal of the social sciences. He says that the public poolroom was "the greatest and most determinedly all-male insituation in American social life." It was a no-woman's land, a male sanctuary, a man's escape from female-imposed gentility. In the 19th century, the confirmed bachelor was a common American type, and there were more married men who took nights out with the boys. Well, bachelors have been disappearing in droves. Kids date in grade school and marry in high school. A young married man who spends a night or two a week in a poolroom or any all-male refuge is despised by the Parent-Teachers Association, marriage counselors, women's magazines and all right-thinking feminists. The poolroom trade consists mainly of teen-age boys, especially school dropouts, and old-style sporting types of adult males. So why not "clean up" the poolroom, cater to women, make it a family gathering place—take the same course that has enfeebled once manly institutions such as barbershops and clubs? Polsky is sure it won't work. It

(Continued on page 26)

TRAIN THEM! EXCITE THEM! ARM THEM!



...THEN TURN THEM LOOSE ON THE NAZIS!

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Screenplay by NUNNALLY JOHNSON and LUKAS HELLER
From the novel by E.M. NATHANSON
Produced by KENNETH HYMAN
Directed by ROBERT ALDRICH
METROCOLOR
MGM

SEE IT SOON AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU!

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 24)
has been tried before and failed. Not only do women ruin the male sanctuary by their presence, but they aren't cut out for the game. The structure of the female arm makes it as impossible for a woman to become a pool shark as to throw a baseball overhand. And many pool shots require leaning way over the table or even putting a leg on it—interesting to spectators but distasteful to many lady performers. For women, pool is a passing fad, given up for the next "in" thing that comes along.

PACKAGED SAFARI

Want to shoot wild boar and puma on the Argentine pampas? Doves in Lower California? Jaguar in the Yucatan? Tiger in India? Red-legged partridge in Portugal? These and other exotic safaris have been wrapped in a complete package — licenses, permits, guides, interpreters, everything—by a well-known arms-maker, Winchester-Western, "to assure that Americans can hunt around the world with complete confidence." No more drunken guides, potted beaters, avaricious outfitters and predatory agents for the innocent sportsman to run afoul of. Winchester World-Wide Safaris, in conjunction with a travel agency, is marketing a dozen different package deals through Winchester dealers around the country. All you need is money.

ON THE RECORD

A tape recorder can be put to good or bad use by an imaginative man. A good use was found by a Londoner who made a 90-minute recording of shrewish nagging by his wife. He hoped it would shame her into silence. It didn't. But a replay of the tape before a judge won him a divorce. A more reprehensible use of a recorder was discovered by a Philadelphian who wound up facing a grand jury. He recorded the sounds made by coins dropped into a pay phone —a thud for a nickel, a clink for a dime, a bong for a quarter. When he made long distance calls, he held his recorder to the mouthpiece of the phone and played back bongs, thuds and clinks to fool the operator. A shortage in certain phone booths led to investigation and phone cops caught the malefactor red-handed, clinking and bonging.

SCUM

We've heard that the female of the species is more deadly than the male, but we didn't know how deadly until we came across a savage ad in the *Village Voice*, a publication from the pot-belt of Greenwich Village. Women are out to exterminate us, men. The ad, a public notice signed by one Valerie Solanas, invites applications for membership in SCUM, the Society for Cutting Up Man. They mean Cutting Up. SCUM's objective is "to dispose of the garbage pail men have made of the world, to end the production of males (it's technically possible to reproduce without the aid of males and to produce only females), to begin to create a swinging, groovy, out of sight female world . . . to wipe the ugly, leering male face off the map." End quote. SCUM has an auxiliary for men "who wish to perform a public service and hasten their inevitable demise." We'd rather not join. Valerie. We're still in favor of the old method of reproduction, for one thing.

FAIR PAY

How many hours did you spend figuring your income tax last April? Who paid you for it? Nobody. Who benefited? The government. Who then, in a country which once went to war with the British when they impressed our seamen, should pay you for enforced labor? The government. Internal Revenue Service computers can instantly figure your worth per hour from the half-inch of magnetic tape in Martinsburg, West Virginia, that contains all sorts of Big Brotherly information about you. Suppose a man makes $10,000 in a year of 2,000 working hours (a 40-hour week less two weeks' vacation). His time is worth $5 an hour. But filling tax forms is overtime work, at time and a half or double time on Sundays. Ask any union. So the time our hypothetical man spends on tax forms is worth $7.50 to $10 an hour, and what with keeping records through the year, it can run into a lot of hours. Every man jack of us is a tax collector of his own income and performs the same service as IRS agents except that they get paid for it. Men with large incomes can hire tax accountants and deduct their charges. This is discrimination, maybe illegal, against us hard-strapped fellows who do the grubby work ourselves. What we need is a taxpayer's union, enforcing an hour's pay for an hour's work, setting up picket lines that Form 1040 scabs wouldn't dare cross.

INDOOR GOLF

Golf widows will be worse off than ever when the family duffer can play in blizzards, windstorms and cloudbursts. He can, in a way, with a new indoor game called Thinking Man's Golf. A playing board has layouts of 18 of the most difficult golf holes at well-known U.S. courses. The game is governed by golf rules, calls for making the right club selection, figuring windage, lining up shots for hazards, and scoring is based on statistics gathered from pro tournaments. Unfortunately, the game lacks one of the virtues of regular golf. It doesn't get a man out of the house.

BANANA SPLIT

It's hard to get excited over the latest craze of beatniks for banana split personalities, allegedly induced by smoking dry, baked banana peels. Whiffs of banana smoke supposedly "turn on" devotees like pot or LSD. The fad has made headlines, worried the United Fruit Co., stirred up the Food and Drug Administration, and is even seen as a frightful drug threat by people who don't know the capacity of beatniks for putting the public on. It's hard to get publicity and scare the pants off the public once a week by discovering a new vice for sending a generation to hell in a hand basket, but we don't blame the hippies for trying. We take leave to doubt that there's anything in banana smoke that hasn't been sampled before. Every generation discovers that all forms of dry vegetation are combustible and subject to experiment. To an old-timer raised on corn silk, it seems that this is where we came in.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A woman who tried to file a paternity suit against a foreign ambassador in an American court was turned down cold. He had diplomatic immunity.

The lady mayor of Fink, Texas, population 25, is busy with plans for a National Fink Day. —THE EDITORS

What a time for Falstaff.

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Family of fun cars

BY WILLIAM TUOHY

How Our Carriers Rule the China Sea

The huge flattops of Yankee Station are islands of air power off the coast of North Viet Nam. They launch fully half of our aerial punch against the enemy in a furious round-the-clock routine that has never been duplicated

YANKEE STATION, SOUTH CHINA SEA

One hundred miles east of North Viet Nam, where the Tonkin Gulf shades into the South China Sea, the massive attack carrier shudders into a tight turn, heels over and then straightens up into the wind. Now, over the ship's bullhorn, comes the insistent voice of the air officer, known to all hands as the "air boss."

"Stand by to launch aircraft. . . . All flight-deck crew, helmets on, goggles down. Stand clear of jet intakes, exhausts and propellers. Now, start the props . . . start the jets . . . 30 seconds to launch."

On the carrier's broad flight deck, all is sound and fury. Crewmen in colored jerseys, like dancers in some intricate ballet, dash about the deck, gesturing, straining, sweating before a back drop of fiery jet engines, hissing steam catapults and thundering propellers.

High on the carrier's bridge, a calm eye in the hurricane of activity, the ship's skipper watches the unfolding scene below and says, "This is really the greatest show on earth. And it is just about the most dangerous game around."

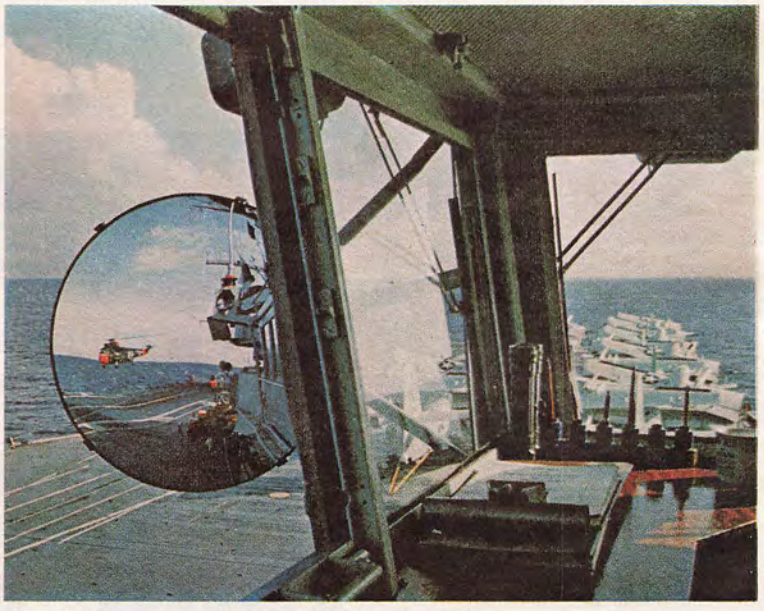
On deck, crewmen deftly guide the big aircraft into place.

"Let's get those jets on the cats," comes the voice of the air boss who choreographs the movements of the flight-deck crew: the blue shirts (plane handlers), red shirts (ordnance and fuel), green shirts (maintenance), brown shirts (plane captains), yellow shirts (plane directors and supervisors) and white shirts (medics and troubleshooters).

As plane heads back to carrier, it is tracked on console which the Landing Signal Officer uses to space arrivals.

"Green shirt" directs pilot to fold wings. Note eye, ear protective gear worn on deck.

A few of her nearly 100 aircraft poised on deck, the mighty nuclear-powered Enterprise *takes a turn on Yankee Station.*



Captain's spot on navigation bridge gives him overall view of ship. Air boss' "prifly" tower is seen in rearview mirror.

Blue shirts and green shirts wrestle an attack plane, its wings bristling with bombs and rockets, onto the catapult, hook it up, and scurry away. A yellow-jerseyed catapult officer, braced against a 40-mile-an-hour wind sweeping down the deck, raises his arm, signaling the pilot to turn up full power. The silvery jet strains against the catapult bridle; the engine screeches in an unearthly howl. Suddenly, the cat officer snaps his arm downward, and a 20,000-pound steam charge hurls the jet fighter-bomber into the sky toward North Viet Nam.

Plane after plane, heavily laden with deadly ordnance, is slingshotted off the carrier's four catapults in an immensely complex display of coordinating men and machines.

Then the air boss informs the bridge, "Captain, the launch is completed." The air boss picks up the bullhorn and announces to the flight-deck crew: "Now, blue shirts stand clear of the area. The next aircraft recovery will begin in 11 minutes."

So begins and ends another flight cycle on Yankee Station, the code name for the U.S. Seventh Fleet's

Steam-powered "cats" slingshot 31 planes into the air in 16 minutes. The noise is so great it reaches the threshold of pain, and the jet blasts are so strong they can blow deckmen into the water

Marine Seahorse helicopters are among a carrier's versatile armada of the sky.

With vapor from last catapult launch still in the air, an F-4B Phantom jet fighter goes to the line. In seconds, it will be flying to North Viet Nam at nearly 1,000 mph.

Noise as well as distance require deckman to use phone.

Machinery in this room belowdecks controls the arresting cables which bring returning planes to a jarring halt.

operating area of North Viet Nam. The Seventh Fleet as a whole consists of more than 175 ships. It has some 75,000 men and 700 aircraft, and patrols roughly one-fifth of the earth's surface: 30-million square miles from the Bering Sea to Antarctica, and from mid-Pacific to the Indian Ocean. But the Fleet's sharpest cutting edge is Task Force 77, normally a five-carrier striking force of which three carriers—together with supporting destroyers and supply ships—are on the line as the Yankee Team assigned to Yankee Station. A carrier's tour on Yankee Station will continue anywhere from six to nine months.

On February 7, 1965, planes from the USS *Hancock* led retaliatory strikes following a Viet Cong attack on the U.S. base at Pleiju. Thus the long bombing campaign against North Viet Nam began. Since then, the following carriers have alternated on Yankee Station: the World War II Essex-class *Ticonderoga, Bon Homme Richard, Hancock* and *Oriskany;* the postwar *Midway, Coral Sea, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Ranger, Independence, Kitty Hawk* and *Constellation,* and the most modern of all, the

The tension never lets up. As soon as the last plane is launched for one mission, returning jets have to be guided down. Says one carrier skipper: "It's just about the most dangerous game around"

Message is read as carrier enters port.

Pilot and maintenance man (note hand, left) check canopy-closing of fighter plane. Small wheel is handle for the ejection seat.

Brief break on hangar deck before planes must be moved up.

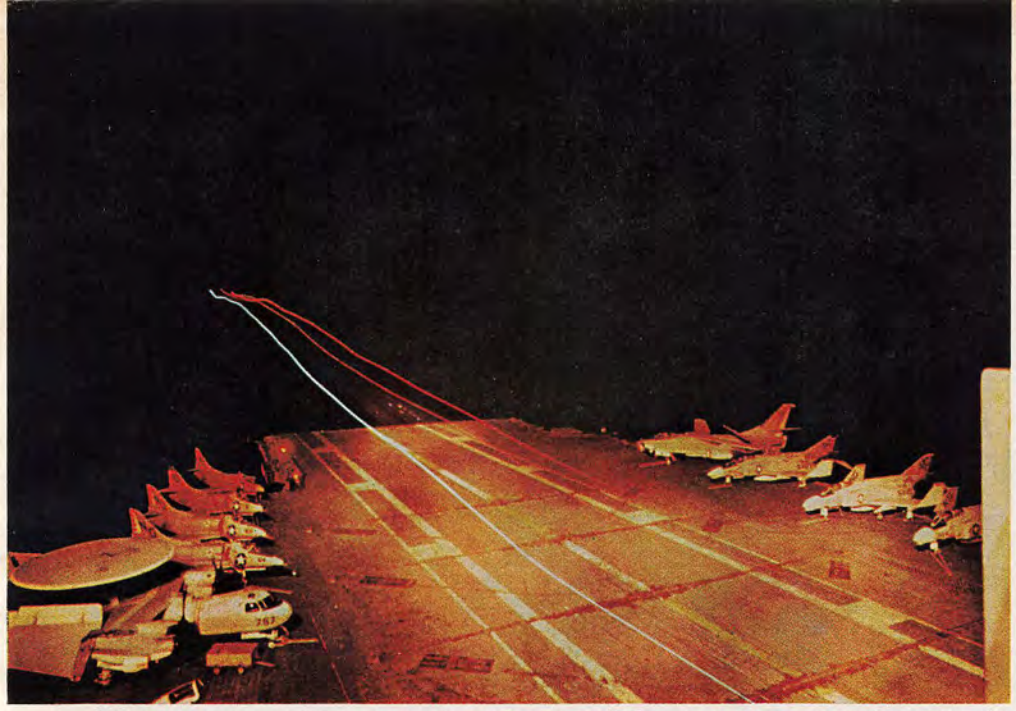
Two officers direct catapults in waist of ship, two others in bow.

nuclear-powered "Big E"—the USS *Enterprise.*

From these carrier decks, half the air strikes against targets in North Viet Nam have been launched; the other half come from U.S. Air Force bases in South Viet Nam and Thailand. Each carrier has aboard an air wing with some 80 planes and 100 to 120 pilots. The three carriers on duty at any given time can mount 300 missions a day over North and South Viet Nam for extended periods.

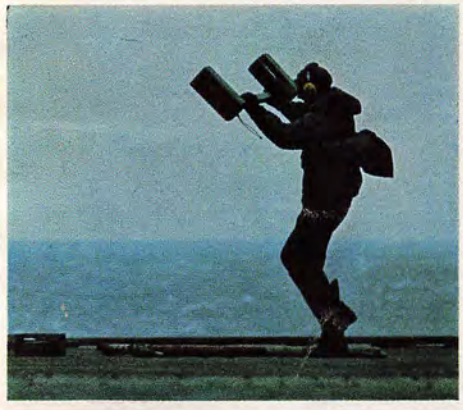
Assignment on Yankee Station is arduous and hazardous. Carrier bunkers are full of black oil and aviation gasoline; magazines are jammed with bombs, rockets, missiles, napalm, cannon ammo, and magnesium flares; jet engines belch hot gases and aircraft-arresting cables whip across decks. USS *Midway* has a sign on the island structure: "Beware of this area. On 11 February two men were blown over the side by jet blasts. One man lost his life." Last October, *Oriskany* lost 43 dead, mostly pilots, from a fierce fire that broke out in a flare storage compartment.

A carrier will generally spend about 30 days on Yankee Station before going off for repair work, replenishment, and shore time for the crew in the Philippines, Hong Kong or Japan. The breaks are



Time exposure captures an eerie trail of winglights as a jet is catapulted into the darkness. Night missions are common, add to the normal hazards of flying off carriers.

A-4 Skyhawk returns. Other pilots marvel at skill needed for landings.



One of countless duties on deck: taking chocks to parked planes.

The awesome instant of takeoff. At cat officer's signal, a 20,000-pound steam charge propels Skyhawk into air. Carrier flight operations go on for minimum of 12 hours a day.

needed; there's little rest on Yankee Station. The *Enterprise's* plan of the day states: "In order to reasonably distribute our overall work load, every man must put in at least 14 hours of productive work."

Of the backbreaking schedule a carrier admiral explains: "In World War II, carriers launched aircraft for long flights. Normally, there were no launches inbetween. After strikes or engagements, carriers would break off contact. This gave the crew a breather. Here we launch and recover continually, 24 hours a day, like an airfield."

The burden of full-cycle operations falls on pilots and flight-deck crews. Here is a pilot's schedule for a busy day: 0230, reveille; 0300, breakfast; 0330-0530, strike briefings; 0530, man aircraft; 0600-0800, strike; 0800-0830, debriefings; 0830-0900, lunch; 0900-1100, squadron paper work; 1100-1300, strike briefings; 1300, man aircraft; 1330-1530, strike; 1530-1600 dinner. "Then," says the pilot, "maybe I watch a movie or go to bed."

As a slight relieving factor, the flier may only have to fly cover for the carrier in the time slot set aside for the second strike instead [*Continued on page* 79]

The author hauls back on a big trout. Warmed by geysers, the river has long growing season, produces large fish.

BY BYRON DALRYMPLE

Bumper-to-bumper tourists driving past Yellowstone's Firehole do not seem to realize that it is

A STEAM-HEATED TROUT STREAM HOT WITH ACTION

WEST YELLOWSTONE, MONTANA

■ Intermittently, as I cast upstream with my dry fly, steam and sulfurous fumes belched from a mean-looking hole on the bank beside me, totally obscuring my vision. At each belch, boiling water spewed and sloshed over the lip of the hole.

I had seen a big trout show, a few yards above me in the dark, swift river and was so wholly intent upon taking it that I didn't realize I, too, was completely hidden in the hot brimstone breath spewing from the guts of the earth.

Suddenly I heard Paul Young yell: "Where you at?"

"In here," I shouted. "Inside this cloud."

At that instant the trout struck. I could hear its rousing splash above the hiss of steam emanating from the devilish hole. Instinctively I set the hook. A gust momentarily parted the steamy curtain and I started maneuvering to get across to the other side of the river where I could operate more efficiently. The big trout went whizzing past me, downstream. It made a wild surface roll and I guessed it at four or five pounds.

"Stay with him!" Young hollered. "He's a real one!"

We were at about 8,000 feet altitude. Even in spring there was still much snow in the Rockies and my feet and legs inside my waders had long since almost turned numb. But as I played the big trout I became conscious of painful twinges in my right foot. Suddenly the discomfort became so severe I jumped as if someone had given me a hotfoot. The leader snapped. The trout was gone. I was hurting too much to care. Wildly I splashed out of the river and up the bank, frantically hauling down my waders.

Cars raced past on the curving highway beside the river. One, seeing my antics, slowed. I dropped my rod, pulled my waders down to my ankles and hauled out my hot hock. Now a jam of cars had stopped.

Young had come running. "You lost it!" he groaned. This did not console me at all.

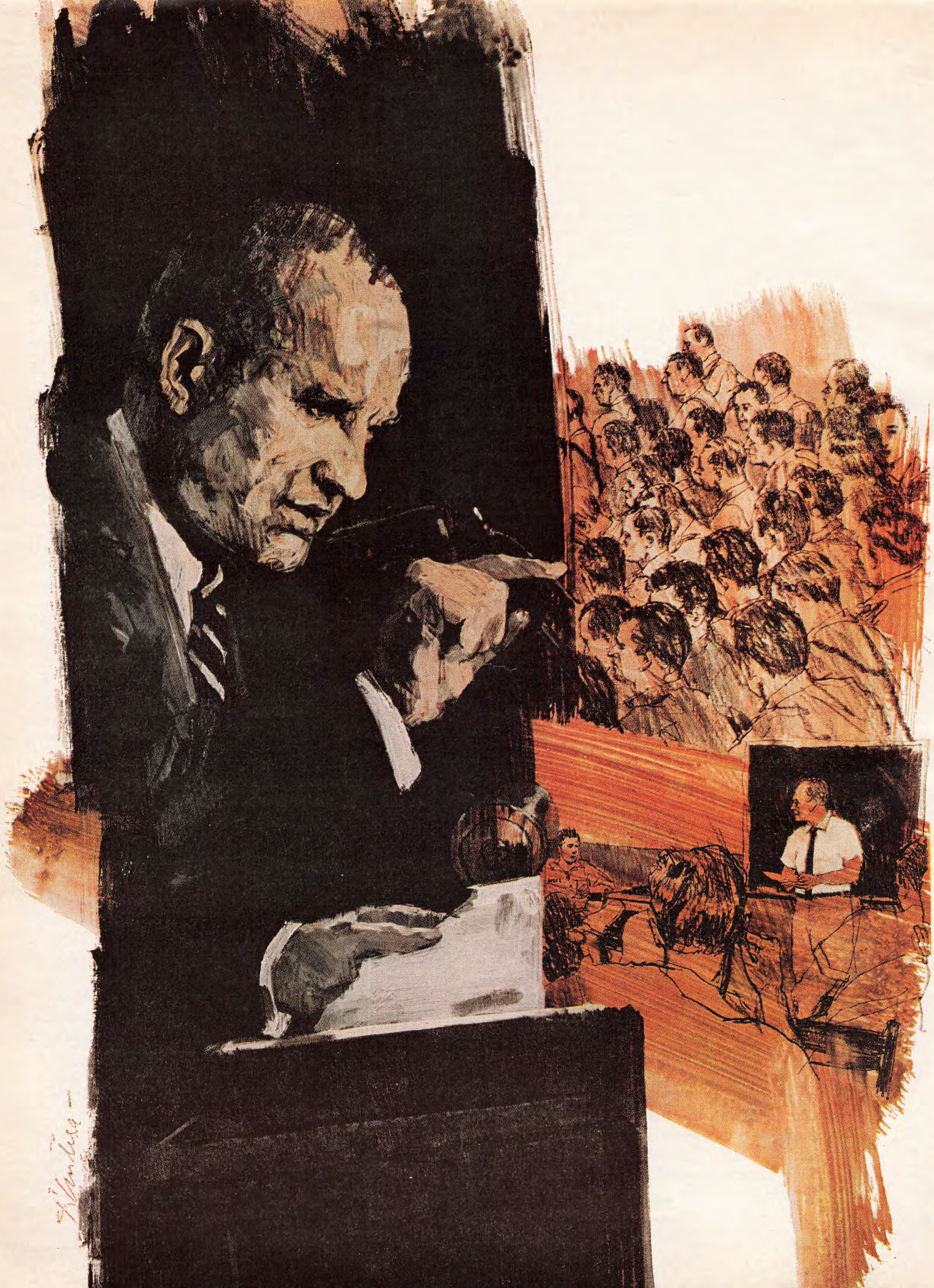
"I was standing with one foot in hell—right in the middle of a boiling spring."

This pleased him. He started laughing. "You sure put on a great show."

Thus did we begin another early June session on my all-time favorite trout river—the Firehole—one of the most productive and intriguing in the U.S., even though a highway traveled by millions each season parallels most of its length.

This river is probably the most amazing, unique and mysterious trout stream in the world. Coursing through a vast hunk of some of our most scenic public real estate, rollicking, and often brawling within sight of Old Faithful in Yellowstone National Park, and flowing on through an incessant eruption of hundreds of geysers and smoke pots, it joins its sister stream, the Gibbon, to form the Madison River.

The day of my hotfoot I fished a swift, shallow riffle of the Firehole with a wet fly. There was a steady stream of traffic in both [*Continued on page* 77]



BY BILL SANDS
ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

THE SEVENTH STEP

Bill Sands had known the hell of prison life from the inside. Now he was back—a suspect "do-gooder" trying to help other tough cons as he had helped himself. Here's the powerful sequel to his best-selling **My Shadow Ran Fast**

I

■ A sign along the road said I was leaving town. Though it was certainly not hot, I began to sweat. My hands were clammy, and from time to time I wiped them on my handkerchief.

The town I had left was Leavenworth. The place I was going to was the federal penitentiary. It's about five miles from the town to the prison, which was built on a flat plain that makes it easy for the gun guards in the tower to look out and see anyone who might have made it over the wall somehow. The site was not picked by accident.

Inside, after threading a catacomb of prison iron stairs and prison iron galleries, I arrived in a small auditorium. There were a hundred and fifty, maybe two hundred men waiting for me there. They were dressed in gray, like most prisoners. It was over 20 years since I'd seen a bunch of convicts, but the sight of them brought it all back. I'd been one of them. I still was.

Then an official with me got up on the platform and started talking about me. I'd promised to make a speech in this grim place, a speech that would offer hope and guidance to a couple of hundred losers.

While the prison official was introducing me, I found myself reviewing the past. What a long, circuitous road it was that had brought me to this place on this day.

I can't say the home in which I was reared was exactly a happy one—but it was what people speak of as "a good home," with all the "advantages." My father, a superior court judge in California, was in comfortable financial circumstances, and my mother was a beautiful woman whose gracious manners won her the admiration of her social circle. My name was Wilbur Sewel. Later when I entered show business, I became Bill Sands.

When I was 16, I was firmly committed to a career of rebellion and defiance.

Even so, my first brush with crime was almost accidental. It began with a poker game in which I lost all my money. That was bad enough. Then, after the game, I found the car my father had lent me devoid of hubcaps, radio and spotlight. At first I was simply trying to make good my losses by stripping other cars. But then I found an old World War I revolver and that spurred me on to bigger games. I pulled five stickups that very night. The revolver couldn't have been fired, but that didn't stop me. My spree of robberies which went on for several weeks, finally landed me in reform school. The Man (as all adult authorities are called in reform schools) was determined to break me—and I not to be broken. It was then that I received my first beating from a cor-

Masked in a pillowcase, Scarface sneaked to the cellblock and burned his enemy to death.

Condensed from the book *The Seventh Step*, copyright © 1967 by Bill Sands Published by The New American Library, Inc.

Sands accepted the convict code. He refused a bodyguard, battled against sadistic "screws," even was willing to shut his eyes to the law

rectional officer, and it was then that I stated my declaration of policy—never to conform, never to "sir" an officer, and to get out before I'd served all my time.

When I started on my next string of robberies, only a few months after leaving the reformatory, I thought

Although the two cons were "mean," Sands met with them in a private room.

I was getting even with everybody—my father, my mother, the reform-school guards, the cops. And this time I really set my mind to it. In only one night's work, my partners and I robbed 16 places, spread over an area of four counties. I lasted quite a while outside. More than two months. In reform school you learn to keep your mouth shut. I'd learned this—but one partner hadn't. During an accidental encounter with a policeman who had no interest in us at all, he panicked and told all. I had learned to dislike stool pigeons in reform school, but right then I began to hate them. I've never stopped hating them.

It was on the 2nd of July in 1941 that I stood in the courtroom and heard Judge Clement D. Nye pronounce my sentence: not less than one year nor more than life in San Quentin.

The prison itself was bleak enough, but the first really bad shock was finding that I was no longer Wilbur Power Sewell—but all I was was prisoner number 66836. I soon found that fictional representations of prison life were not exaggerated. The prison itself was called the "joint," the guards were sometimes "gun bulls" or "yard bulls," and more often "hacks" or "screws." I learned to call a knife a "shiv" and a gun a "rod," and I learned that the crimes for which I was "busted" were not robberies but "heists." Natural homosexuals were "queens." Other men who were terrorized into performing homosexual acts—or who allowed the indignities for money or advantages—were called "punks." The caste system of a joint was new to me too. The lifers—murderers and multiple offenders—had the best jobs and were, socially speaking, at the top of the heap. Armed robbers ranked high too, because their crimes demanded guts, and even a certain perverse honor. At least they faced their victims directly. Confidence men came next, then burglars, pickpockets and purse snatchers. Lowest on the list were sex deviates. Everyone serving time for sex crimes, regardless of the nature of the crime, was called a "rapo," and every rapo was regarded with the deepest scorn by all the other convicts.

It was in San Quentin that I learned the convict code. The first requirement for any convict who wants to enjoy the respect of his fellows is to be "solid"—never rat on anyone. It was not long before my test came.

Only a few weeks after I entered San Quentin, I had the bad luck to witness an incident in the main yard that a more experienced prisoner would have known enough to miss. One minute a fellow convict was standing in front of me in perfect health. The next, a prison-made shiv had slit open his abdomen and he lay cruelly wounded at my feet. Worst of all, I had seen clearly the face of the man who wielded the shiv. He disappeared into the more than four thousand men in the yard in an instant.

I was lucky no one thought I had killed the convict. I had no idea what had provoked the

Four guards held Jimmy down, then Sadie beat him senseless with a lead-tipped club.

As Sands and his wife watched in the motel, Charley studied the hole made by the cop's bullet.

killing, but I did not intend to tell any screw what I knew. Their first questions were polite. So were my answers. Polite but stubborn. When they saw that persuasion was useless, the politeness dropped away. And for the first time in my life I caught the full brutality that sadistic men in power are capable of inflicting on anyone in their grasp. The first blow seemed enough to kill a man—but then I'd never been hit with a lead-tipped club before. The first blow was nothing compared to those that followed. I have no idea how long it lasted or how many times I passed out, but I do know there were four strong guards, all armed with those leaden clubs, ranged against one unarmed prisoner. And I know I left some teeth in that locked room, and when I left there all the bones and cartilage in my nose had been smashed, and my fingers had been broken one by one.

The screws didn't want me in the hospital—maybe because the doctors would have reported my strange accident to the new warden, who did not approve of such things. So they didn't report me sick, and didn't relieve me of my work assignment in San Quentin's infamous jute mill. For medicine, I had some cold water that my cell mate provided, and his blankets over me to offset the shock I was suffering. Other convicts came into my cell and set my fingers for me as best they could. Some of them are still a little crooked. I recovered. I was young and strong.

I took a good look at the two societies I was familiar with. That of the outside world had produced an alcoholic father and a cold mother and a sadistic prison guard who could break my bones with impunity and then go home and eat his dinner with his family in a house provided by the state.

Then there was the inside world—the convict world. These men in prison gray had nursed me, fed me, done my work for me—and each time a convict helped me, he was inviting for himself the same kind of bone-breaking abuse that I had just been subjected to.

I resolved then and there to join the convict world and to adhere to the convict code. And I became a lifelong hater of sadistic cops.

But I was hardly on my feet after the beating when I suffered the worst blow of all. The screws broke it to me in characteristically compassionate fashion—they handed me a newspaper in which the story was headlined. My father had died.

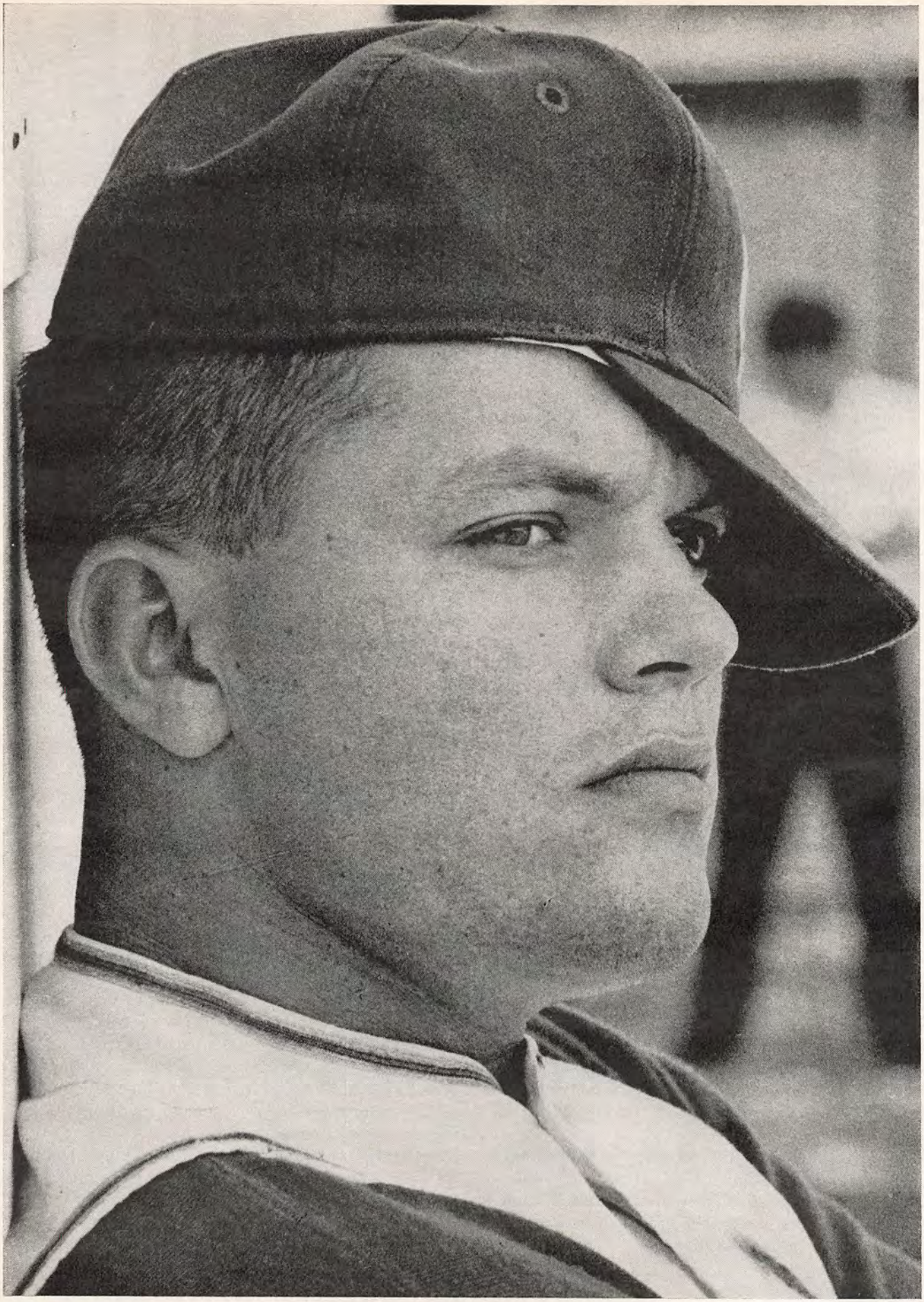
I don't know what happened to me for a while after that. The time is blurred, until the day I attacked a fellow con and nearly killed him. I do know what happened then—hours and days in solitary (on "the shelf" as San Quentin cons call it). I'd been labeled incorrigible before that—from now on I would be.

I am a gregarious guy by nature—and solitary was not easy for me. It's all very well to live to get revenge, but in solitary confinement there's nothing on which to be revenged. There is only a tiny cell, a metal bunk, a lidless toilet, and one's self for company. Silence weighed heavily on me. I don't know how long I'd been there—there was no way to keep track of time—when I had a visitor. I was so taken aback I forgot, for a moment, all my hatred, and just sat and stared at him.

I had seen the man at a distance and knew he treated convicts as though they were men instead of animals.

For this, he was receiving a great deal of adverse publicity. Once a radio commentator interviewing him remarked acidly, "You should know that leopards don't change their spots!" The new warden replied, "You should know I don't work with leopards. I work with men, and men change every day."

The first thing he did was to ask if I was all right. When I heard that grave, courteous tone of his voice, all the bitterness I felt went out of my mind. To my surprise I heard myself answering in the same polite tone that I was all right. He went on to inquire whether I'd been manhandled in any way. For some reason I felt that telling him about the beating I had had would be squealing, and I wasn't going to be a stool pigeon. So even though I hated [*Continued on page* 99]



easy times in baseball's hog heaven

BY MYRON COPE
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY OZZIE SWEET

Everything's up to date in Kansas City except Jim Nash's wit. But his fast ball more than makes up for his slow jokes. So far, it's his only weapon, and what more does a pitcher need nowadays?

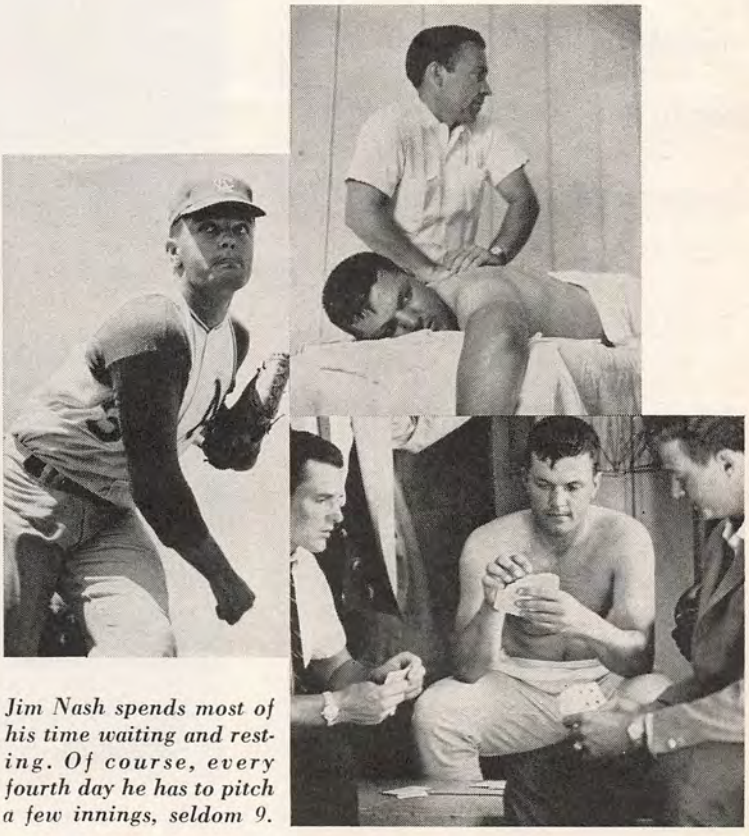
■ On a July Sunday last year, when Kansas City manager Alvin Dark wrote the big rookie right-hander's name into his lineup to pitch the second game of the doubleheader, the thing a lot of people noticed about the kid was that he was just as loose as if he were back in Georgia taking a turn on the mound for Preacher Clackum's West Cobb nine, over by Lost Mountain.

Almost 32,000 enemy fans—5,000 more people than the total population of his hometown, Marietta, Georgia—sat in Detroit's Tiger Stadium. But Jumbo Jim Nash, six-feet-five and 235 pounds, did not appear to regard his major-league debut as an event of any greater significance than, say, the time old Preacher Clackum pitched him against that classy club of former high minor-leaguers who had come over from Atlanta. Preacher had a big piece of ground out in the hills, two miles from Lost Mountain, which you can see from 20 miles off, although the closer you get, the less you see of it. Preacher loved baseball, and he had built a dandy park, complete with lights, smack in his front yard. He loved Jim Nash, too. Even though the boy was a teen-ager, Preacher had an idea he could handle those Atlanta fellows. Preacher *knew* he could as soon as he saw him on the mound against Poochy Hartsfield.

Old Poochy had been a smart triple-A player and now was scouting for the big leagues. Word had drifted back to Jim that Poochy had looked him over and written him off as a run-of-the-mill pitcher. Now Poochy stood at the plate, facing him. Jim nicked the corner for a strike, and then he sailed a wicked fast ball past Poochy for another strike. Poochy began to look impressed.

"If you think *that* was fast," Jim called to him, "just don't bother to more'n blink your eye this time. This one's comin' right on by, faster." The ball flew past Poochy like a bullet. He never got the bat off his shoulder. Nash struck out 16 before the ball game was over.

"I've never known Jim to be nervous," says a man named Gene McBee, who played behind Nash that day and happened to be his high-school coach [*Continued on page* 73]



Jim Nash spends most of his time waiting and resting. Of course, every fourth day he has to pitch a few innings, seldom 9.

Elaborately walled strandkorpen*—wicker-basket cabanas—cover one of Sylt's beaches.*

Think Strength-Through-Joy was just an old Nazi slogan? Take a trip to the German island of Sylt, where nude frolicking frauleins soak up sun by day and seek partners to share the swinging night life

BY WARD WINTHROP

Many of the island's beaches are set aside for vacationers, like the five above,

Don't Bring Your Bathing Suit

SYLT, WEST GERMANY

■ The term "island paradise" usually conjures visions of palm trees and warm climates, but in the generally cold, blustery North Sea, there's an island that, at least in summer, qualifies as a special sort of paradise. On miles of fine white-sand beaches, a fun-seeking summer population, including bevies of beautiful girls, spends the nights swinging and the days swimming and cavorting—often wearing no more than did Adam and Eve in the original Paradise. Best of all for the adventuring male, the island of Sylt, a thin finger of land that sticks out into the sea from the German-Danish border, is yet to be discovered by the American tourist.

From late June to early September, Sylt's year-round population of 26,000 is swelled by about 140,000 sun lovers. Many of the bathers head for the FKK beaches. FKK is the abbreviation for *Freikorperkultur*—literally, free body culture. As many as 40 percent of the visitors think that a bathing suit is a drag. But there are regular beaches, too, and there is no stigma attached to either preference. It is only fair to report, though, that the single girls outnumber single men by three to two on the FKK beaches.

Despite the fact that the island resort is well known in Northern Europe, there probably aren't 500 Americans who have ever heard of this Garden of Eden. During my week on the island, I failed to even hear of an American tourist. I discovered one Englishman, a handful of [*Continued on page* 70]

who enjoy romping in the raw. A fast dash into the surf with shapely partners is a popular way to face the chilly water.

WILD RIDE FOR LOW STAKES

Leaning far over the neck of his hard-galloping horse, skilful Afghan rider spears a stake on his three-pronged lance.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY VICTOR ENGLEBERT

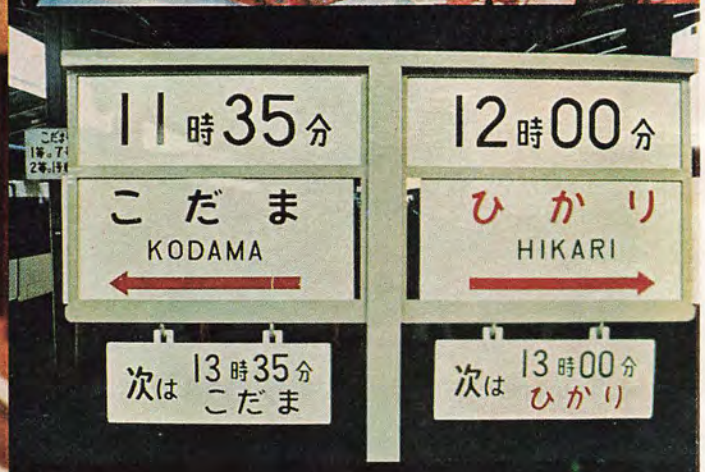
The men of Afghanistan are big on wild, competitive games, and few games are wilder than a daring display of Afghan horsemanship called "naiz-a-buzi." A galloping version of spear-the-stake, it is a breathtaking highlight of week-long celebrations held every summer to mark the country's independence. The riders here are from south of Kabul—their brand of competition is without quarter. In this game, each rider races 200 yards at top speed toward a 12-inch stake which he must lift out of the ground with one thrust of his three-pronged lance. The fewer the runs needed, the better the team score. The riders need skill, but their partners need guts to pinpoint the stakes with short, flat sticks until the last instant before the swift thrust. There have been bloody times when a lance has caught an unlucky partner who waited too long.

Drum beats loudly and dancers spin to cheer each successful thrust.

Grim loser, trying again, charges toward his nervous partner.

Show-off winner turns back to display trophy.

Victorious horsemen ride off to parade through streets of Kabul amid cheers and applause.


11時35分
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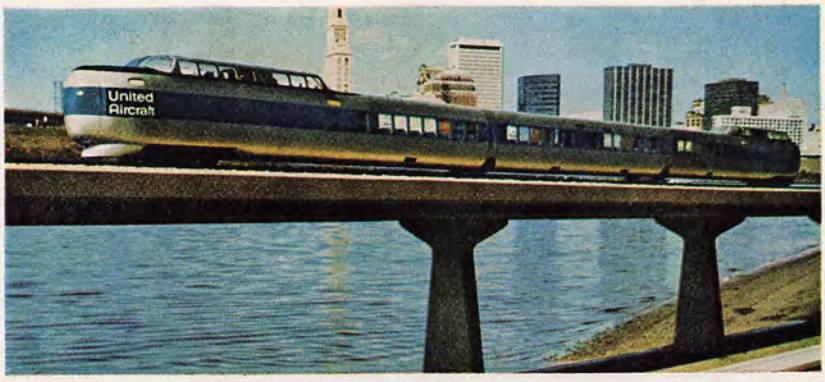
次は 13時00分 ひかり

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

UNITED AIRCRAFT



THE TRAIN IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE TRAIN!

In the compact nations of Europe and Asia the passenger train is still the luxury king, but for crossing the American continent it is dead. Now a new breed of high-speed train is about to make a last try to displace the airplane on short, "corridor" trips between U. S. cities

■ One day this July, if all goes as expected, a sort of Great Society miracle is scheduled to take place on the bankrupt stretch of rotting railroad that links Fair Boston with Fun City New York. Along a route where slow, ancient and dirty New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad trains now struggle from station to station in a state of dispirited decay, a new wheeled wonder—sleek, swift and self-propelled by the power of its own jet engines—will try to usher in a new age of American railroading and test the proposition that passenger trains are not a thing of the past in the U.S.

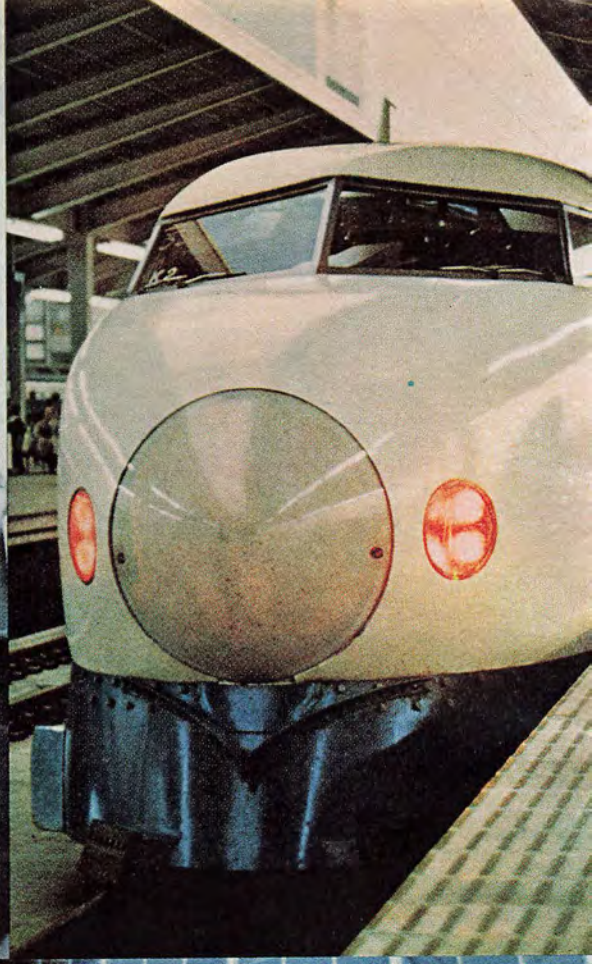
Truly nothing like the new train ever ran on rails. Where the New Haven's present passenger trains are high-wheeled, iron-heavy and stained with gloom, the new train, built with aircraft technology by United Aircraft Corporation, will be sports-car low, aluminum-light and cheerful with color. More to the point, perhaps, where present trains cover this 235 miles of the traffic-strangled Northeast Corridor in 4¼ hours, the new trains will cover the distance in three, and with little or no improvement in the present roadbed. Finally, where today's passenger trains produce nothing but red ink, the new train has, according to its builders, been designed to be not only fast and stylish, but to make a profit while charging the same fares as the older trains.

In addition to United Aircraft, the Budd Company of Philadelphia has entered the high-speed train race with two new designs. The first is a train composed of electrically self-propelled railcars capable of 160 mph. speeds. It will draw its power from the same overhead catenary lines that other trains use and is designed to run on the same tracks. This one will begin regular passenger service between New York and Washington, D.C., in October. The trains will make two round trips a day, interspersed with conventional equipment. Fifty such cars have been ordered by the Pennsylvania Railroad. Initially, the trains will run at about 110 mph., cutting the running time between the two cities from 3¾ hours to under three. Like the United Aircraft Turbotrain, the Budd "corridor trains" will be quiet, colorful and luxurious. They, too, will charge only standard fares.

Actually the Budd and United Aircraft projects proceed from two entirely different philosophies of how to design a passenger train. As a result, the two companies are locked in a great competitive battle. The 50 cars which Budd is building for the Pennsylvania are the more conventional in their outward

Overseas, trains are still fast, elegant, popular and profitable. On facing page, from upper left clockwise: interior of French Mistral; *dining on Italian* Settebello; *platform signs in Tokyo;* Mistral *pauses at night; observation lounge on* Settebello. *This page, above, a model of a new American jet-powered train.*

BB-9264
SNCF
MISTRAL



DB
E03 004

Foreign railroads now lead the speed race with high-powered trains and Space-Age controls

appearance and construction. These stainless-steel coaches will be powered by four 300 hp. electric motors, one per axle. They will accelerate to 100 mph. in 90 seconds and to 125 mph. in two minutes. Each car will weigh 70 tons and carry up to 80 passengers. A typical train, including parlor cars and snack cars will probably weigh in at one ton of train weight per passenger. The Budd cars differ from the U.A. Turbotrain in that they are not built as a "train set," but may be uncoupled in pairs and made up in any way the operating railroad sees fit. Anything from two- to 20-car trains will be possible for a run.

Interiors will be two-and-two seating across a center aisle in coaches; individual swivel chairs in parlor cars. Lighting, air-conditioning, carpeting, upholstery and decor will be contemporary modern. Tray-style meal service will be available at the seat in parlor cars; coach passengers can pick up hot and cold food from buffets.

In Farmington, Connecticut, the Corporate Systems Center of United Aircraft Corporation has a scale model of its Turbotrain in the middle of a long conference-room table. The train itself is being built by the Pullman Company in Chicago. As befits an aircraft and jet-engine building company, the train is dramatic in appearance and full of innovation. It is a bullet-nosed, seven-car train set, not designed to be broken up in normal service. It will carry 325 passengers. The first and last cars, called Powerdomes, are the "locomotives" in that they both push and pull the train. Aircraft technology is evident in many ways. The train is fabricated from aluminum instead of steel; the basic design philosophy is to eliminate weight. As a result, a seven-car Turbotrain will weigh about the same as a two-car Budd train. There will be about 900 pounds of train weight per passenger, lowest in the world.

The train will operate independent of outside power, driven instead by 550-hp. aircraft turbine engines that deliver about two horsepower per pound of weight. (A typical diesel locomotive delivers about one eighth of a horsepower per [*Continued on page* 64]

High speeds require sophisticated controls in the "front office." Top, in the Settebello *cab; center left,* Mistral; *right,* Blauer Enzian; *bottom, the* Tokaido, *world speed champ.*

Seen head on, four of the world's most famous trains offer a variety of powerful profiles. Clockwise: the Mistral, Tokaido, Blauer Enzian *and* Settebello.

BY ROBERT LISTON
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT McGINNIS

the man who preached for love and money

Joe Jeffers had four beautiful wives and a divine gift of gab. When he told his followers he could see the future, they believed him. He convinced practically everyone, in fact, except the cops

■ A man can be many things over many years—and still remain the same.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ In Jonesboro, Arkansas, Preacher Jeffers, his lovely wife Jessie by his side, courageously manned his pulpit while armed National Guardsmen patrolled his tabernacle. Undaunted by threats from the governor to close up his place of worship, he continued to accuse public officials of running a bawdy house and of bootlegging. He also branded a fellow local preacher with the scarlet tag of moral sinner.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ In Los Angeles Philosopher Jeffers sat quietly reading the Bible in the courtroom, while his wife Joy, the delicate beauty of her face stained with tears, cried that they had been drugged and framed. Most certainly they would not have undressed in front of others—and how could anyone think they would have done what that movie, presented as evidence, purported to show?

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ In Denver Evangelist Jeffers listened intently and sublimely as Helene, his wife and "high priestess," gowned in clinging white chiffon, described the joys of love and eternal life to the thousands who had crowded into the auditorium to hear them.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ In Phoenix postal inspectors arrested 64-year-old Prophet Jeffers, charging that he and his extraordinarily beautiful wife Connie, 25, had fraudulently used the mails to peddle biographies and paintings of people in "previous lives," and had compounded this insult to the law by blowing the proceeds at the tracks, betting on divinely inspired nags.

These four men are the same Joe Jeffers, a man who had learned well and early that the more outrageous the statements a public figure makes, the more certain he can be of belief by the good and gullible. In his more than 40 years as one of the most colorful cult preachers, and particularly as the "prophet of Yahweh," Jeffers has made millions—with the aid of four lovely sequential brides and a host of devoutly faithful disciples.

Even in his present travail he has not been deserted. After his indictment in 1964 [*Continued on page* 92]

A GI NEWSPAPER THE BRASS CAN'T KILL

No subject is too touchy
for the Overseas Weekly *to tackle:*
not sex, scandal or the abuse
of rank by lieutenants... and generals.
It's the tough, irreverent
military journal that privates swear by
and the Pentagon swears at

BY AL STUMP

PAPER SCULPTURE BY BLAKE HAMPTON

FRANKFURT, GERMANY

■ All of us are free to read our favorite newspapers. One dime buys a copy. But for most soldiers in Viet Nam that's not the case. When it comes to getting their hands on one particular newssheet, GI's have had a big problem. A scene in Saigon last October will illustrate.

On a steaming day, when combat troops normally wouldn't stir from the town's tin-shack bars and cabarets, a good many men left their hangouts and gathered in the streets and plazas. There, under the tropic sun, they waited patiently.

Troopers not aware of what was going on were puzzled. Not only were their buddies sweating—they were under surveillance. Officers attached to top Viet Nam commands moved about, watching the men—and doing their watching with glum and forbidding expressions.

The explanation came within the hour when native kids scampered down Tu Do Street, Saigon's main road. They carried thin bundles of newspapers and yelled, "He hot son-bitch! Buy quick!" The kids were selling an item so hard to get in Viet Nam, Laos, Thailand, Korea, Formosa and Japan that, although it was only an 11-by-16-inch tabloid with a scrambled scattering of unmatched type and contained but 18 pages, they were demanding, and receiving, up to $1.50 for a single copy. Within minutes the GI's on the spot bought them all.

It was a case of buy quick, or not at all. For this was the long-awaited arrival and first distribution in the Far East of the *Overseas Weekly*. For the past 16 years this small but bawdy and hell-raising tabloid has been the serviceman's most controversial piece of reading. It was started for troops in Europe, but it has followed along wherever American forces are stationed in number overseas.

Whompingly independent, *Overseas Weekly* is written and edited for the ordinary, in-the-ranks serviceman. Put out by a staff of former GI's, the paper crusades in defense of the soldier's rights—against anyone, including the Pentagon and the Administration. *OW*, as it is called, is tough and factual, and it defies all censorship. Most GI's consider *OW* the opposite of the Army-operated *Stars and Stripes*, a journal which they feel avoids controversy and says what government officials want it to say.

OW talks the plain, crude barracks language of the modern dogface. The paper provides him with a forum for his grievances and regards it as both a duty and pleasure to publish, under glaring headlines, the sort of copy which makes Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and field commanders turn livid. The *Weekly* is the Number One nose-thumbing critic of the U.S. military establishment. Repeatedly the Armed Forces have banned it from camp and base newsstands. Yet it always impertinently pops up again.

Frankly sensational and muckraking, the paper is loaded with sex, crime and corruption. *OW* calls itself "the enlisted man's court of last resort." Its targets are autocratic generals, sadistic junior officers, court-martial boards too quick with dishonorable discharges, war profiteers in uniform, civilian crooks operating post exchanges, brutal MP's, unfit combat commanders and any others who need the clear light of publicity.

By well-informed estimate, the *Weekly* has caused the transferring or reprimanding of more than 300 high-ranking officers in Germany and France alone. The troops admire their newspaper, almost uniformly. Although the embattled tabloid's weekly pressrun amounts to less than 60,000, dog-eared copies pass from man to man and reach some 200,000 troops in 12 countries, from Iceland to Germany, England to Turkey, Spain to the Philippines. "The damned thing even appeared on my breakfast table," snarled Gen. Lauris Norstad, when he was NATO commander. "It made me actively ill."

What choked Norstad that morning in 1961 was a typical *OW* exclusive report. A documented story from Germany revealed that Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker had been indoctrinating the troops of his 24th Infantry Division with extreme-right-wing ideas. The division's weekly newspaper had published an article from the John Birch Society's magazine—an article which spoke of democracy degenerating into "mobocracy." In a speech to a group of officers and their wives, the general had described Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Edward R. Murrow and Eric Sevareid, among others, as either "pinkos" or "communists." *OW* stormed about Walker's political tampering. The world's press picked up the story, a Presidential investigation was ordered —and, before long, Walker was out of the Army.

If not for the *Weekly's* inquiries in Germany, the public quite possibly wouldn't have learned, in 1966, that tons of brand-new Seventh Army tires, tools and motor parts were secretly dumped and bulldozed out of sight. Or what went on in Mainz and Hanau, where commanders disciplined GI's who had gone AWOL or otherwise goofed up by shaving their heads, binding them with ropes and handcuffs and having them beaten with sawed-off pool cues. As a result of *OW's* stories, the responsible officers were either court-martialed or transferred from their posts.

Securing and documenting the hard facts from security-ringed military installations isn't easy, but *OW* has many methods for getting its information. "In fact," says lanky Mike Pavich, a star *Weekly* staff man, "I'm more of an undercover agent and private

eye than a reporter." In the past few years the paper has exposed a colonel who made men walk 90 miles under full pack as punishment; an insurance company which fleeced GI's; and a group of officers who paraded around in Ku Klux Klan sheets.

The payoff: *OW* is out of the red and on its way to making money. But it has also made a long list of enemies—who have tried to bring about its abolishment time and time again. And they have come close to succeeding in their aim.

During a Senate investigation in 1962, Secretary McNamara termed *OW* "repulsive" and moves were made in Washington to ban it from circulation. Sen. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina has called *OW* "putrid." Ohio Congressman Samuel Devine has used "slime-mongering, discredited and foul" to describe the GI's favorite reading matter, and urged that it be run out of the services.

On four occasions the paper has been forced to sue, or threaten suit, to compel the Armed Forces to allow it to be sold in post exchanges and other federal installations. A climax came last fall and winter, when *OW* was banned in South Viet Nam and generally across Asia.

The trouble began early in 1966 when the *Weekly* attempted to enter Viet Nam with a Pacific edition, modeled after the European edition but mainly concerned with what actually went on in a shooting war.

"When we applied for a permit for on-base sales," says *OW's* editor, a slim, brisk 31-year-old New Yorker and former Third Armored Division enlisted man named Curtis Daniell, "we were told to drop dead. The Manpower Division in Washington claimed that Army, Marine and Navy newsstands were overcrowded and that 'logistically' they had no room for us. That's the same old attempt to squeeze us out we've met before. We answered by taking photos of half-empty PX stands, proving there was plenty of room available. But still the authorities barred us. So we sued McNamara and his censors to force an even break from Washington with a hundred other publications that servicemen can buy."

In June, 1966, *OW* filed suit in Washington District Court against the Defense Department, demanding access to all bases in Indochina, Japan, the Philippines, Okinawa and Hawaii. While legal results dragged, Curt Daniell and his staff barged into Viet Nam in the only way open to them.

First they set up a Saigon news bureau. Next they rented printing facilities in Hong Kong, where they ran off the Pacific edition. Having been refused the use of government aircraft, they hired the expensive services of two private concerns, Air Cathay and Air Viet Nam Line, and flew their newspaper into Saigon. Then they employed a few dozen native kids to peddle *OW* on the streets and outside the barracks. Along with a few Saigon bookstalls and hotel stands, this was their only outlet.

"They won't let us get to you," advertised *OW*, "so it's up to you men to find us." Because of shipping costs, only 2,500 copies could be flown in for the more than 400,000 servicemen in Viet Nam. The first edition last October 23 reached few men in the jungles. Troops located in Saigon were luckier.

"HELL WITH RED TAPE—OW HITS THE PACIFIC" howled the opening streamerline. Then, the fascinated troops read of happenings all around them, things about which they'd heard little or nothing. Another publication, hoping to gain Washington's approval, no doubt would have behaved quietly, at least at first. But not *OW*. Its issues last fall blared such meaty headlines as:

"ADULTERY OKAY FOR BRASS, CHAPLAIN CHARGES"—a story that told how a former Navy chaplain, the Rev. Norman MacFarlane, had blasted the high command in the Far East on the grounds that GI's were "piously punished" for chasing girls, "but adultery and illicit sex by officers was wide open."

"VIETNAMESE PARDON DOUBLE SLAYER"—reported that Robert Kimball, a State Department official and Army Reserve major, had quietly gone back to the U.S. with a full pardon from the Vietnamese government after serving only 15 months in jail. Kimball had killed another American official and a 26-year-old Vietnamese woman in a love-triangle case; a civilian court found that the American's death was self-defense, and convicted Kimball only of the killing of the woman.

" 'HELL OF A WAR' KNOCKED TO PRESIDENT"—described an incident last October at Long Binh, South Viet Nam, in which men of the 537th Personnel Company sweated out a threatened Viet Cong raid unarmed. Reason: there were not enough rifles and ammunition to go around. One trooper wrote to his father in the States, who in turn sent a protesting telegram to Lyndon Johnson. An official investigation resulted from the uproar.

At their headquarters in Frankfurt, the *OW* editors learned that men in the lines were paying up to $2 for scarce copies, and that Viet Nam brass hats had let it be known they didn't want to see men reading the paper. Then, when the issue of November 27 was flown into Saigon, more trouble developed. To be sure of getting their copies, a group of Marines had raced out to Tan San Nhut airport, hoping to liberate papers fresh off the plane. They failed. As bundles were unloaded, trucks pulled up and the papers were mysteriously hauled away.

The explanation of the trucks became clear when the Frankfurt editors received an urgent message from Saigon: "The censors have cut page five clear out of the current issue. [*Continued on page* 88]

BY BILL BALLANTINE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DICK KITCHEN

Behind Ziolkowski and model of projected Chief Crazy Horse statue is Thunderhead Mountain, where he is carving his mammoth work.

THE SUPER SCULPTOR WHO CARVES MOUNTAINS

The Indian may have lost the West, but he won the heart of wild and wooly Korczak Ziolkowski, who is honoring the Red Man by carving the world's biggest statue from an 18-million-ton chunk of granite

■ Out in the Black Hills of South Dakota there's a self-taught sculptor named Korczak Ziolkowski (*Kor*-jack Zill-*cuff*-skee), who is carving the biggest statue of all time. The colossal monument, emerging from an 18-million-ton chunk of granite that rises abruptly from a plateau 6,200 feet above sea level, will be 641 feet long by 563 feet high—taller than the Statue of Liberty by 258 feet, Mount Rushmore by 287, and Egypt's Great Sphinx by 493.

This super sculpture is intended to honor the North American Indian. Its subject is Chief Crazy Horse, the Indians' Indian, the warrior who never made peace with the white man, and who clobbered Custer at the Battle of Little Big Horn. Stark naked except for a 44-foot-high feather stuck upright in his long flowing hair, Chief Crazy Horse is to be mounted on a galloping horse. The rider's outstretched arm, 263 feet long, will rest on the animal's plunging wild-maned head—219 feet from ears to muzzle. The horse's nostril will be spacious enough to contain an eight-room house. The opening between rider's arm and horse's back will be the height of a 10-story building. Furthermore, the statue will be in the round, not a *bas-relief*.

Fantastic? Yes, but not a gigantic hoax, as some South Dakotans believe. Ziolkowski claims his monster carving will be finished—God willing—in another 12 to 15 years; he's already been at it for the past 19. Those who know him best feel that he will keep his promise, for this giant Polish-American usually accomplishes what he sets his mind to. In a West that's legendary for wild and wooly buckaroos, he's wilder, woolier—and buckier.

He's a big-boned six-footer, heavy muscled and all of 220. Years of attacking blocks of granite and marble with hammer and chisel have overdeveloped his shoulders' deltoid muscles. In Polish, the word *korczak* means a peculiar type of windmill, and the interpretation is apt, for at 59 Ziolkowski has such tremendous energy that men much younger have difficulty keeping up with his daily whirlwind of predawn to midnight activity.

Ziolkowski is famous for his bulldog tenacity, and he possesses a cockiness that is tempered by intelligence and good humor. He is not afraid to laugh at anything, including himself, and has positive opinions on almost any subject—particularly that of white man versus Indian. He's consistently in the Red Man's corner. As a kid he always hated blood'n'-thunder silent movies because, whether the cowboys wore white hats or black, invariably the redskins bit the dust.

Korczak has been wild for Indians ever since boyhood. Orphaned at age [*Continued on page* 87]

THE FIRST UGLY AMERICANS

The "dude" who gave Kearns & Co. such a laugh at Epsom Downs turned out to be King George V.

■ Madam Alma Gluck, the greatest of mezzo-sopranos and a portly figure of dignity, walked toward the gangplank of the Cunard liner H.M.S. *Aquitania*, about to sail from New York's Pier 53 for England in the spring of 1922. Without warning her voice hit high "C" above "C." Someone's hand had reached out and applied a quick squeeze to the Metropolitan Opera star's buttocks.

Leaping upward, Madam Gluck barely made it to safety amidst the arrival of a honking, howling caravan of taxis, touring cars, Model-T's and limousines.

By bad luck she had bumped into the Broadway crowd—comedians, horseplayers, strippers, prizefighters, Tin Pan Alley residents, touts and bootleggers—which had gathered at the dock for a special occasion. The crowd had come to say *bon voyage* to some old pals. Leaving on the *Aquitania* for a tour of Britain and the continent were boxing manager Jack (Doc) Kearns; Jack Dempsey, who had won the heavyweight title three years before; leading lightweight contender Battling Joe Benjamin; and famed newspaperman Damon Runyon, who was assigned to cover the journey for the New York *American*. The grand tour of boxing's "Big Four" had been previewed in the press of the United States, Britain and France as one of the most important ocean crossings since World War I.

"The way I see it," announced Kearns, a lean, dandified ex-faro dealer, ex-jailbird and full-time con man, "me and Dempsey need to pick up some culture. Europe's never seen Jack. Think of the goodwill we can promote, too."

In a long lifetime Kearns never told a more laughable lie. Culture lost the decision all the way, beginning on Pier 53. It was not yet noon, but most of the cabaret set was happily drunk. While Harry Richman's jazz band played, Joe Benjamin—handsome and highly respected for his dynamite punch, although he did his training in saloons—set the tone for the journey. He ran down the dock, waving a champagne bottle. Astride his shoulders sat a mostly-nude showgirl from Owney Madden's gin mill, the Kit Kat Club. "Wheeeee!" cried Joey.

Observing the scene from "A" Deck, Madam Gluck and other distinguished passengers said, "Disgusting!" The word was one which would echo across several countries when, three months later, the madcap Doc Kearns and his exhausted but faithful followers, Dempsey and Benjamin, returned home—$200,000 poorer. In the Jazz Age they broke all records by Americans for a wild and scandalous big-spending spree. "If we hadn't left Europe when we did, after raising all that hell," remarks Benjamin, today, "Europe would have subscribed a fund to ship

us back." Dempsey, at 71, grins and says, "We were a bunch of bums on the loose. I thought I could pick up some polish, but we ruined ourselves socially." The late Kearns, whose larceny was matched by his talent as a playboy, didn't mince words when, in 1963, he set down his life story. "Runyon," he wrote, "was supposed to file daily reports on our trip but he couldn't say much, on account of we hit every bar and bordello we could find. As far as sight-seeing goes we might as well have vacationed back home in Billy LaHiff's joint on West 48th Street."

For Damon Runyon, the prim, abstemious 37-year-old bard of Broadway, the outing was one of steady embarrassment, professional frustration, nights without sleep and, as he later summed it, "a junket which proves that all of life is 6-4 against a guy, but with a lot longer odds when you go gallivanting around with the incredible Doctor Kearns & Co. This little adventure almost killed me."

The trip remains notable for more than the fifth of a million dollars the boys threw away. It was unique, a thing which couldn't happen in the 1960's, not even with bail bondsmen and a United Nations escort thrown in. When such modern sport greats as Cassius Clay, Arnold Palmer and Willie Hartack go abroad, they are sickeningly sweet in their public relations. The Kearns party specialized in lawbreaking, agitating, shocking royalty, promoting riot and making whoopee. As a starter, The Big Four hadn't been aboard the *Aquitania* long enough to unpack when an aide to the captain banged on the cabin door of Dempsey and Benjamin.

"I thought," he said, angrily, "that managers looked after their fighters. But it seems we need *you* to control Mr. Kearns, who is operating a craps game —a crooked one—in his suite. He's got some of our most prominent guests down on the carpet and he's robbing them blind."

When Doc Kearns, Jack Dempsey, Joe Benjamin and Damon Runyon embarked on a "cultural" tour of Europe, the trip turned into a wild farce—with culture the principal loser

"Dear me," said Dempsey. "How much has he won?"

"A large amount! Of course it must be refunded."

The Mauler from Manassa gazed out over the gray, icy and bounding Atlantic thoughtfully. "Pal," he said, "I'll tell you just how it is. Before Doc would give back a dime of that dough, he'd jump overboard and swim the rest of the way."

Benjamin added, "Yeah, towing the money."

Doc had to use loaded dice shooting craps with the ship's passengers; they were the only kind he ever carried.

BY JOHNNY CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY MOZELLE THOMPSON

While the revenue boys back home waited, Doc blew 200 grand on wine, women and racehorses

"I'll have him put in confinement belowdecks!" threatened the officer. "He's using loaded dice."

"Hell," put in Benjamin, defensively, "I don't know what else he could use. That's the only kind Doc carries with him."

Upon arrival at Southampton, to a rousing reception from several thousand Englishmen (intended for Dempsey, but with Kearns taking most of the bows), the Doc tucked away his "funny" dice and lectured his group on good behavior and making a "classy" impression. Within a few days the Duke of Manchester arranged a banquet at the Savoy Hotel in the visitors' honor—white tie and tails. The Prince of Wales attended. Kearns, dressed like a gentleman but carrying a heavy load of liquor, was seated next to the duke's wife. He was pleased to be served an early course of stewed prunes.

"Prunes are good for you and don't forget it, kid," Doc explained to the duchess, blowing bourbon fumes and cigar smoke in her face. "Back home I use 'em to sober up on. And if you stick with 'em you'll never be bothered by constipation."

Runyon, nearby, became ill. However, the duchess was no more shaken up than was a member of a

fashionable Mayfair club, while he was dining later that night. His wine glass was set in front of him. It disappeared in a crash of glass. Across the room Joe Benjamin had decided to liven the evening. With a flick of the wrist, Benjamin had thrown a hard roll at the glass and scored a clean hit. In Manhattan speakeasies, Joe was regarded as the most accurate of roll throwers. When he popped another glass, the management ordered him to leave.

Upon leaving, the Battler had words with the doorman. He threw one punch and it was a knockout. Recalling this recently in his hometown San Francisco, Benjamin remarked, not without pleasure, "It seems I was always popping some Limey or Frenchman on the chin during that trip. Some of the time it it was to protect Dempsey from guys who bothered him and who he was too big to hit. And some of it was to help out Kearns, who bought a cane and went around knocking off guys' top hats with it. A lot of it was booze talking. Brother, you never saw such booze as Kearns would order—$200 and $300 worth at a time. We'd pour it out the window on top of guys waiting for cabs. We'd pick up babes and give 'em champagne baths. Kearns had me under contract and when he got us in trouble, he'd turn to me and say 'Smack him, Joseph, you're not earning us a dime on this trip.' I won more fights in Europe than I did in 10 years in the ring."

As for Jack Dempsey, the former "Kid Blackie" of the hobo jungles, he was then but 26. Uneducated, but with hopes of learning which fork to use and of dignifying his title, he played it cool, for a while. But the spirit of the thing and the Machiavellian influence which Kearns always held over him went to work. There came a Paris night when a dozen Montmartre chippies chased the world's champion down the street at 3 a.m., tearing at his clothes. The best fighter anyone had seen stuffed himself on rich food and girls, girls, girls. He didn't merely break training; at his speed, estimated Runyon, it would take Dempsey the rest of his career to get back in shape. Runyon warned Dempsey to turn to more cultural pursuits. "George Barnard Shaw wants to meet you," said Runyon, in London. "A great honor. He's pouring tea and he's antiliquor, so be careful."

After visiting some pubs with Benjamin, Dempsey arrived at the Thames Embankment rooms of the famed author in an extremely happy condition. "You've got a damned nice layout," Benjamin congratulated his host. "Any dames around here?"

Shaw to Dempsey: "You've read my books?"

Dempsey to Shaw: "The only book I know about is into me for $20,000. I haven't had a winner in weeks."

Shaw later switched his allegiance to the well-read and nonhorseplaying Gene Tunney and kept it there the rest of his life.

France already hated Dempsey (recently he had beaten its Georges Carpentier to a pulp) and had no reason to change opinion after a Paris fight when Jack, acting as a guest referee, awarded the decision to a contestant named Balzac. "The other bum won it easy, you dummy!" yelled Kearns, as fans rioted and tore up seats.

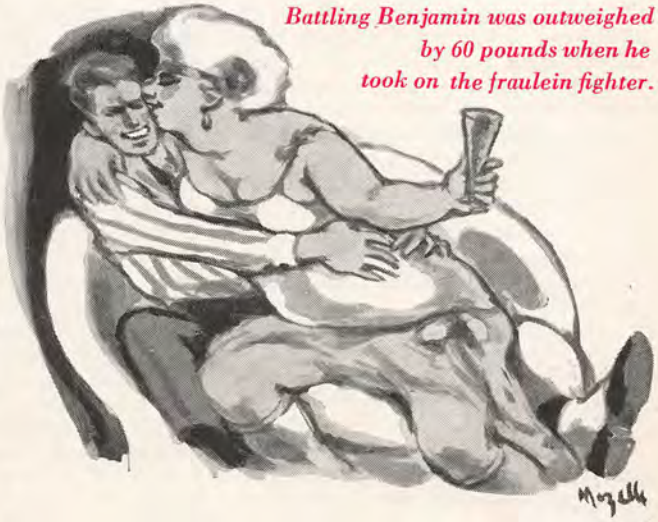
"Yeah," replied Dempsey, dodging a bottle, "but I couldn't give him the win because I can't pronounce the S.O.B.'s name." The name was Proxineaux.

At Longchamps racetrack, togged in spats, a derby and monocle, handing out $100 tips, John Leo McKernan (alias Doc Kearns) told interviewers, "I take my hat off to no manager in the world, dead or alive."

"Your hat means nothing," answered Damon Runyon, bitterly. "You don't even take it off when you eat."

Boxing's goodwill tour in reverse was a fraud to begin with. Doc Kearns claimed that the educational advantage of travel was the purpose of it. In fact, he was in deep trouble with the Internal Revenue Bureau —as he confessed not long before he died. He had tried to conceal $395,000 in secret income, the product of Dempsey's four-round knockout of Carpentier in New Jersey the summer before. Dempsey earned an aboveboard $300,000 for flattening the Orchid Man in boxing's first million-dollar gate. In private Kearns obtained from promoter Tex Rickard an extra payoff of 50 percent of everything the match did over $1 million. Receipts were $1,789,238. "I knew they'd get me in the end for hiding out that extra money," Doc explained, "but I was trying to cool off the tax rap until I could think of an alibi. Why not spend the dough on a good time? What could they do to us if we came home broke—shoot Dempsey?"

This was typical of Kearn's thinking. Dempsey (his bankroll, wives, reputation) always was expendable to Doc, who took 50 percent of everything for himself, plus unlimited expenses, off the top and led the champ around by the nose. In 1923, for example, Kearns appropriated [*Continued on page* 95]



Battling Benjamin was outweighed by 60 pounds when he took on the fraulein fighter.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Breast-beating, a gesture of lamentation in the Middle East since Biblical times, is almost exclusively a masculine Moslem religious drill today. Annually, for the first 10 days of the Moslem new year, Iraq and parts of Persia go into mourning, for many people there belong to the important Shiah division of Mohammedanism. Shiah men don black garments; each night, they hear an old story of martyrdom retold in the mosques, from which they march afterward in torchlit processions. Bared to the waist, grim-faced, they keep perfect rhythm and discipline in a macabre ritual. At paced intervals they halt, wail, "Husein!" and with open right hand smack the left breast hard three times. They are lamenting the prophet Mohammed's grandson (slain by a rival 1,300 years ago) whom Shiahs regard as their sect's founder. Repeated nightly, the breast-beating, though stoically borne, leaves flesh red and raw. Fanatic emotions, too, are inflamed, and by the tenth night unbelievers may be safer out of sight. Authorities now try to discourage the rite, but it may be some time before breast-beating becomes a completely antiquated custom. *By Ralph G. Whitcomb, Springfield, Mass.*

Goosing has now been dignified with a dictionary definition that fails, however, to include a curious fact of nature. The Websterian act—"to poke or dig a person in some sensitive spot, especially between buttocks with an upward thrust of a finger or hand from the rear"—is, by definition, strictly human. Surprisingly, goosing is also done by certain birds. Curlews are medium-sized, lanky birds that can run fast and that possess an extraordinarily long, sharp bill. In Europe, they seem to have a grudge against a bird three times their size—the big bustard, a massive, stalking creature that towers above them on the sandy barrens they both inhabit. Bird watchers have witnessed a rude tactic: a curlew will step beneath the stern of an unsuspecting bustard and aim an upward peck. The bustard gives a startled jump, then breaks into a panicky run punctuated by squawks as the curlew follows, poking vigorously. So deliberate is this assault that the expression "to curlew" might appropriately replace "to goose"—since a goose, so far as is known, never gooses. *By P. T. O'Connor, Waukegan, Ill.*

Flipping a switch to illuminate a large area instantly by lighting many lamps at once is an entirely modern miracle. In candlelit times, men could dispel darkness only by carrying a flame from one wick to the next, a slow and tedious process where hundreds of candles were needed to light spacious halls. Two methods were tried to achieve quick lighting. In 1761, guests waiting in semidarkness at the coronation banquet for Britain's George III saw 3,000 candles in chandeliers lighted within a few seconds. Fire flashed to the candles along fuse lines of gunpowder-doped linen thread. The burst of light enchanted the guests, but emotions changed as they slapped at burning embers that fell from the fuse lines; the stunt was never tried again. The other method of quick lighting was the outside illumination of St. Peter's cathedral dome in Rome. For special observances, many nimble young men poised at the dome top in the blackness of night until the church bell tolled 9 o'clock. At the first stroke, they swung out on ropes and slid down the dome's great curving ribs, touching a lighted torch to tallow pots already placed at intervals. By the last stroke, the whole dome stood framed in radiating lines of flickering flames. Its rapid emergence into light was an enthralling spectacle for thousands of sightseers—as it still was, as late as 1948—when St. Peter's torches revived some of the old magic of sudden lighting. *By Raymond Marks, Toledo, O.*

Bumping one's head on a low doorway is no rare accident these days. It happens to thousands of Americans who don't bend down far enough when entering their low-roofed automobiles. One prior case made history. King Charles VIII of France, leaving his palace one spring day in 1498 to view a tennis tournament, ducked under a stone arch—and rapped his forehead smartly, to the accompaniment of some king-sized oaths. An hour or two later, while watching the play and conversing, he suddenly fell backward, lay in a coma from cerebral hemorrhage, and died that night . . . a royal casualty of what today is the most ordinary of mishaps.

"Buttering up" someone is a means of seeking favor that many a Scottish farmer practiced each springtime in a grotesquely literal way. Its purpose was to bring luck to the year's planting. When his team stood harnessed and ready for the first day of plowing, the farmer solemnly stuffed the horses' ears with butter. Just which butter-loving god from pagan antiquity was being appeased, and why in horses' ears, had long been forgotten before the superstitious rite died out a few generations ago. Butter was also administered to the plowman, but not in his ears; he was given a thickly buttered slice of bread to eat, to help produce a lush crop. *By Samuel Gilliard, Great Falls, Mont.*

Plain tobacco is all right for smoking, but it's pretty tasteless stuff for chewing or snuffing, in the opinion of some African tribes. The Gallas, who like to chew, make their homegrown tobacco palatable by mixing in a judicious quantity of cow dung to improve the flavor. The Bambalas pound their tobacco to powder and then perfume it with gland liquid from an African skunk, to produce what is undoubtedly the most pungent snuff ever sniffed.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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Sunglasses shown, clockwise from top left, are: folding glasses by Ben-Hur, $4; Ray-Ban's "Chad" by Bausch & Lomb, $11.95; style "1616" (on fishing pole) by Riviera, $8; Oculens Oleg Cassini hug-fit glasses (far right) by Comptone, $5; Scuba glasses (on wood block) by Sea & Ski, $4.98; Goofy Goggles (in front of wood block) by Tropic-Cal, $3; Super-Visors by Renauld-International, $6; Undercover glasses (bottom of sun face) by Foster Grant, $6; style "8703" glasses by Emilie Roberts, $8.

COOL SHADES OF SUMMER

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ADAMS

There was a time, not long ago, when any man who wore a pair of dark glasses seemed to be a movie star, an embezzler on the lam or somebody badly in need of a Seeing Eye dog. Today the men's sunglass industry, like the men's toiletry field, is big business—and for much the same reason. Men want to look better as well as see better. Because of this, men's sunglasses account for a third of the more than $200-million now being spent for 145-million pairs of sunglasses in this country each year. Typical of the boom is a report from the Foster Grant Company of Leominster, Massachusetts, which, with a total production output this year estimated at [Continued on page 72]

Norman Adams

THE TRAIN IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE TRAIN!

[*Continued from page* 49]

pound.) The Powerdome cars will be equipped with from two to four of these jets, depending on the length of the train or performance desired. The jets will drive the train through reduction gearboxes or may be used to generate electricity for traction motors.

The Turbotrain will employ a unique suspension system in which the train's cars, suspended like pendulums, will swing outward from centrifugal force when the train rounds high-speed curves.

"Inside the cars," says United Aircraft, "the layout and decor will resemble a jet airliner's interior. There will be carpeting, draperies, soft, indirect lighting and individually controlled reading lights at each seat; fold-down tables, reclining seats with headrests, and carry-on luggage racks at the doors. Airliner-type galleys can be installed for food service at passengers' seats."

United has already leased five of these seven-car trains to Canadian National Railways for service on the Montreal-Toronto corridor this summer. The C.N., which calls itself "The Railway Which Likes Passengers" (but is 92 percent freight) now operates five-hour Rapido trains on the 335-mile run. The 3,200-hp. Turbotrains will do it in four hours at first and may reduce the scheduled time to three hours eventually. On the Boston-Providence run also beginning this summer, a five-car, 250-passenger version of the train will be used. It will later run on the "corridor" to New York.

The corridor. That's what this is really all about. Megalopolous. The tremendous concentration of people who live in the northeast corner of the United States: over 700 citizens per square mile. Forty million people. Twenty-seven cities. Twenty percent of the nation's population living on 1.4 percent of its land. Supercity, U.S.A.

United States Sen. Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island (over 800 citizens per square mile) was one of the first men in government to define the transportation problem—and to do something about it. Largely through his evangelism, the High Speed Ground Transportation Act of 1965 was passed by the U.S. Congress. It authorized the Department of Commerce to spend up to $90 million for research into various ways of uncorking the northeast's growing bottleneck. This is the money behind the United Aircraft and Budd programs.

But Boston-Washington isn't the only "corridor" in the U.S. Others are emerging between population centers and along lines of commerce. A solution for the Boston-Washington area, if it can be found, would, in effect, be a pilot program for other regions. Of course, $90 million may not be enough. If it falls short, and if the programs now underway fail, then the passenger train may well be dead in the U.S.

Curiously, outside the U.S., rail travel is far from dead. Indeed the technological and competitive success of railroads in Europe and the Orient is a not insignificant factor in the American government's commitment to give passenger trains a new lease on life through transfusions of federal money. Admittedly most other countries do not have the same problems the U.S. has. Most, for example, have nationalized railroads. None has the great highway system of the U.S. to compete with. But all the same, almost all the other countries of the world are doing more with trains than America is.

One of the great boom sectors of Europe's economy in the two decades following the end of World War II has been tourism. Shrewdly, European governments have realized that American tourist dollars could no more be earned without capital investment than Volkswagens could be built without factories. Much of this capital investment has gone into transportation—both air and rail.

The American traveler who takes an Air France flight from New York to Paris expects speed, luxury, good food, convenient schedules, gracious service—and he gets it. He can sip champagne, watch a movie, stretch out and sleep. During his seven hours in the air he is pampered, propped up, tucked in, or, if he wishes, is just left alone. His every request is met with a stewardess' pretty smile that knows no language barriers. Thus delivered to Europe's doorstep, he is a spoiled character. To transfer him then to a train no better than the average American variety is a travel agent's worst fear.

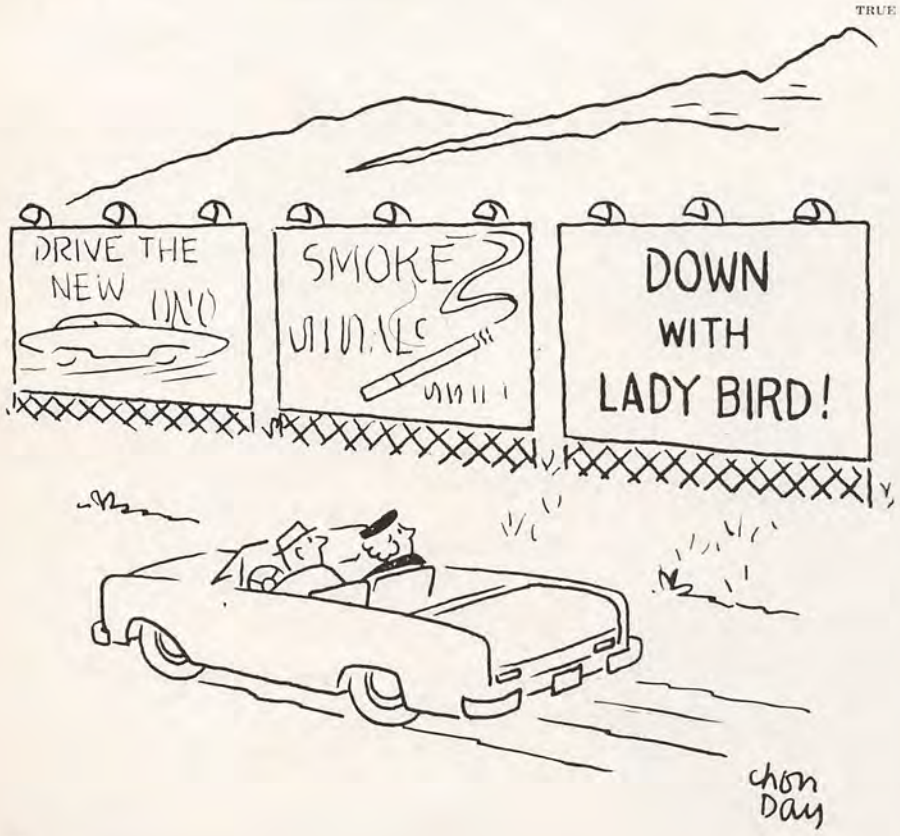
Actually, from Paris, in a great circle around Europe, today's tourist can ride a series of modern passenger trains that are fast, luxurious, convenient and economical. (Convenience and economy can be combined in the purchase of a ticket known as Eurailpass. For only $99, the North American tourist may travel unlimited mileage in first-class accommodations for 21 days. The pass is good in 13 countries and anyone wishing to use it to the hilt can probably get $500 worth of transportation.)

Trains are important in Europe. In wars they have been the first things to be bombed; in peace, they are the first things to be repaired. (Twice in 30 years, it was in a railroad car, in the Forest of Compiegne, that France ended its wars.) The trains slice swiftly through ancient farmlands, the bells at grade crossings tinkling and clanging, the shrill tin-horn sound of the locomotive whistle flying back over the coaches. And in towns, the people still stop their activities to watch a great train pass: women hanging wash from windows wave at the Alpen Express; men in the fields lean on their rakes and admire the power of a locomotive; children on bicycles stop at lowered crossing gates and laugh at the windstorm made by a passing *rapido.*

Not all European trains are crack expresses; some are no better than their counterparts in the U.S. Some of the second-class, wooden-seat variety still look like World War I. But the "name" trains from which American railroaders are taking inspiration (because, in addition to being famous, they are invariably profitable) are numerous enough. Three in particular are representative.

From Paris, if you are going south to the Riviera, you take the show train of the French National Railroads, the legendary *Mistral.*

The train is named for a certain wind that flows south across France from the Alps—a swift, mysterious wind—one which is supposed to have almost supernatural powers. Like the *foehn* in Switzerland, this is a wind which, they



say, can inspire crimes of violence, bring on insanity, or make virgins sudenly acquiescent. There is, alas, nothing supernatural about the *Mistral* train, but if nothing else, it is certainly swift—and, if you let imagination wander, you may feel there is a Hitchcock-like air of mystery about some of your fellow passengers. That one there, for instance, with the beard and the rosette of the Legion of Honor, sitting so deep behind his newspaper. And that monk with his prayer book. Could that be a disguise?

Mistral leaves the great barnlike Paris station called Gare Saint Lazare at 1:10 p.m. every day. It is an event marked by a great flurry of attention from porters in red caps and blue aprons, stewards in white mess jackets, conductors in the paramilitary uniforms of the *Society National de Chemen de Fer* (literally, the Iron Horse Society) and various other functionaries who flutter about like press agents attending the departure of a film star.

Mistral runs mostly flat out from Paris south to Dijon and Lyon, touching 100 mph. much of the way, and then, as darkness gathers, it plunges down the valley of the Rhone towards Marseilles and the Mediterranean. It is, in the term of the old railroader, quite a string of varnish—14 to 17 cars long (varnish has been replaced by stainless steel now) and drawn most of the way by a 5,200-hp. electric engine that once set a world speed record. For years, *Mistral* has been the fastest train in Europe. It averages 75 mph. between Paris and Marseilles, covering the distance of 535 miles in seven hours, including four stops.

Despite these respectable speeds, *Mistral* is no streamlined bullet train. For one thing, it is 1,300 feet long and 860 tons heavy—more than 1½ tons of train weight per passenger. Thus, its acceleration isn't exactly flashing; it departs from stations with majestic power. This is no scooting interurban commuter train. Its route bisects France itself. It moves like an armored column with other trains fleeing up sidings to let it pass.

Mistral may be conventional, even a little old fashioned in appearance, but it is a Grande Dame: luxurious, quiet, smooth running; with two dining cars, one bar car, a 28-seat chair car and coaches divided in European fashion into private six-seat compartments, eight to the car, with an aisle running down one side. Thus equipped, *Mistral* carries between 586 and 634 passengers in all-first-class and reserved-seat comfort. The fare, one way, Paris to Marseilles is $32.50—about six cents per mile. Although the train is not always fully booked, it is an excellent example nevertheless of a passenger service which always operates at a profit—and always has since its inauguration in 1950.

Mistral is, above all, *French* and nowhere aboard is this more apparent than in the dining cars. On European trains these are invariably operated by the *Society Nationale de Wagon Lits*—literally (oh, how French!) the bed wagon or Pullman people. The chief steward on a *Mistral* dining car is a man who gives all signs of caring about only three things: you, service in the continental tradition and good food. At Paris you were asked to make reservations for the time of your seating in the dining car. (Riviera-bound, lunch is served between Paris and Dijon—dinner, after dark, somewhere south of Valence or Avignon.) *Premier service* is the early sitting; *deuxième service* begins when the dining car has been cleared, cleaned and made ready (with fresh flowers) for those who prefer to dine late. Choose your aperitif. Cut (with a knife; don't tear) your hard roll. Soup or hors d'oeuvre is followed by the meat course and, of course, the wine. Later there will be sweets, fruit, cheese, coffee and, but of course, monsieur, un *digestif*. Cost? Ridiculous. Three or four American dollars does it all—while *Mistral*, that wicked wind, bores through the night and the lights of small towns wink by the windows.

A new *Mistral* is scheduled to go into service in 1968. It will be faster—how much faster hasn't been announced, but an indication may be found in the fact that the power of the new train's engine will be increased by over 50 percent to 8,000 hp. (A really big jump in speed would be no surprise. It was 12 years ago, in March, 1955, that a two-year-old French locomotive developing 12,000 hp. pulled a three-car, 111-ton test train to a world's speed record which still stands: 207 mph. on a 40-mile section of straight track between Bordeaux and Dax. Rock ballast flew window-high during the run and sparks from the loco-

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motive's trolley set a pine forest afire.)

The new *Mistral* will, in addition to being faster, be plusher. It will have all new coaches and dining cars, a book and tobacco shop, a hairdresser's shop and an office compartment complete with radio telephone and a public stenographer. Clearly the French government intends that *Mistral* will continue to be something special. Anyone in a hurry can still fly Air France (also government owned) from Paris to Marseilles, but there is a status difference. The telegram which says, "Arriving tomorrow on the *Mistral*" carries a certain cachet and first-class implication that no mere flight number can achieve.

The same can be said of the Italian railroads' glamor train, *Settebello*. It is more voluptuous than *Mistral*, higher styled, different. This one is named for a playing card from the Neopolitan deck—the card with seven golden crowns on it—*Sette, bello*—the seven beauties, the ace of trumps. The train is only seven cars long—an "engine" (actually a control car) at the front and one at the rear and, in between, are four passenger coaches and a dining car and this is the "seven," never more and never less.

This one *is* shaped like a bullet, with a passenger lounge in the nose, jutting forward over the tracks. Passengers sitting in the swivel seats of this lounge get a tremendous sensation of speed, particularly at night when the lights are dimmed and the gleaming rails, silvered in parallel by the train's head lamp, seem to emerge from infinity and to disappear directly underfoot.

Settebello runs each day between Milan and Rome—between the financial capital of Italy and the history capital of the world. Like *Mistral*, it runs over 100 mph. some of the way, but it's average isn't quite as high as the French train. It leaves Milan at 5:45 p.m. with space for only 160 passengers; it arrives in Rome at 11:48 p.m. (invariably on time, for wasn't it that eminent Italian named Mussolini who made the trains run on time—and haven't they run on time ever since?). A six hour run, 391 miles. Not very fast, you say—but then, it takes four hours from midtown Milan to midtown Rome (and costs less) if you go by air, but look what you would be missing.

Settebello's coaches are unique. Like most European trains, they have a side aisle, but instead of the usual eight compartments (for 48 passengers) per car, *Settebello* has only four. Each is a spacious room with seats for 10 (only 40 passengers per coach). Floor to ceiling glass partitions separate each compartment from the aisle and double-wide windows flash views of the flat, straight run through Lombardy, then on across mountainous Emilia and through Toscana and on to the valley of the Tiber and Rome.

Like the *Mistral*, *Settebello* attracts the first-class crowd—the politicians, the bankers, the industrialists, the movie stars: Sophia and Marcello, Nureyev and Chaplin. Its 56-seat dining car has the decor of a fine restaurant. The food is excellent and the wines are the best. A small bar with adjacent tables is a pleasant place for a before-dinner drink or to sip a Cinzano in the last hour before Rome.

"There is," an Italian will tell you, "a sort of halo around the *Settebello*. It is the kind of train that newlyweds want to take on their honeymoon."

Despite all its aura, American railroaders would say that, economically, everything is wrong with *Settebello*. It was an expensive train to build (1½ billion lira—about $2½ million—in 1959) and, as trains go, it is small. Between Rome and Milan it is hours slower than the airplane and more expensive ($22.40 one way—about six cents a mile). Because of its high speeds, *Settebello* requires special and painstaking maintenance. Paradoxically, however, it is an economic success and has been since 1954. It averages 75 percent occupancy and in the summer months it is invariably full. Why? "Psychological," shrugs Mario Pellegrino of the Italian Railways. "It has excitement. It is something special."

Despite this dramatic appearance, the *Settebellos* (actually, there are three identical trains) are technologically old by European standards. The first of the three was built in 1953, the last in 1959. They are heavy trains for their size—324 tons, empty; about two tons of train weight per passenger. They pick up electricity from overhead lines and are powered from end to end, at each axle, by 12 electric motors (unlike *Mistral* which has all its power in a locomotive). Because of *Settebello's* power/weight ratio, its acceleration is modest (zero to 60 takes 78 seconds; zero to 100 mph. takes 3½ minutes) but once under way from Milan or Rome it makes only two stops, Bologna and Florence, and averages 65 mph. for the 391 miles, including a steep and tortuous crossing of the Appenine mountains.

If *Mistral* is the Grande Dame and *Settebello* the Italian Beauty, Germany's *Blauer Enzian* (blue wildflower) is Europe's newest high speed, electronic *Panzer*. This train runs between Munich and Hamburg, but it is the first 38 miles of the trip, from Munich to Augsburg (a charming medieval town which tourists in Germany should not miss) which is notable for what it promises for the future. Powered by a new type, 8,100-hp. electric locomotive, *Blauer Enzian* covers this leg in 26 minutes for an average speed of over 88 mph. Technically it is one of the most advanced trains on the continent. It accelerates an eight-car, 400-ton train from zero to 60 in only 15 seconds; it can reach a maximum speed of 125 mph. in under three minutes. Not only is it quick, but the right of way to Augsburg has been equipped with a signaling system which is by far the most sophisticated in Europe. Suppose, for example, a crossing gate remains open three miles ahead of the onrushing train. This information reaches the engineer's cab via a radio antenna between the rails. A red light flashes. A speed scale is activated, telling the engineer that he must stop within 5,000 meters. As this three-mile distance closes, and if the grade crossing remains open, the scale moves down: 4,000 meters, 3,000, 2,000. The train remains under the engineer's control, but the signaling system and the on-board computer to which it is linked looks over the horizon, detects a hazard, measures the distance, computes the time necessary to decelerate. *Blauer Enzian* is undoubtedly a model for the future of European railroading and, for that matter, American too. In only one other country of the world have there been greater railroading achievements.

Japan.

It is 320 miles from Tokyo to Osaka and between these two cities runs not simply a famous train, but the fastest and most modern all-passenger railroad in the world—the New Tokaido Line. *Tokaido* means Eastern Sea Road, Japan's ancient route of empire. For centuries it was but a foot trail, then a road. Finally it became also a rail route. The old Tokaido line, started in 1872, was a three-foot-six-inch (between rails) narrow gauge system. Construction of the New Tokaido (standard gauge; four-foot-8½-inches) was originally scheduled to begin the year before Pearl Harbor. Work actually began in 1959 and the first trains were running by 1964. Its total cost was $1½ billion.

The significance of the Tokaido to travel and transport conscious Americans lies in the fact that, in many respects, the Tokyo-Osaka axis is to Japan what the 450-mile Boston-Washington corridor is to this country. Forty percent of Japan's population and 70 percent of her industrial output are concentrated along the sweeping crescent of the Tokaido route—the economic spine of Japan's main island of Honshu. When, following World War II, transportation along this spine became strangled with the world's greatest postwar recovery boom and when 200 passenger and freight trains a day couldn't do the job on the old narrow gauge line, the Japanese government decided to build an all-new railroad parallel to the old one. And whereas 80 years earlier, railroad builders from the western world came to Japan to advise the "funny little people" on how to lay track and run trains, the new Tokaido line has exactly reversed the process. Today, railroaders from all over the world—the men who run the *Mistral* and the *Settebello* and the *Blauer Enzian*, and the men from United Aircraft and Budd in the U.S.—all have made their trek to Japan and returned, quietly impressed, if not incredulous. For the Tokaido is a truly original piece of engineering.

Now, 76 trains a day, 1,000 passengers each, pass over this route at speeds up to 125 mph. (and have been tested to 160

COMING . . .

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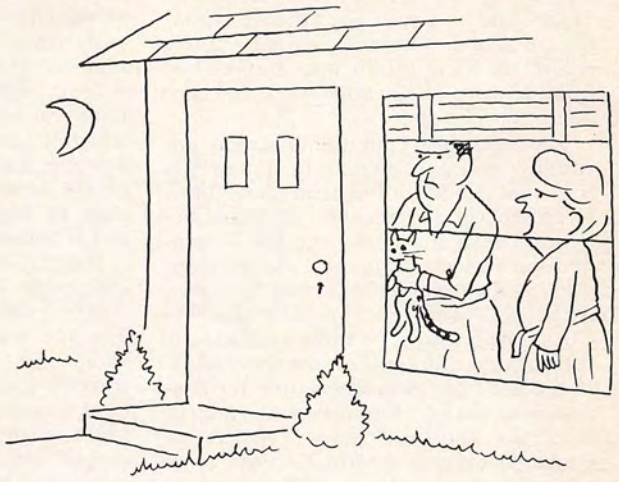
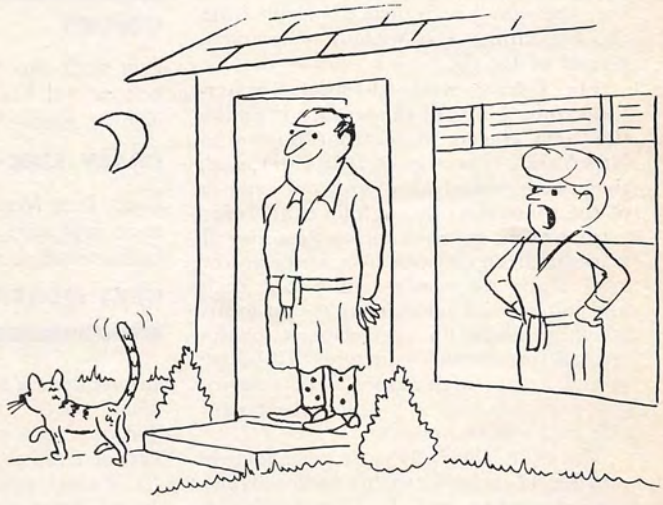
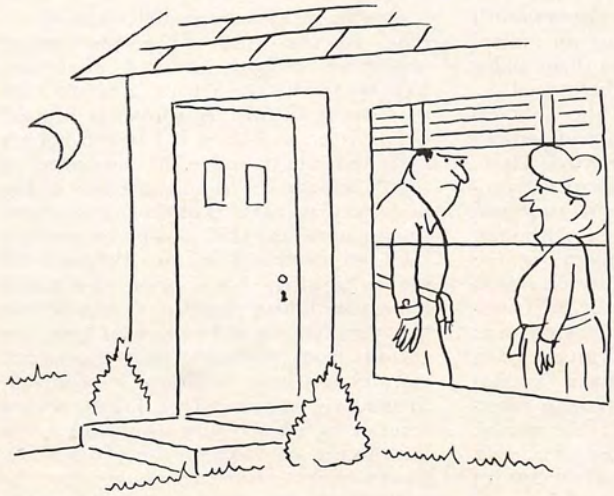
NEXT MONTH IN TRUE







A.T. HABBICK

mph.). In terms of "commercial speed" (official station-to-station times) the Japanese have taken the world's record from *Mistral*. Between Tokyo and Osaka, the Tokaido super-express trains (called *Hikari*, meaning "light") average 101 mph.; between Tokyo and Nagoya, 106 mph. *Hikari* expresses make only two stops: at industrial Nagoya, the Detroit of Japan, and at Kyoto, the ancient capital city. *Kodama* ("echo") limited express trains are identical in appearance, but make 10 stops on the same route and take 50 minutes longer.

Passenger loads on the Tokaido are running well over 80 percent. Japan Airlines and All-Nippon Airways have been forced to cut the number of flights between Tokyo and Osaka because of competition with the trains and are now considering the necessity of cutting fares also. Although flying time between the two cities is only one hour and 15 minutes, it is in fact no quicker than the three-hour-10-minute train ride when time for city-to-airport-to-city transportation is added. Also, the train is cheaper. Tokyo to Osaka, first class, costs $16.77 or five cents per mile; second class is half this price. The economic result of all this is that while 80 percent of Japan's 12,000 miles of conventional railroad operates—like aging railroads everywhere—in the red, the Tokaido has returned profits from the beginning—and without carrying a pound of freight.

The Tokaido roadbed follows a water-level route much of the way (not unlike the New Haven route from Boston to New York). Where mountains interfered, they were bored through; one eighth of the route runs through 66 tunnels for a total of 42 miles. Another 80 miles of track has been elevated over water or low land. Rails are nearly a mile long each and joined with smooth expansion joints which produce no click-clack. Crossties are all prestressed concrete. Rails are joined to ties with a special clip device and a rubber pad to cushion the train's ride and reduce noise.

The trains themselves are permanently coupled 12-car units with a bullet-shaped control cab fore and aft. They weigh 720 tons and have 8,000 hp. available; train weight-per-passenger is only a low 1,400 pounds. Each train is powered from overhead lines by 48 electric motors, four in each car, each driving an axle. In this way (as in *Settebello* and some of the Budd cars) weight is more evenly distributed along the length of the train and tractive effort is smoother. The consist, or makeup, of the trains never varies: two control cars, fore and aft; six second-class coaches with seats arranged three-and-two across a center aisle; two buffet cars (complete with speedometers on the wall); and two first-class coaches with two-and-two seating.

A ride on the train may not be the thrill-packed experience that its futuristic appearance and world records would suggest. In the coaches, there is no extraordinary sensation of speed. The sleek blue-and-white train glides from its own exclusive terminal in Tokyo with only a mild electrical whine and gathers speed through the seemingly endless one-story suburbs of the world's largest city. Air-conditioning is inaudible and only a faint rumble of wheels on the tracks can be sensed. Once the train is under way, the coaches are slightly pressurized. Seats recline to airliner comfort, footrests pop out, lighting is even and somehow silky in quality and colorful upholstery and carpeting are spotless. When conductors in smart blue-gray uniforms and white gloves enter each coach, they ceremoniously salute the passengers before beginning to take tickets. The public address system, hi-fi in quality, begins its announcements about the train's speed and schedule with a flourish of chimes. Then a young, female voice, full of the courtesy of the Orient speaks—first in Japanese, then in English. Although unseen, the girl is somehow beautiful.

Shortly after the train flashes through industrial Yokohama (18 miles from Tokyo) the route of the *Hikari* becomes a scenic wonderland. Through double-wide and crystal-clean windows, the traveler watches mile on mile of picture-book Japan flash by: the Japan of woodblock prints and watercolors: snow-capped Mt. Fuji, terraced fields of rice, manicured plantations of tea, beautiful rivers, orange groves and great lakes where eels and carp are raised in nurseries and tended by fishermen in ancient boats. Then, after Odawara, 50 miles from Tokyo, the tunnels begin and the first sign of *Hikari's* tremendous speed is felt—a distinct puff of pressure on the eardrums. Some of the tunnels take only seconds to pierce; others are up to five miles in length. *Hikari* hurtles through all at undiminished speed. But to mitigate eardrum discomfort when each tunnel squeezes air tight around the train, a radio signaling device at the tunnel mouth automatically closes all vents on an approaching train, then opens them again after the train has cleared the tunnel.

It is in the control cab of the Tokaido trains that the true dimensions of Japan's achievement can best be sensed. Here, behind a bug-spattered, V-shaped windshield sit two motormen in uniform, complete with white gloves. Although these two appear to be operating the train, Japanese National Railways insists that the men are in fact merely the custodians of a marvelous array of electronic gear which can, if necessary, run the train all the way from Tokyo to Osaka (including station stops) without human assistance. It is claimed that even if the man at the controls should fall victim of a heart attack, no dead man's control is necessary and none exists. His body would simply be removed (with Oriental calm) at the next station stop.

The omnipotent electronic brain which operates all the Tokaido trains wherever they may be along the double-tracked 320 miles is in Tokyo. There, on a giant, curving board which resembles a Cinerama screen, the progress and speed of every train on the line is visible as a moving, illuminated line. Controllers sit at individual consoles and, like Waverly in *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, can be in instant telephone communication with any train, anywhere, at any time—even in a tunnel. It is for this reason that the men in the cab of a *Hikari* are called motormen, not engineers—but they must nevertheless pass a special psychological examination before being entrusted with even their limited authority.

At 24 points along *Hikari's* route, anemometers are installed for measuring wind velocity. When winds exceed 45 mph., a signal is flashed to Tokyo control center, which in turn slows the trains to 100 mph. If winds top 65 mph., typhoon speeds, all trains are stopped.

Similarly seismographs which measure earth tremors are installed along the tracks. Any sizeable jolt will flash a warning via Tokyo to all trains in the region.

Other forms of remote train control have existed for years on other railroads, but none is so fully automatic as the Tokaido—so much so that there are none of the traditional red, green and amber signals or wagging semaphore arms along the right of way. Instead signals are relayed to the motorman via an illuminated electronic board in front of his position. It tells him his actual speed and the permissible speed at all times. When permitted speed is reduced along a particular section of track, brakes are applied automatically until the actual speed is reduced. The motorman has only to observe this as it happens.

In one respect, the train crew has a constant and active responsibility: to study track conditions and to report any unexpected vibrations in the train. This is done simply by picking up a telephone handset and reporting any bump or shudder and where it occurred. In the first year of operation, before the new roadbed had fully settled, the trains ran at slower speeds and reports of unevenness in the rails were frequent. Today they are rare.

One hazard has been difficult to eliminate. In the words of a government brochure, "Nobody can tell what may happen to the train when one may try to commit suicide by throwing himself before it. . . ." Indeed it has also been a little difficult to tell what happened to the 21 Japanese who did just this in the first two years of the Tokaido's operation; the remains, scattered as if by an artillery shell, were seldom found. Although all grade crossings have been eliminated along the entire route and despite the fact that fencing is in place to keep the curious from venturing near the tracks, suicides continue. It would appear that in modern, industrialized Japan, a new form of *hara-kiri* is now available: a trip back to the ancestors on the wings of the *Hikari* train.

The Japanese are now talking about yet

COMING . . .

Ever since the days of Aesop, one animal has intrigued man with its super-sly intelligence

CRAZY LIKE A FOX

Read Dan Mannix's rollicking encounter with a pair of bushy-tailed bushwackers

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

higher speeds—about a *new* New Tokaido Line that will go 160 mph. France, Italy and Germany all have similar plans. *Blauer Enzian* waits only for government approval to increase its speed to 125 mph. The Soviet Union has announced a hope soon to operate trains in regular service at 150 mph. (Indeed, the Russian *Aurora* runs 400 miles from Moscow to Leningrad at an average speed of 81 mph. today—faster than any passenger service in Europe or the U.S.)

Is there an omen in all of this for America? Or do these foreign lands cling to rail transport simply because they have not developed their airways and highways as we have in the U.S.? Has our mode of life so changed that passenger trains which once carried almost 100 percent of our intercity traffic (and now carry only three percent) can never recover?

There are long-range planners who argue that America's airways and highways notwithstanding, the passenger train must return to the American scene if we are to move people in population-explosion numbers and particularly for those intermediate distances of 200 to 300 miles which will be too far to drive on the highway, yet too short to make flying worthwhile.

Highway congestion chokes the approaches to every great city already. In Los Angeles, according to Senator Pell, "at least 50 percent—and possibly as much as 68 percent—of the surface space downtown is devoted to vehicle movement and storage."

And in the air, the situation is equally desperate. Between 5 and 7 p.m. each day, the runways of John F. Kennedy airport in New York handle 80 incoming aircraft and 84 departures—164 flights in 120 minutes. In 1965, acording to Federal Aviation Authority figures, there were 20 *million* minutes of aircraft delays due to congestion at the nation's airports.

Clearly, some better way of moving people must be found soon—and nothing looks more promising than the passenger train. A single track line, given trains that can move fast enough, can carry 50,000 passengers an hour—20 times the capacity of an expressway full of cars and requiring much less land area. The laws of physics still say that steel wheels rolling on steel rails are the most efficient means of carrying heavy loads at high speeds and low cost. Yet, physics be damned, in 1965 all U.S. railroads combined lost $421 million on passenger services. Passenger traffic fell 75 percent in the 10 years between 1947 and 1957—and another 30 percent between 1958 and 1965. One railroad after another has petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to drop famous trains. While the Tokaidos carry 70,000 passengers a day at a profit (and a total of 50 million passengers in the first 20 months of operation) and while *Mistral* and *Settebello* require reservations days in advance, the cycle of gloom deepens in the U.S. In the words of Donald J. Russell, chairman of the Southern Pacific, "Passenger trains are like men's breasts: neither useful nor decorative."

A case in point is the history of the famed *California Zephyr* which runs between Chicago and San Francisco. It is operated by three railroads. Between Chicago and Denver, it is run by the Burlington; between Denver and Salt Lake by the Denver, Rio Grande & Western; between Salt Lake and San Francisco by the Western Pacific. It is equipped with five vista-dome cars. Its route is considered one of the most scenic in the U.S. Yet, despite low promotional fares ($84.25 in coaches, compared to $110 by air) the *Zephyr* is in trouble. Western Pacific claims a "six-figure loss' on its share of the train's run and petitioned the I.C.C. to be permitted to drop it. Meantime the Burlington line, with a more tolerant policy toward passenger services, argues that the train makes money on its line. The I.C.C. has given the *Zephyr* a year's stay of execution, but like all long-haul trains, its future is bleak.

The same can be said of the New York Central's famed *20th Century Limited*. It's New York—Chicago service is scheduled to end this New Year's Eve as the Central begins to concentrate on higher speed runs over shorter, 200-mile distances. The *Century* charges $43.26 for a coach seat to Chicago; the plane fare is $43.70. The big difference is 16 hours on the train, compared to two in the air. Further, with a crew of 80, the *Century* has often made runs with more employees aboard than passengers.

At the moment, the bright spots are rare. William B. Johnson, president of the Illinois Central Railroad bravely predicts that by 1970 American trains will be hitting 170 mph. on straightaways, but he concedes that "the future of the long-distance train is uncertain." The "promising future" he envisions would be "for distances in the 200 to 300 miles range."

An exception to this 200-300 miles theory would appear to be the Atlantic Coast Line's *Florida Special*. It covers the 1,404 miles between New York and Miami in 13 hours, charges $93.28—about 6½¢ per mile—which is less than the 2½-hour airlines, yet operates with high-passenger loads. "We make money on the *Florida Special*," says W. Thomas Rice, president of the A.C.L. The train features hostesses, free champagne, fashion shows, movies, candlelight dinners, games, music and telephone service. Rice adds the obvious: "We intend to stay in the passenger business. So long as the *Florida Special* remains profitable, we would readily agree to spending the money it would take to reequip the train."

Reequip means more speed. If you can get to Miami in 13 hours with today's rolling stock and on today's roadbed, there are far-seeing engineers in the U.S. who could show you how to do it in less.

For example. A year ago, a single New York Central jet-propelled passenger car nicknamed the *Black Beetle* roared to a speed of 183.85 mph. on a 30-mile piece of straight track between Butler, Indiana and Stryker, Ohio. Two aircraft-type jet engines were mounted on the roof of the car and the rails on which it ran were rumored to have been magnetized to help keep the test vehicle on the track. It may have been a U.S. speed record. If so, it was not the first for the Central.

"The first thing created by the brain and hands of man to travel more than 100 mph." (as a glowing news release said at the time) was the famed New York Central locomotive, "999." On May 10, 1893, it ran a measured mile near Batavia, New York, in 32 seconds—112.5 mph. Also, the Pennsylvania Limited ran three miles in 85 seconds near Ada, Ohio, for a speed of 127.06 mph.—but that, alas, happened on June 12, 1905.

Now, 62 years later, we are talking about achieving the same speeds again. The stage is set. The new American trains are here. The hardware, at least, is available for a new age of railroading in the United States. Only one question remains to be answered. Can new luxury and, above all, speed bring the public back to the railroads?

—Charles N. Barnard

TRUE

". . . and now they want two goats and a sheep for a housecall!"

DON'T BRING YOUR BATHING SUIT

[*Continued from page* 43]

French, Belgians and Dutch, a cadre of Scandinavians and acres of Germans of all ages—with hundreds and hundreds of single gals on the prowl.

I was in the Stockholm public-relations office of a friend and had just finished explaining that I had never seen so many beautiful women in one town.

"You think Stockholm has girls?" he tut-tutted me. "Have you ever heard of Sylt?"

"Sure," I told him, "that's what a river is filled with."

"No, SEULT," he said, giving it the proper pronunciation. "It's a German island in the North Sea near the Danish border. It attracts the most gorgeous girls in the world—mostly German and Scandinavian.

"Strange," he mused. "Here in Sweden we are known for our tolerance, but we draw a line at co-ed bathing in the nude —at least by day. So our girls go to Sylt."

That night I booked a flight to Copenhagen. The next day I rented a car to drive to Sylt. By 4 o'clock I was on the outskirts of the German village of Niebüll. There I drove my car onto a double-decked train about a half-mile long which connects Sylt with the mainland via the Hindenburg Dam, a 15 mile dike with a single track on the top and the ocean on either side. After a 45-minute trip, the train disconnected at the hub of the island, Westerland.

Sylt looks like the letter "T". The stem of the "T" points eastward to the mainland. The top of the "T" runs roughly north-south for 25 miles and it's all beach on the ocean side. No point on the island is more than a mile from water, and in some spots the island is no more than 100 yards wide. At the interesection of the "T" is Westerland, able to handle about 15,000 visitors. Out from Westerland are seven smaller villages of which only the two directly north—Wenningstedt and Kampen—appeal to tourists.

The island is mostly rolling moor punctuated by an occasional cluster of brick houses with high-pitched thatch roofs. Fat, red cattle plow through the knee-high emerald grass. At the western edge of the island, the moor gives way to sand dunes which in turn plunge sharply about 40 feet to the wide beach. At the northern end of the island are the walled estates of some of Germany's wealthy industrialists.

I made the round of Westerland's hotels fruitlessly. Finally I was steered to the *Zimmernachweis*—the central hotel-room clearinghouse—back at the railroad station. A pert, English-speaking brunette behind the counter directed me to the only unoccupied bed in town, a 50-cents-per-night wicker cot in the *Kurmittelhaus,* a conglommeration of buildings where the Germans go to take enough "cures" to cripple themselves.

At the Kurmittelhaus, a room clerk led me to a glassed-in dormitory where about 50 cots are used by day by spa-goers to recuperate from the effects of mud baths, saunas, breathing exercises, carbon-dioxide baths and seawater drinking. He told me the rules: in by midnight, out by 8 a.m. It was already late in the evening, and being too tired to manage any night life, I began to peel down to my undershorts.

Only then did I notice that it was a co-ed dormitory and that about four or five cots away in the darkness, with a whining snore somewhere nearby, three giggly gals were peeling to their bras and panties before ducking under the covers. But it took only a minute for sleep to win out over this distraction.

Early the next morning, I threw my gear into my Volkswagen and headed northward for a look at the island. By midmorning I had made a U-turn and began to hunt for a room. In Wenningstedt, signs at the side of the road pointed to a number of pensions and *hausen*. I picked one and headed up the dirt road to a long brick building with a peaked red-tile roof.

Owner of the *haus* was a leggy, curvy blonde of about 27 who spoke no English. Finally, it was her plain-Jane, English-speaking sister who showed me, apologetically, to the only room left. A double room, she told me, and probably too expensive. But it was large, bright and airy, furnished in a modern style with twin beds under a single headboard and, wonder of wonders, with a bathroom including a shower.

Price of the room translated out to $7 daily with breakfast, a pretty typical price for Sylt in the high season, I later learned. I grabbed the room. Plain-Jane was astonished that I would spend *so* much money . . . and waste half of it since I was going to occupy only one bed.

By noon I was headed for the beach at Wenningstedt. My first view of the beach from the top of the cliffs astounded me. A panoply of multicolored *strandkorpen* set in holes in the beach below made the scene look like the Battle of Agincourt.

A strandkorp—literally a beach case—is a reclining wicker basket for two that keeps you neat and clean off the sand while providing a measure of privacy. Beach-goers rent them by the week, drag them over to a vacant spot on the sand and proceed to shovel out a giant walled foxhole. The idea is as much to indicate your territory as it is to get out of the prevailing westerly wind. Some of the more assiduous Germans spend their time building an engineering marvel with walls decorated with shells and stones or patterns etched in wet packed sand. The strandkorpen and the holes they sit in are usually filled with couples, and hundreds of kids careen through the twisting sand alleys between them.

This was the "regular" beach and was populated by a pretty stolid looking group of citizenry. Not that there weren't a lot of fine-looking bikinied gals; there certainly were. But those low sand walls are also high psychological barriers that are pretty tough for a non-German speaking foreigner to break through. I figured that I was going to have to conduct my "Meet the Germans" program somewhere off the beach.

I staked out a spot near the water and spread my towel American style. After spending an hour soaking up sun, I started hiking northward. The beach is a splendid one, about 300 yards wide from the water to the cliffs. After about 15 minutes of walking, the strandkorpen had thinned out and the beach was fairly lonely. I noticed, off in the distance, a heavily tanned woman walking slowly toward me wearing a white bikini and with her head down looking for shells. But as I came closer, I saw that she wasn't wearing a bikini at all. The white was

TRUE

"We should be planning for our future right now. What would become of us if, say, there's a cease-fire tomorrow?"

her, too. I made a determined effort to refrain from staring and kept marching straight ahead. She apparently didn't think I was any more interesting than the shells she was looking for.

The beach was deserted but there was a bend ahead and the cliffs hid the view. When I rounded the bend, I had a breath-taking view of an FKK beach. It was a carbon copy of the one I had just come from, but between the strandkorpen and the surf were a row of volleyball nets, tiny soccer fields outlined in the sand, ring toss games . . . and a mass of jumping, running, spinning, cavorting men and women of all ages. Most of them were as naked as the day they came into the world. I didn't know where to look first. But soon my attention focused on a shapely, pert-nosed, freckled girl in the buff with her yellow hair whipping around her shoulders as she guided a soccer ball on the dead run for a shot at the goal. Soccer can be a fascinating game.

The exuberance of the FKK beach carries over to nighttime activities, too. If you've thought of the Germans as serious, dull and plodding people, just head for one of the many dance halls or nightclubs in Westerland or Wenningstedt. A young crowd piles into the dance hall, and a number of twist palaces are to be found in both towns. A slightly older, slightly more sedate group heads for the night-clubs where there are seldom cover or minimum charges. The price of drinks is about at American standards, and for $1.50 you'll be able to nurse your half-and-half—half beer and half German champagne—all night.

I picked out a nightclub on the main street of Westerland, sauntered in at 8:30 and was escorted to a dime-sized table by the revolving dance floor. By 9 p.m. most of the house was filled. Nine out of 10 were singles with the gals outnumbering the men.

When the orchestra starts to play, you've got to move fast. The dance sets are long and the German men don't waste time. If you've been eyeing a girl, you make your move quickly. The magic words, to be said bowing slightly, are simply, "Would you like to dance?" This quickly establishes that you are not German and you're one up on everyone else there. When you get to the dance floor, find out immediately if she speaks English. If so, and the chances are 50-50, you're halfway home. If she doesn't speak English, forget it. It's damned difficult to pick up a gal who doesn't speak your language no matter what the book says about eyes talking.

German nightclubs try a number of devices to pair off the unattached. One technique is for the lads and lasses to form separate circles, one inside the other, and to march in opposite directions. When the music starts, you grab a gal—or vice versa—and away you go.

Once you have found the right girl, be persistent. Monopolize her every dance and don't be afraid to look like you're pressing. She'll enjoy the attention, you'll discourage the competition, and you'll need the time to charm her into accepting an invitation to sit at your table.

"Yes, it's very—hand me the can of chum—romantic, dear!"

Also, if you've got a car, realize that it probably represents her only way of getting back to her digs late at night.

My second night in Westerland I met Ruth, a beauty who won first prize in the nightclub's leg contest—and that in a hotbed of gorgeous legs.

I took Ruth home that night and found that she was staying in Wenningstedt, too. She was only too glad to make a date for the next day. Wanted to improve her English, she said. And she had a strandkorp, too.

Ruth's strandkorp wasn't on the FKK beach, but her attitude, like that of many German girls, was that she hated to swim with a suit on. And, she explained, nothing is worse than sitting around in a wet bathing suit. I agreed enthusiastically, and we armed ourselves with sunglasses and strolled up to the FKK beach.

At the edge of the FKK beach, Ruth pointed out a sign which I had not been able to read before. "We Germans are very considerate," she told me with a gremlinish pucker. "The sign reads, 'If the sight of naked bodies offends you, please take the path up the cliff and around the FKK beach.' If a naked body doesn't bother you," Ruth continued on her own, "but if you don't want to take off your bathing suit, no one really cares."

Once in the FKK area, I peeled to my skin while Ruth literally popped out of her bathing suit. Feeling an extraordinary sense of satisfaction with what I saw, we headed for the surf. The ocean was icy—both water and air temperatures are much like Maine's—but the water was refreshing and after a quick swim we headed up the beach carrying our suits and trading comments about the people we passed.

"She has a nerve being seen on the beach the way she looks," Ruth muttered about a gal with a normal American figure, that is, slightly overweight. "You see that man playing volleyball over there? The one in the red shirt and no bottom? That looks funny."

One word of caution about the FKK beach. Leave your camera at home. Picture taking is taboo.

While Ruth was away one day, I did the dunes behind the beach at Kampen, the next town north of Wenningstedt, where a young unattached set gathers.

The dunes at Kampen consist of a couple of square miles of grass-tufted hillocks. They are very popular for they lend a measure of privacy, and lying in a sand hollow protects you from the pretty stiff constant breeze.

There are two ways to work the dunes. First, you can get there early in the morning and stake out a hollow. Later, as the rest of the hollows fill up, you'll feel like a hunter waiting to see what lands in your trap. It could be a guy, a prize which is worth very little, or it could be something better. The alternative, and a better one too, is to get to the dunes in the late morning and then, unhappy that you can't have a hollow to yourself, decide to share a dune with the likeliest morsel you can find.

I chose the wrong way, but with spectacular success. I was lying on my back in my hollow with my eyes half closed when a hunk of curves came ricocheting down the path from Kampen. She stopped at the crest of my hollow, looked around

for a vacant dune, and finding none looked at me supposedly dozing. Then she stepped into my hollow, kicked off her sandals and began to unhook, unbutton and wiggle out of. She spread a towel and with great poise, stretched out on her back at a right angle to me, not more than four feet away.

At a decent interval—perhaps 15 minutes—I sat up and looked around as if I had just awakened. My stirring caused her to open her eyes and she looked at me pleasantly. I smiled at her and thought, "What's the best approach?" I couldn't think of a better approach than a word which would have got me nowhere on an American beach. It was simply, "Hello."

That was how I met Erna from Kiel. I was faced with a difficult choice, but inasmuch as Ruth and I were already halfway through *Rehfuss' German-English, English-German Dictionary*, I already had as much as I could handle.

Even with such splendors, you probably won't want to spend all your time on the beach. About 4 p.m. you'll want to head for one of the dozen or so coffeehouses in Kampen where the unattached assemble to see and be seen until past midnight.

The trick here is to grab a seat at a table already occupied by a covey of good-looking girls and try to have a little trouble in making the waitress understand you. If you look around at the girls and act helpless, chances are that at least one of them will come to your aid and translate for you.

Another reason for Sylt's popularity is its gambling casino. Suit and tie is the rule, and bring your passport, too. The Casino's atmosphere will make you think you've just barged in on a NATO conference. The rugs are ankle deep, the walls are covered with expensive fabrics and a batman hovers constantly at your table. The only sounds you will hear are the low monotone calling of bets in German, the whir of the roulette wheel and then the tinkle of the marble falling into the slots. The minimum roulette bet is only 25 cents.

Casino goers are mostly in their 40's and up, although some very attractive younger girls are plainly in evidence. These fall into two categories. Either they are the daughters of wealthy German businessmen on an outing with Mom and Dad, or they are visiting with their elderly boyfriends.

Sylt does have other attractions for those who can tear themselves away from sight-seeing on the beach or at the night-spots. The Germans are inveterate "cure" seekers, and in Westerland you can be bathed or packed in mud, swim in a salt-water pool with five foot waves, take the "inhalations," sauna, the underwater massage, the seawater therapy or any of the dozens of weird devices which the Germans love to dream up.

At the northern and southern ends of the island, stunning scenery is to be found, and you may stumble into the harbor of a tiny Frisian village whence attacks on Brittany and England were launched some 1,500 years ago. There's good deep-sea fishing and surf casting, plenty of horseback riding, tennis and lots of space for camping. And for anyone who wants to think about culture, there is theater and symphony as well as band concerts outdoors.

Two pieces of advice before you rush to grab that plane. First, make sure that you have a room reservation—accomplished by sending a deposit to the Zimmernachweis at Westerland, Kampen, or Wenningstedt or to any of a list of hotels available from the German Tourist Information Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The second piece of advice is more important. The attached German girl wears her rings on her *right* hand and unless you're handy with a saber, you had better write that down. The unexpected husband of one gal I met in a Kampen coffeehouse had a face with enough dueling scars to make me think it took him eight years to get through Heidelberg U.

Finally, in all candor, I must admit that Sylt has what many would consider a drawback. After a week's exposure to a thousand beauties with superb bodies, you'll likely come home dissatisfied with women who rate top marks in looks alone; you'll be seeking one with brains, personality and charm, as well. If you haven't brought her home with you from Sylt, that is. **—Ward Winthrop**

COOL SHADES OF SUMMER

[*Continued from page* 63]

45-million pairs, is the world's largest manufacturer of sunglasses. Foster Grant sales have doubled within the past two years. Interestingly enough, the company credits the jump not only to rising interest among men, but to the fact that so many women, attracted to the bigger, bolder frames, are buying and wearing men's glasses.

Style is important. Glasses that actually look good have done much to make men's sunglasses fashionable, practical—and profitable. Once selling at a dollar-a-pair average, sunglasses are now priced as high as $20. The design of the frame and the type of material used, along with the shape, contour and quality of lens, offer a multitude of variations. Many manufacturers cover the globe for "just right" combinations—high-styled frames from France, shell designs from Italy, lenses from Germany or wherever, assembled here and put on the market.

The men's sunglass industry set its first major style trend during World War II when Jap Zeros zooming out of the sun caused sunglasses to become standard Air Force issue. The jaunty 50-mission-crush look caught on, and men wearing snappy wire-framed sunglasses became as familiar a sight in downtown Duluth as at air bases all over the world.

The late JFK did much to influence the move toward today's most popular style of sunglasses. A well-circulated photo showed him, shortly after his election as President, in an open convertible in Palm Beach wearing a short-sleeved sport shirt and large, bold-framed sunglasses pushed casually high up on his forehead. A "look" was thus born and today more than half of all the men's sunglasses sold are of this type.

Other styles and types are available, too, some ingeniously devised. The Ben-Hur glasses, shown in our opening illustration, fold up to the size of a pocket watch. Oleg Cassini's hug-fit glasses, designed for active sportsmen, feature built-in springs which keep the glasses snug on the head.

Other ideas have had surprising results. Tropic-Cal's owl-eyed Goofy Goggles were aimed at youngsters (a free 45 rpm. recording by the "Wig Wams" is given away with each purchase). The kids loved them and so did many adults. They are now selling big with the Jet Set discotheque crowd. On the other hand, one company recently introduced men's sunglasses with brightly-colored checked and patterned textile designs on the front frames. They bombed.

While fashion is a major sales factor, the primary and most important function of sunglasses is still to protect one's eyes from the sun. Some accomplish this by reducing the high transmission of light. Others, such as Cool Ray's Polaroid sunglasses, eliminate reflected glare—horizontally vibrating light that blurs vision and can cause temporary blindness.

Lens colors are largely a matter of personal preference. Sage green and gray will not affect color perception, while yellow, blue, red and brown tints have a tendency to distort natural colors. Cheap sunglasses will not ruin the eyes but they may produce troublesome irritation and headache. Also lenses that are not shatterproof could result in serious injury in the event of an accident. Nonbreakable plastic and case-hardened glass such as the type found in normal eyeglasses are recommended.

The advantages of good sunglasses are obvious. Overexposure to sunlight can sap energy as well as cause painful eye strain. Too much sun can also decrease a person's normal ability to see when night comes (dark adaptation) up to 90 percent. This can be a particularly hazardous situation for drivers since recovery generally takes up to 24 hours or more.

Sunglasses also protect eyes from windburn and keep them free of dust particles, and as the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness surprisingly points out, they also "provide a measure of confidence by permitting a psychic withdrawal from personal contacts to those seeking privacy in public."

This in itself helps explain the growing popularity of sunglasses indoors and out, on gloomy overcast days in January as well as on hot blazing ones in July. But there are limits. One insurance company has cautioned against wearing sunglasses in such dimly lighted places as nightclubs. It's not that dark glasses in dark rooms hurt the eyes, it seems, but too many people have been smacking into cocktail waitresses and stumbling over barstools. **—Ron Butler**

EASY TIMES IN BASEBALL'S HOG HEAVEN

[*Continued from page* 41]

at the time. He recalls a high-school game in which Jim came to bat in the seventh inning with the score tied and a speedy base runner on second. McBee called time to ponder a choice of tactics. He said to Nash, "That pitcher out there is a left-hander and he's takin' a lot of time to get rid of the ball. You think our boy on second can steal third?"

"Don't worry, Coach," Nash answered. "He don't have to steal. I'll get him in."

With that, Nash shot a double off the left-field wall.

In Detroit now, as the time grew near for Nash to pitch his first big-league game, Kansas City catcher Phil Roof approached him and said, "Let's go over the Detroit hitters."

"Nah," Nash replied. "I'll just forget 'em anyhow."

He had come up from Mobile only 24 hours earlier, a shock of brown hair hanging unkempt over his forehead, his pockets empty. Before leaving Mobile, he had bought his teammates two cases of beer—one case as a parting gift and the other as payment of a fine his manager had levied on him for neglecting to wear clogs in the clubhouse shower. Arriving at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport, Jumbo Jim had eight dollars in his pocket. In all the towns he'd played, eight dollars would buy a cab ride and a nice meal afterward, so he whistled for a cab. When the meter raced to $7.50, however, he scrambled out. Two bus rides and 50 cents later, he arrived at Tiger Stadium, flat broke. Yet he couldn't have cared less, just as he didn't even issue a soft whistle when he saw those 32,000 fans in the stands that Sunday.

Ken Suarez, a substitute catcher, warmed up Nash before the game. Suarez does not recall whether Nash had fueled up on his usual doubleheader intermission snack, three hot dogs, but if he did he showed no ill effects. "I'd known him in the minors," Suarez says. "Between games, he'd eat hot dogs or whatever was there, and it wouldn't even faze him. When I warmed him up in Detroit he was throwing real good." From all appearances, in fact, Nash could hardly wait to get at those big-leaguers. And why not?

At age 21 he had landed in the big time with the best of all baseball jobs at the best of all times in the history of the game. Baseball, once a game in which .300 hitters called the tune, now belongs to the pitchers. They come up from the minors in waves—kids grown tall and burly on nutritional science and Doctor Spock's advice to mothers. In the language of the dugout, they simply blow the ball by you. The new parks, deeper in the outfield, are built for them; the umpires wink at spitters and recognize larger strike zones; the hitters swing for the fences, because that's where *their* money lies, and as a result play straight into the pitchers' hands. Even with platooned batting lineups and clutches of pinch-hitting specialists, major-leaguers collectively hit a humpbacked .249 last year. Jim Nash would be in on a good thing, provided he could get the ball over the plate.

If he succeeded, his success would be resented—perhaps with reason. Down through the years nonpitchers in baseball have had a word for pitchers. "Pitchers are ————," they grumble. Crossword puzzle experts may fill in the blank with a seven-letter synonym for cats. It begins with "p" and in uncouth circles alludes to girls.

Translated, the accusation against pitchers is that they are not real athletes. The vast majority of them cannot run, field, hit or even bunt, although a modest mastery of any of these skills surely would bring them extra victories each season. Their demonstrations of agility, the argument runs, are limited to slipping into a jacket in order to take a lead off first base without catching cold. "Some pitchers are athletes," says John Quinn, Philadelphia's general manager. "When you look back, most of the outstanding pitchers could do other things—men like Sain, Spahn, Whitey Ford. And today, Juan Marichal and Jim Maloney. But most pitchers are not athletes."

Nevertheless, these nonathletes are operating where the action is. A safe guess, one baseball administrator says, is that since 1960 easily half of the bonus monies paid to prospects has gone to pitchers; three of them—Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale, and Marichal—have crashed the $100,000 salary bracket, opening gaudy horizons for the Jim Nashes coming along. On the whole, the pay for toiling once every four days is more than ample and becomes no less attractive when one realizes that only 10 American League pitchers worked a full day (which is to say, nine innings) as many as 10 times in 1966.

"I don't believe that they have any idea of going nine innings when they go out there," ex-batting champion Harvey Kuenn has said of today's starters. For as many innings as they last, they tug at their caps and kick at the mound and vigorously chew bubble gum for the benefit of the television camera. "Every kid wants to be a pitcher," Atlanta Braves coach Ken Silvestri observes, "because that's where the camera is."

At any rate, one could not blame Jim Nash for failing to ruminate on baseball trends as he went out to face big-leaguers for the first time. He was there to start making money and the job proved to be far easier than he could have dared hope.

TRUE

"It's from the Vidol Gas people. They've planned my whole trip."

"Can you give my wife drowning lessons?"

Kansas City got him five early runs that day. He beat the Tigers, 10-4, holding them hitless till the fifth inning. "I didn't know any of 'em," he says. "The catcher says to pitch a guy up and in, okay—I pitch him up and in. I don't know who he is." Alvin Dark cautiously gave his new rookie a week's rest, and then Nash came back with a three-hitter. He kept blowing his fast ball past American League hitters, never bothering to ask their names.

"If I told him Bill Freehan was Al Kaline," says Phil Roof, "he'd have believed me." Toward the end of the season Roof attempted to counsel Nash on successful pitching techniques against various hitters, but to each name Nash responded, "Whoozee play fer?" Roof would tell him the player's club and position, whereupon the light of recognition would come into Nash's eyes. He knew, for example, that the guy playing right field for Baltimore was dark and sleek, but shucks, he could whip his fast ball by him without having to know his name was Frank Robinson.

Nonchalantly Nash won seven games before the Yankees beat him on fluke hits, and then he won five more to finish with a 12-1 record for a half season's duty. He had given up an average of only 2.06 runs per nine innings. "He was in hog heaven up there," says Hal Cochran, the athletic director of the Georgia high school where Nash once pitched. "But he's still the same old Jim." What kind of Jim is that? "Well, now, the name of our school building is W. P. Sprayberry High. I believe Jim made off with the W. P. one year. That kind of stuff."

Looking into Nash's windup, hitters experienced the sort of sensation one might have at the foot of a landslide. Yet big as he is, Nash is scarcely a picture of Adonic beauty. His back is swayed, like that of a peddler's horse, and his rear end is as plush as a drawing-room sofa. Running bases he waddles, his elbows swishing from side to side. But once he gets up a head of steam he moves faster than most pitchers. He also hits the ball harder than most. In fact, it is just possible that Nash is the rare young pitcher who will escape the nasty feline epithet. In one game last year he cracked a line drive off the left-field wall, tore mightily around second base, and then made a thundering slide into third. His speed pleasantly surprised Kansas City management, who would have appreciated it all the more had Jim not overlooked one thing. "What are *you* doing here?" Nash asked, looking up to find that the base runner ahead of him had held up at third.

Pitcher haters would nod bitterly if told why Jim Nash chose to be a pitcher. "I didn't wanna ever chase the ball," he explains straightaway. His immediate success as a big-league rookie brought the press on the dead run, causing him to be repeatedly described as "a former five-sport star" at Sprayberry High. Here, then, was a pitcher-athlete—or was he? Under closer examination Nash makes no bones about the fact that he merely dabbled at wrestling, track, and cross-country, and had only a brief fling as a football end, a position he abandoned to play clarinet in the marching band. His wife Merrill, a pretty little blonde from Marietta, points out that Jim placed third in the state typing championships, beating out 18 girls. "He was terrific," she says, leaning affectionately against his shoulder.

His fast ball was terrific, too, but big-league scouts did not stampede to sign him. Unlike the great majority of teen-age prospects, he never pitched a no-hitter. (Out at Lost Mountain he came close once, pitching a one-hitter. "He wore a pair of shoes all tore up and taped to his ankles," Preacher Clackum recalls, "and after that game he threw them shoes in a ditch. I fetched 'em out next day and still got 'em. If old Nash ever amounts to anything," Preacher continues, apparently unimpressed by 12 big-league victories in half a season, "I'm gonna show him them shoes he wore the day old Bill Fife hit a little old bloop over second and ruined his no-hitter.")

No-hitters eluded Jim mainly because he pitched only as hard as he had to, points out Gene McBee, his high-school coach. One day a cluster of scouts turned out at a Sprayberry High game, anxious as usual to see a big-league fast ball that would enable them to get rid of another $50,000 or so—the going rate for medium-caliber prospects. Nash chose that day to experiment with a dinky screwball. McBee, furious, yanked him from the game. Says McBee: "A fella here once told me, 'Jim Nash has a million-dollar arm and a 10-cent brain.' "

The point the scouts missed was that Jumbo Jim played baseball for fun. "He was just kiddish-like," Preacher Clackum says. McBee concurs. "If I gave him the opportunity," he says, "Jim would mess up our practice every time. He'd hit a ball to the outfield. Then he'd grab a shovel and run out there and dig a hole. He'd bury that ball and then yell, 'I hit it so hard I *killed* it!' " Teachers despaired of Jim.

Jim obliged the big-league scouts by working out for them whenever they asked him to, but he entertained no serious notion of becoming a professional. A typical American teen-ager of the '60's, he pursued three principal interests: eat-

ing, guitars and cars. A Chinese who hired him as a busboy ran him out of the restaurant for eating fried rice like a party of eight, and he has been known to down nine milk shakes at a sitting. "I can eat some when I feel like it," he says.

Baseball Commissioner William Eckert, having taken to hiring pollsters to prove that baseball is more popular among young and old than ever in its history, probably would find a conversation with Jim Nash unsettling. Although Jim frequently attended minor-league games as a boy, it is the automobile—the god of heartland America—that brings passion to his voice. "And there was the time I had this old '55 Packard with electric windows, electric seats, electric levelizers, a V-8 engine. . . ." In six years, or since the age of 16, Nash has owned 14 cars, a number of which he drove to total collapse by holding the accelerator to the floor. At Lewiston, Idaho, where he played minor-league ball in 1965, a '54 Rambler died of exhaustion, so Jim picked up a lead bat, climbed to the roof of the car, and with the help of his teammates beat it to smithereens. By God, Commissioner Eckert, that's what real fun is in America today.

"That's something a lot of people would like to do, just get a hammer and tear a car apart," Jim says. This is something for the commissioner's pollsters to chew on in their next survey. Question: Would you rather (a) see Juan Marichal pitch a two-hit shutout or (b) clobber a Mercedes Benz with a pick? Across the land the Jim Nash generation seems to be running toward *b*, but the boys are big-boned and if the price is right, they'll pitch baseball for the commissioner.

Kansas City's price, though it was only a $2,000 bonus, was right for Jumbo Jim. At first he hadn't cared a hoot about signing—that is, until a '54 Olds quit on him. Lacking a downpayment for a fresh car, he phoned the Athletics' regional scout and told him to come around again with that contract. Jim then bought a new Impala and joined the stream of pitchers pouring into baseball. Philadelphia Phillies manager Gene Mauch, an ex-infielder, declares that he could not bear to be one of them because he would lose his mind lounging idle three out of four days, but Mauch says of pitchers, "If I were a farm director or a general manager, I'd sign 'em, sign 'em, sign 'em. I'd sign every hard-throwing kid I could find. If you have too many of them, you can always trade for that other stuff." The other stuff, of course, is the non-pitcher Mauch was proud to be in his playing days.

Jim Nash, strumming a git-tar and crooning country westerns, including an original composition entitled "Big Pig," made his way onto a big-league roster in only two and a half seasons of competition, though he wondered why the Athletics made him wait that long. Along with a batch of other young farmhands, Jim reported to the Athletics' spring training camp at Bradenton, Florida, last year and lolled around for two weeks without getting into a game. At that point, the brass gathered the farmhands in the clubhouse. "Not one of you young fellows has a chance to make it here," Administrative Assistant Eddie Robinson announced, "so we'll be sending you out where you'll have a chance to make the club. Any questions?"

"Just one thing," Nash piped up. He directed his words at Alvin Dark. "I haven't faced one big-leaguer yet, Alvin. Can't I pitch one inning?"

Dark chuckled. "Okay. One inning against St. Louis tomorrow."

St. Louis failed to put fear into Nash's heart. "I threw about five pitches and got 'em three up, three down," he says.

Nevertheless Dark sent him shuffling off to the organization's secondary practice field to train with the triple-A Vancouver farm club. There he pitched a five-inning exhibition stint against Indianapolis, striking out nine men, allowing no walks and giving up only two hits. "You haven't got a chance to make this club," he was then told by Ed Lopat, the Athletics' executive vice-president, "so we're going to send you over to Mobile. We hope you're not mad."

"Hell, yeh!" snapped Nash, fed up with the big deal these people made out of pitching. "I've had every chance in the world to make this club, haven't I?" he demanded sarcastically.

In the minor-league towns, ballplayers and townspeople alike took notice of Jumbo Jim. For one thing, he issued earsplitting imitations of train whistles and racing cars, sometimes from the center table of a crowded restaurant. "Going to the movies with him is an experience," says a pitcher named Dick Joyce. "You get to the tender moment when the man takes the woman into his arms and Nash cuts loose with the train whistle." Randy Schwartz, a first baseman, has a slight edge to his voice when he recalls rooming with Nash. "He'd turn up the air-conditioner full blast at night and then put on a sweat shirt and tie the hood tightly around his head. Looked like a damn Eskimo. Then he'd climb under the blankets. I'd turn off the air, but it wouldn't do any good. He'd get out of bed and turn it right back on." Nash also has been known to prop a ladder against his second-floor motel window for the duration of spring training, lest a fire take him by surprise.

Most ballplayers, being traveling men with time on their hands, enjoy movies, but Jumbo Jim enjoys them more than most. In Daytona Beach he went to a theater at 10:30 a.m. and stayed for five performances of *Bye Bye, Birdie*. The reason, he explains, is that even when one pays close attention to the screen, it is easy to miss important details. Thus when he recently saw *Birdie* for the eleventh time, he was interested to detect that the bottle of beer in Conrad Birdie's hand appeared to be a Schlitz. Not positive, he is looking forward to a 12th showing.

Despite Nash's idiosyncrasies, Kansas City called him up last July after he had struck out 58 batters in a stretch of four games at Mobile. Although the sight of Nash's rear end made Alvin Dark wince ("I bet you weigh 250 by next year," Dark grumbled), Jumbo Jim surprised big-leaguers with a fluid, graceful pitching motion that caused the work to appear easy. In one game, however, he stumbled coming out of his windup and lofted a lazy pitch to Detroit's Norm

TRUE

"Give us another five minutes, Al. The auditing department thinks they're on to another tax loophole."

"And what disrespectful, but affectionate, nickname do your troops have for you?"

Cash. Cash joyously drilled it into Kansas City's Brooklyn Avenue. Trotting around the bases, Cash peppered Jim with cracks about clumsy kid pitchers. "He gave me quite a lot of rot," Jim says. Cash, touching home plate, announced, "This is why I get paid $50,000."

By golly, Jim reflected, this game is mighty interesting in the big leagues. He advised his catcher, Phil Roof, that he would plunk that talky fellow in the shin bone the next time he came to bat. Roof was able to dissuade him, but Jim figured a way to have some fun anyhow.

Cash stood warily on the outer edge of the batter's box, the Athletics recall, as Jim went into his big fast-ball windup —and proceeded to float two change-ups and a slow curve, each a strike that Cash took with his bat frozen to his shoulder. "You get paid a helluva lot too much," Roof then informed Cash. God, the big leagues were almost as much fun as doing 100 in his new Olds 442, thought Jumbo Jim.

The Kansas City players, pleased to have a rookie sensation working for them on the mound, found Nash to be a cheerful sort, although infielder Danny Cater winces when attempting to define Jim's good cheer. "He's always telling jokes that are, well, real cornball," says Cater, who then depicts his own response to Nash's humor by simulating the act of vomiting. One sample of the Nash wit:

"Know who the father of baseball is?"

"No. Who?"

"Pop Fly."

Clearly no threat to Allen and Rossi, Nash kept firing his fastball for a living while hitters watched mystified. "I can't see why we don't hit him," California shortstop Jim Fregosi was heard to say. Aside from his fast ball, Nash had only a slow curve and a change-up. He relied on his fast ball 90 percent of the time. As a matter of fact, when he advanced into the current season many hitters around the league nurtured a strong feeling that soon they would start timing his fast ball and reduce him to just another face among the waves of huge kid pitchers replacing one another in the spotlight like fresh shipments of spare parts. Pitchers as a category may own the game, but their very numbers make them interchangeable. Here and there, a smart one—say, Philadelphia's Jim Bunning, who has won 19 games in each of the past three seasons, his 15th, 16th, and 17th in pro ball—threads his way to the top of the pile and doggedly stays there for a career; meanwhile, the flash-in-the-pan, armed with little more than his big fast ball, settles down for a place somewhere around the middle. "They win 12 games and think they did a helluva job," says New York Mets pitching coach Harvey Haddix.

To hear Bunning evaluate today's pitchers, one would pause cautiously before betting on Jim Nash's future. "The fellows coming up now have not pitched enough," Bunning says. "I pitched six years in the minors. It took me longer than most, of course, but there's a certain amount of learning to be done. The pitchers now may be getting better training, better instruction—you hear that said quite a bit—but I doubt it. There's no shortage of pitching, but there is a shortage of *good* pitching."

Detroit's Denny McClain, a confident pitcher at 23, a winner of 16 and then 20 games in his first two full seasons with the Tigers, invites Jim Nash to develop an effective curve and join him in the age of the easy touch. "The pitcher's got the advantage over the hitters," McClain says. "I think most pitchers realize this, but few want to admit it."

Indeed, one merely hints to McClain's pitching coach, John Sain, that today's game is tailored for pitchers and he sits bolt upright and calls out, "Hey! This fellow's for the hitters!" One again voices the evil words to Jim Bunning, and his head swivels violently on his neck, as though afflicted by a spasm. Eyes blazing, he shouts through the clubhouse, "Here's a guy says pitchers have the advantage!" Nevertheless McClain presses his point. The hitters, he says, are dazzled daily by bullpen fire brigades—"long relievers" following starters, "short relievers" mopping up for long relievers, left-handers replacing right-handers. A variety of styles and a steady supply of fresh arms crush the hitters. "Pitching," McClain says, "is the name of the game. There just aren't that many good hitters around. In our league, there aren't 10 above-average hitters." It's a league made for Jim Nash, provided he uses his head. "If Nash ever comes up with a good breaking ball, he might be the best this league's ever seen, but if he stays with the fast ball I don't think he's going to get by. You got to start setting up the hitters."

From the viewpoint of casual observers, Nash's attempts at diversification following his sensational rookie year were limited to a comprehensive performance at the dinner table. At a banquet in New York a waiter offered him his choice of chicken, steak or fish. "I'll take one of each," he answered. "Just set 'em down, and then I'll take a little dessert on top of 'em." The baseball world chuckled, but the hitters took hope. Here was a rube who would need a brain when they started timing his fast ball and he wouldn't have one.

Before they count on that, however, they would do well to go down to Marietta, Georgia, and check the rube out. He smiles good-naturedly when they call him a flake to his face, but Hal Cochran, the Sprayberry High athletic director, says, "He doesn't mind, because he's probably sure his I.Q. is higher than most of theirs anyhow. He was a C student here, but on his college boards he scored as high as the A students. Jim Nash has brains, and he knows it." In winters, he studies physics at the University of Georgia. Says his old baseball coach, Gene McBee:

"He's an excellent student—very well read, with a very good vocabulary."

Then what the devil has Jumbo Jim Nash been up to? Has he been setting up the American League for a hustle? Is he conning all those smug professionals?

"I'm sure he is," says McBee. "He'll play all the angles. We once worked out an unusual second-base pick-off play that was his idea. Smack in the middle of the game, we'd get into a heated discussion over strategy, me on the bench and him on the mound. He'd pretend to be completely absorbed in this. Meantime, our shortstop sneaks over behind the runner. Picked four runners off second in one ball game, two of 'em with that play."

The so-called sophomore jinx—that affliction that strikes the best of young pitchers once they become familiar to hitters—may well slow down Jim Nash. If it does, the hitters will be tempted to write him off as just another strong-armed kid with a 10-cent head. On the other hand, that might be a wise time for the American League to stick very close to second base. —Myron Cope

STEAM-HEATED TROUT STREAM

[*Continued from page* 35]

directions. In an hour I played and released seven brown trout about a foot long, a couple of 16-inchers, and lost four more. All the while it sounded like I was in downtown Chicago. Crazy.

The Firehole has hordes of brown trout and many fine rainbows also. Seemingly guarded by the devil, they swim in icy waters beside bubbling caldrons. But though the river is known to millions who visit Yellowstone Park, it gets only a modest amount of fishing and has more trout die of old age than ever jump from its hell pots into the skillet.

While I crawled back into my waders, Young cleaned two trout he had kept for our lunch.

"The most interesting thing to me," he said, "is that the Firehole is not stocked at all. Not a single hatchery trout goes into it, you know. Both browns and rainbows were stocked some years ago, but no longer."

As he said it we could look up the river and see dozens of trout rising. The sun had burst out warmly and a hatch was on. Studies show, I reflected, upwards of 600 catchable-size trout per mile in the Firehole—more than any studies on eastern and Great Lakes streams, and most other western streams have ever shown.

There was only one other angler in sight.

I recalled some of the jams I'd seen elsewhere, with hordes of anglers hurling hardware, worms, flies in each other's faces, attempting to catch pallid little trout fresh from the hatchery tank truck. The deserted Firehole hardly seemed real.

"I am convinced," I told Young, "that the flies-only regulation is responsible for most of it."

For many years people visiting Yellowstone Park were allowed to fish any way they pleased. As good roads came to the park—and with the main highway following the course of this river and the Madison—more and more anglers poured in. There were plenty of trout and it was not too difficult to catch them, especially on bait and spoons. But as tourism built, the pressure became awesome. It was unusually severe along toward 1950 when spin fishing became popular. Spinning requires little true skill compared to fly fishing and at times is deadly.

When the flies-only rule of 1951 went into effect in the park on the Firehole, Madison and lower Gibbon the fishing pressure was drastically cut. But new and somewhat wry influences now came to the Firehole. Crowds increased annually in the park. Many so-called "purist" fly fishermen began to disdain such crowds. The younger and less experienced fly fishermen visited the park and, seeing the turmoil along the highway, figured this geyser-laced river must be heavily fished all summer. And since they didn't *see* many anglers they decided there could be little in the stream to catch. So they passed it up.

Only a relative few, compared to tourist numbers, fish it today, and of these not many are really good fly fishermen. Consequently thousands of big Firehole trout await the meager scattering of gents who have the finesse to fool them.

The big ones are wise indeed. As we sat there resting and talking, we both saw a brute of a trout coming up intermittently to take some surface item. We got up and went to the spot. A large thermal pot was on the bank here, spewing out steam and boiling water at regular intervals. Young got in well above the trout to fish a wet fly down. I got in below and cast upstream to float a dry fly over it.

I saw the huge trout come up to look at my fly and my heart just about quit. It scorned my offering. The big smoke pot on the bank went off with a hiss and a violent spewing of water.

As Young worked on the trout, I made another careful cast. I held my breath as Mr. Big took an insect with a slurping sound inches from my fly. I let the fly float well back toward me so as not to spook the fish with my line pickup. Suddenly a husky brown trout shot upward and seized my fly and kept right on going along the surface as I set the hook. Water flew. The trout jumped. Presently, I got it worn down and brought to net. "Do we want it?" I called to Young.

The limit here is five trout per day. There is no license fee—just the park entrance permit. Some fishermen cheat, coming back several times a day to catch a limit. But most Firehole anglers are good sportsmen. A number of touring and local poor sports do cheat on method; I've often watched a car stop right beside a big bankside sign that says "FLIES ONLY," and seen the occupant furtively catch a good trout on a spoon, stuff it into the car trunk and hurry on. Some get caught by the park rangers. In my miserable Irish way, I'd like to see all of them caught.

Paul said, "Let it go. I turned mine loose. Let's go eat."

I had a big pickup camper parked in the Madison Junction Camp Ground. We got into Paul's car and drove to it and began cooking the two trout he'd kept, sipping a bracer of Scotch on ice meanwhile to chase away the chill of the morning. Again we fell to discussing this unusual river.

The Firehole begins cold as ice from the melting snows that feed it most of the year. As it progresses, hundreds of thousands of gallons of boiling mineral waters are poured in over much of its 30-mile course, particularly in the 12-mile

"He won't stop laughing long enough to tell him how much the ransom is."

section below Old Faithful. Obviously this makes drastic local temperature changes, and a slowly rising temperature downstream. The fact that the river has an awesome drop—about 700 feet between a point two miles upstream from Old Faithful to the river mouth—helps cool and aerate it to some extent. It also helps to sluice out some of the tremendous mass of mineral dumped in from the thermal springs, a mass estimated at roughly 68 tons every 24 hours.

The minerals, and the averaging out of water temperature during cold months because of the hot springs, are thought to have a direct bearing on trout growth and productivity. Trout are of course cold-water fish, but in extremely cold waters with short summers they grow slowly. Sometimes in creeks of year-round temperatures in the 40's, mature trout will be only six or seven inches long. In the Firehole, they have a long growing season, and the production rate of catching-size browns is also astonishing.

"Prof. John Wright at Montana State University wrote me," I told Young, "that in his studies of the Firehole he had recorded a winter water temperature of 40° even though the air temperature stood at an unholy –67°."

One study showed a May-to-October average range of 43° to 57° in the upper river, 55° to 68° above well-known Biscuit Basin, a rise to 59° to 70° below it, 63° to 70° at Midway, with which all tourists are acquainted, a rise to 64° to 75° in the Ojo Caliente area, with a drop back below Nez Perce Creek confluence to 61° to 73°. River temperature immediately below Giant Geyser was recorded in a 1952 study at 115°. But since that geyser was then erupting only every 48 hours, trout could still live in the general region and make swift growth.

As we waded in after lunch, Paul said, "I've learned to shut my mind to the cars going by. Actually you're in a true wilderness within yards of a stream of traffic."

There are of course stretches of the Firehole where little traffic flows. These are the areas off the main highway on the side routes. Some of them are excellent fishing. But the curious fact is, much of the very best and fastest fishing is spang in the middle of the tourist action.

Paul and I got into a riffle and fished side by side a short cast apart. The river here is very broad. Throughout its length the Firehole varies from a width of possibly 40 feet to over 100. We were in water from six to 18 inches or so deep behind the larger rocks. There are holes in the river, however, over 10 feet deep. There is also a falls upstream from the mouth some four miles that is 40 feet high. Below this, roaring cascades whip through a gorge about two miles long. No trout can come up these to the river above the falls, although some undoubtedly wash down.

On my third cast I had a trout. Maneuvering with it, I slipped and almost went down. The rocky stretches of the Firehole are, like many western streams, slippery. One should wear felt-soled waders, or else studded creepers. My trout was small, a nice eating size of about 10 inches. Paul had one, too. In 15 minutes, easing slowly down the riffle, we jumped perhaps a dozen of these, released them all. It is always amazing to witness the great number of these young trout in the river. It is also a jolt when even these small ones strike on a swift riffle. They feel like wallopers—and sometimes one is.

Dry-fly fishing later, in exactly four careful casts to rising trout, I caught all four, not one less than 15 inches. I kept them and another for camp, my limit for the day, and was out of business.

As I climbed out on the grassy bank a chocolate-colored black bear with two blond yearling cubs was walking along the road, and across in the timber a small elk eyed us warily. I was thinking that the smaller trout, the seven to night-inchers, are a fortunate circumstance for the beginning fly fisherman. They are fairly naïve, and when feeding heavily can be caught on wet flies by the rankest of dubs. Thus, although I may make the Firehole sound like a special preserve for top-notch trouters, it is actually a paradise for any fly fisherman, even if he can't fool the Old Settler trout just yet.

Young was reeling up. "I want to try it up below Old Faithful," he said as he got out. "Just a hunch. There's a stretch I like down near the next big geyser on the right bank."

Paul got into the deserted stream where he had wished. I stayed on the bank with a camera. He worked downstream with a wet fly, casting to the hiding places beneath the grassy undercut banks. At one point he had to duck when a geyser erupted and blew scalding spray out upon him. Then presently he hooked a trout.

He turned to me and grinned. "It's only about seven inches. Never mind the camera."

The little trout was flipping on the surface as he hurried it in. The geyser let go again with a snorting hiss. And there was a sudden matching eruption midstream. Neither of us could think for a moment what had happened. Paul's rod snapped over in a groaning arc. Line slipped from his hand.

"A big brown took the little one!" he yelled. He was valiantly trying to stem the run and get control.

I ran in high dither down to the stream's edge, pictures forgotten and saw the trout. It had literally engulfed the seven-incher. I knew it must be a fish of at least seven or eight pounds.

Something gave a little. Probably the small trout was stripped off. I could see Paul's fly now, caught in the brute's lip. I had the ridiculous impulse to leap in and attempt to scoop the bruiser up. I knew in a moment it'd be gone. And then it was. Not because of the hook, the fish simply turned almost with unconcern, steamed off downstream and broke the leader clean.

Paul said, "The big dirty bastard."

A lady, taking a picture nearby, heard and gasped. Paul apologized. But I did not feel that this was crude language. When a trout eats a perfectly legal trout good enough for a man to keep, then gets away, it is that and more. Tourists should understand this.

Young got out and we drove a few blocks up to the huge and busy concession area to get coffee. Old Faithful was about to do an afternoon show and several hundred people were gathered. The park naturalist in charge of Old Faithful was droning away to his audience. I wasn't listening. Somewhere downstream in hell's drainpipe—in this land where John Colter many years ago had thought he'd truly discovered hell—a brown trout fit to grace any den wall was swallowing mighty hard, in the company of hundreds of others waiting for hooks they probably would never see. **—Byron W. Dalrymple**

"You're too tense."

HOW OUR CARRIERS RULE THE CHINA SEA

[*Continued from page 33*]

of going back over North or South Viet Nam. And, of course, weather can curtail or ground operations.

Each carrier has six or seven squadrons of planes aboard. The aircraft range from the powerful F-4 Phantom, the world's fastest operational jet fighter, to the lowly A-1 Skyraider of immediate post-World War II vintage. There also are A-4 Skyhawks, the tiny attack jets called "Scooters," or "Tinker Toys" because of their size, and heavy A-3 Skywarriors, dubbed "Whales," which are designed to carry atom bombs. The Skywarriors are used for refueling and photo missions, though the carriers do have nuclear weapons on board if ever needed.

Before strikes, pilots gather in the squadron ready rooms just under the flight deck for their briefings. Pilot dress is "optional"—but no one confuses the term with "black tie." Here it can mean survival. Some pilots wear bright orange flight suits, easily spotted if a man is down in the sea; the others have on tiger-type camouflage suits more suitable for protection if they go down on land. Most pilots carry sidearms.

Toward the 20 points needed for an air medal, aviators receive one point (called a "greenie") for a mission over North or South Viet Nam, and two points ("a brownie") if they drop ordnance or get shot at during the sortie.

A briefing usually starts with a report on weather and targets. Then comes the tactical briefing. In *Midway's* Ready Two, a squadron commander tells his Skyraider pilots: "All right, it's the same game today. But it's been a while since we've been up this way, so watch your flight leader, and, for God's sake, watch your tail. When you see flak, don't just holler, tell me where it is coming from. Now, here's how I'd like the flight to go. . . . We'll approach from the west at this altitude. . . . After we dump our load, we'll come out this way, and rendezvous here. . . . If you get hit bad, head for the ocean and try to slow down before you eject. If I go down, you have the flight, Ed. If Ed goes down, you have it, Clint."

The word comes over the ready room loudspeaker: "All pilots man aircraft for the 0700 launch." The squadron commander snaps, "Okay, let's man 'em."

The pilots strap on parachutes, knives, life jackets and other gear. Because the Skyraiders may be in the air for as long as seven hours, some drivers carry box lunches—ham sandwiches, fried chicken, fruit—which they munch while circling at sea between attacks.

The pilots have given nicknames to several targets in North Viet Nam with characteristic geographical features—"The Big Boot," "The Little Boot," "The Armpit." Some of the nicknames are unprintable. "Happy Valley" is so-called because as Ensign Ray Kupler, 25, of Denver, puts it: "You never go there without getting shot at."

Now, pilots have manned their planes, and the focus shifts to the air boss who operates from the carrier's control tower, known as "primary flight" or "prifly." This puts him high above the deck to the rear of the bridge. Just forward is the catwalk called "vulture's roost," because off-duty crewmen gather there to watch flight operations.

Air bosses—full commanders in rank—are a cool and capable lot: men like *Midway's* Dick Kincade, *Enterprise's* Jim Smith, *Ranger's* Bill Nealon. Veteran pilots themselves, they know what is going on in the cockpit. They also have to know what is going on everywhere else.

They keep up a running dialogue with the ship's captain on the bridge, with the men in the air and with a group of specialists below who pinpoint launching progress by moving cutouts of aircraft on a huge model of the carrier's flight and hanger decks.

The voice of *Ranger's* air boss, Bill Nealon, 41, a wiry, black-haired Boston-born aviator, booms out from the control tower. "All right, let's get that Tinker Toy off the elevator and onto the number one cat. Are all the A-4's going birds?" (Operational aircraft are described as "up," or "go-birds"; a plane that develops a malfunction is "down"; a serious malfunction is "hard down.")

"407 is down, sir."

"Well, let's get it the hell out of the way," replies Nealon. "Catapults, this is primary, two minutes to launch."

If you're too old to have diaper rash... it must be something else.

It's a body rash caused by a fungous infection. One that thrives best in sweaty, chafed body areas.

That's why it keeps coming back even though you've tried all sorts of remedies. Including baby powders and salves. They may be okay for diaper rash. But not groin irritation.

Now you can get relief with new Cruex™. A spray-on powder specifically made to fight body rash.

Cruex spray soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation.

Cruex absorbs sweat (one important factor in the growth of Tinea cruris fungi).

Its medication directly attacks fungi. That's why using Cruex before and after athletics can stop groin irritation before it starts.

Cruex spray cools; gets into hard-to-get-at places. (And you don't make it sting or burn by rubbing, dabbing, smearing or spreading anything on.)

Cruex spray is easy on you because it's strictly hands off.

At your pharmacy.

New Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

The air boss picks up a direct phone to the bridge.

"Captain, is it possible to get the wind a little more on the nose? The cats are having trouble getting hooked up in this wind."

The massive carrier responds to the touch on the helm and inches over two degrees to port.

"Catapults, primary," says Nealon. "Thirty seconds to launch." Then, "Launch aircraft."

Four jets on the catapults are rifled into the sky in quick succession. With speed and precision, plane handlers move the next aircraft into position.

"Where's that photo plane?" queries Nealon. "Get it up. Do you expect the fighters to take along their Kodaks?" Up goes a monstrous, needle-nosed RA-5 Vigilante, which flies daring low-level photo missions over enemy targets. "Kind of a big camera, isn't it?" comments the air boss.

A plane is catapulted, and the pilot radios, "There's smoke in my cockpit."

"Are you declaring an emergency?" asks the air boss in a calm voice.

"There's a lot of heat in the cockpit. Let me check it out."

"Get the squadron maintenance officer up here to talk to the pilot," says the air boss. To the pilot, "Can you hold for 15 minutes? We'll recover you then."

The air boss switches back to the flight deck. "Let's get the rest of the fighters in the air. Then we'll refuel the angel [rescue helicopter] and bring that pilot down."

Somehow the chaotic situation on deck is straightened out and the launch is completed on schedule: 31 planes off in 16 minutes. The angel is not needed. The disabled plane manages to hold for 15 minutes and the pilot brings it in safely.

The air boss compliments the flight-deck crew on the bullhorn for the launching performance, then announces: "Stand by to recover aircraft in three minutes."

On Yankee Station, recoveries are programmed so that planes returning from strikes on North Viet Nam arrive just after the last planes of an outgoing mission are catapulted.

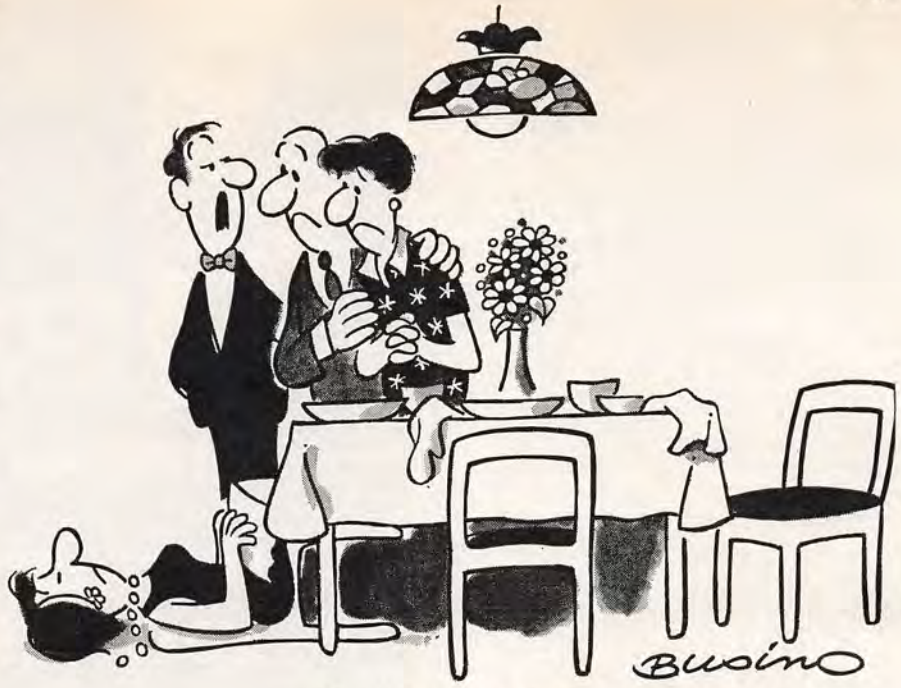
As aircraft make their approaches, the complex process is reversed. Now the air boss acts as a good shepherd to the planes, often low on fuel, sometimes badly shot-up.

Each plane comes in and reports his weight (varying according to the fuel supply): the air boss orders the arresting gear cables set to the proper restraining strength, and the pilot tries to grab one of the four cables with his tail hook.

Of carrier landings, an amazed Air Force pilot once commented: "That's not a landing at all. It's a controlled crash."

To no one in particular, *Ranger's* air boss keeps up a running commentary during recovery. "Come on, Vigilante, you're too low. Bring it up. That's the way. Nice. Nice.

"That Scooter is coming in too high. You're too high, come on down. Well, bye-bye," and the A-4 Skyhawk overshoots the wires, guns the throttle, and flies off the angle deck for another go-round.



"Can I have the recipe?"

An incoming pilot radios that a bomb has failed to drop from his wing rack. The air boss grabs the bullhorn mike: "Attention on deck. An A-4 in the groove has a hung 500-pound bomb. All unnecessary personnel take cover."

The Skyhawk flies in and neatly snares the number three arresting wire; the bomb remains fixed to the wing.

At night, flight operations are doubly dangerous because pilots have no visible horizon to give them orientation. "Sometimes you think you're flying in an inkwell," says a *Ranger* pilot.

The tempo on the carrier is therefore slower at night, but much more eerie. As the jets belch flame from afterburners, plane directors use red and green electric wands to maneuver aircraft around the deck. And trouble always seems to be close at hand.

A plane approached too low. "Take a wave-off," radios the landing-signal officer. The jet guns over the angle deck but then seems to settle slowly toward the black waters. The air boss grabs the radio mike and says urgently: "Altitude, altitude. Keep climbing." This plane manages to lift itself out of danger, but confused by the lack of horizon on dark nights, pilots sometimes unwittingly settle back into the sea.

Another dark night, a grinding crunch comes from a carrier's port side: a plane director has misjudged the distance to deck edge and allowed the wheel of an F-4 Phantom to slip over the side, leaving the fighter-bomber awry and helpless.

"Get the crane to port side," says the air boss. Then, he adds ruefully: "You know, I like to brag about the high school dropouts who have made good out on that deck. That plane director was one of them. A good young man, eager to work and take responsibility. But that mistake will cost maybe one hundred thousand dollars."

The damaged Phantom is elevatored below. Operations resume.

In a 90-minute cycle, one strike must be readied and launched, and another strike recovered, rearmed and readied to be catapulted into the skies again. The procedure is repeated over and over for a minimum of a 12-hour period each day.

Flight-deck personnel receive "hazardous duty" pay, and they deserve it. The man who directs the dangerous work on *Ranger's* flight deck is Petty Officer Duane E. Welborn, 33. Toledo-born, he has spent 17 years in the Navy, 14 of them on carrier flight decks.

"Safety, safety, safety," says Welborn. "We preach it to these young kids. In time it becomes second nature—you develop a sixth sense for where the danger lies. When you're starting engines, you watch for fires, then for exhaust. With props, you've got to keep looking all the time. Heads up—or else."

Flight-deck crews wear sound suppressor helmets called "Mickey Mouse ears" to shut out the incredible noise on deck—which nears the threshold of pain.

"Even with the Mickey Mouse," says Welborn, "you can tell whether a jet is sneaking up on you. Every day we get a few people blown down by jet blast. It's like a 50-pound sledgehammer hitting you in the back.

"When you feel that blast swinging on you, the best thing to do is hit the deck and grab a pad-eye, otherwise you are liable to be blown over the side."

It is not uncommon for a crewman to be swept over the deck edge. If he is lucky he lands in the catwalks; if not in the China Sea, maybe to stay afloat long enough to be rescued by helicopter. Flight-deck crewmen have also been mangled by spinning propellers, scalded by jet blast and had legs taken off by parted cables.

Welborn is proud of the teen-age sailors who make up the bulk of the flight-deck crew. "A lot of these fellows were driving hot rods a few months ago. Now

they are driving tractors and hauling planes around that deck. They are really performing. They're damn good and they really bust their butts."

After returning to the ship, the carrier pilots are debriefed by air intelligence officers on the strike data. Then they hold a postmortem in the ready rooms on their flight tactics. A returning Skyraider squadron commander says: "We did pretty good today. I feinted away from the target, then we reversed and went in low. Sometimes gunners watching us turn away will get lazy—and maybe light up a cigaret. Then we're on them. We got some light automatic fire, but we hit a couple of ferryboats I've been looking for. We also landslided a road on the side of a hill with a bomb. We were in the air seven hours, and after the morning strike, flew out to sea for lunch. It was a nice break in the day."

The flak over North Viet Nam is probably denser than any ever experienced by American pilots. Losses have been substantial, but somehow the fliers seem to take it pretty much in stride. "The more you see of the junk," says Lt. Richard E. Allen, a tall, 26-year-old Phantom pilot from Phoenix, "the less it scares you." And Lt. Com. Olie E. Gray, a 30-year-old Skyhawk pilot, adds, "It seems like the more you learn about flak, the better you can evade it."

COMING . . .

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DARING CHOPPER RESCUES IN VIET NAM

An on-the-scene report with color pictures of life-saving pickups

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

If a pilot gets hit, his first consideration is to make it to sea, where the percentage of rescues has been extraordinarily high. Downed pilots have even been picked up in Haiphong harbor and from under the guns of shore batteries. Says Lieutenant Allen: "If we go down in water, we feel rescue is almost certain."

While there also have been some daring recoveries of men on North Vietnamese soil, the odds aren't nearly as good if you come down on land. Recently a two-place Phantom jet from the *Enterprise* was hit over North Viet Nam. Both crewmen bailed out. One man landed on the ground and was captured; the other landed in the water and was picked up by a rescue helicopter.

"That," says the carrier's skipper, Capt. James L. Holloway, Jr., "is how close the margin is.

"We have some rough days aboard after we have lost planes, and there has been tension in the wardroom," Captain Holloway continues, "but on the whole morale has been high. No pilot has been grounded for emotional reasons; there has been no slackening of the pace; and the planes are coming in with the same number of bullet holes—which means they have been pushing as hard as ever."

As one squadron commander puts it: "I've flown over Vinh, North Viet Nam, five times, with its 500 guns. I guess we've been pretty lucky to get out. It would be foolish to say that one isn't apprehensive. But you know your job and do it. You go in and concentrate on the 200 square inches in front of your sights. Then it's a matter of jinking [evasive maneuvering] and dancing out of the flak envelope."

There are no milk runs for carrier pilots in this war. Sometimes one of the three carriers on Yankee Station is assigned targets in South Viet Nam—and during bombing pauses and shutdowns in the north, all carrier pilots are switched to missions over South Viet Nam. But fully half as many planes are lost over the south as in the north. Viet Cong gunners are deadly accurate, too.

Whichever country they are told to hit, carrier pilots spend as much as 80 hours a month in the air, generally have flown well over 100 missions. Now they are the most experienced combat pilots in the Navy, having earned 12 to 14 air medals each—well above the Korean War average.

Behind the 120 pilots aboard a carrier are 4,000 crewmen to keep them in the air. At the top, of course, is the captain, who has his own particular chess problem. He has to keep the carrier headed into the wind for the flight operations, while avoiding China's Hainan Island to the northeast, and shoal waters to the south.

An attack carrier needs 30 knots of wind over the deck for planes to take off or land. Big U.S. flattops can turn up enough steam to make that speed, but only at a high expenditure of fuel. Every bit of natural wind helps. So the skipper of a 76,000-ton carrier searching for wind in the restricted waters of Tonkin Gulf has much in common with a small-boat sailor trying to pick up light airs on an inland lake.

"I'm always concerned about my running room," says one carrier skipper. "A carrier's natural habitat is the high seas. Yankee Station is like an inland pond."

Surprisingly few crewmen on these big attack carriers run into disciplinary trouble—though each ship has a brig manned by U.S. Marine Corps guards. On *Ranger*, recently, the brig, which has accommodations for 21 prisoners had only three customers.

"When a crew this big hits the beach after 30 or 40 days at sea under the most grueling conditions, you'd think you'd have real problems," says the ship's executive officer, Com. Bryan B. Brown, Jr., of Alameda, California. "The first night in port you get 20 or 30 men brought back as drunk or disorderly by the shore patrol, and you think, 'the ship's falling apart!' But that's not a bad percentage when you realize that maybe twenty-five hundred men are on the town. After the first two days, the steam is blown off, and only three or four sailors turn up in the arms of the shore patrol."

Toward the end of a long cruise on Yankee Station, "cabin fever" sometimes develops, and ship's officers watch for it.

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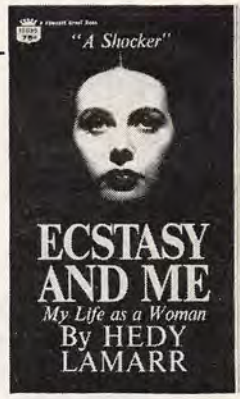

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"But we've been lucky," says Brown. "The men haven't got on one another's nerves. I guess they're too busy working." Problems brought to the ship's two chaplains generally concern personal matters involving the crewman's family. "Out here," says Brown, "men feel helpless in trying to cope with financial or emotional problems involving their wives or families back home. We can grant emergency leaves if really necessary, but obviously we can't send back every man with a family problem."

The ship's doctors and flight surgeons also try to spot ailments before they become serious, particularly extreme fatigue which is the occupational hazard aboard a carrier operating round-the-clock. Flight Surgeon Martin Webb, of Glen Olden, Pennsylvania, says: "We try to make sure these flight crews get their rest. We tell them to let the squadron paper work go to hell, and concentrate on flying and resting."

Squadron leaders, too, watch for signs of fatigue among their pilots. Says one flight leader: "When I see my pilots consistently hitting the number one wire (nearest the stern and therefore most dangerous), instead of number three, I figure they're getting tired, or complacent, and it's time to lecture them. I'm always afraid that a tired pilot who did a fine job over the target will wind up in a ball of flame on that stern ramp."

Crewmen catnap wherever possible, and they tell the story of the plane handler who curled up in the tail pipe of a jet fighter to catch some shut-eye. While he dozed, the plane was respotted on the deck edge. When the sailor awoke and drowsily tried to let himself down from his perch, he found his legs dangling over the China Sea—until his shouts brought help. "Sounds funny," says a doctor, "but out here the guy who can catch some shut-eye on a pile of bombs will last longer than the man who needs an uninterrupted eight hours each night."

The big carriers are floating cities: *Ranger,* for instance, is more than 1,000 feet long, has 900 telephones, distills 270,000 gallons of water per day, and generates enough electricity to supply a metropolis of a million-and-a-half people. She has six retail stores which sell cigarets, photo supplies and sundries. The most popular item is an emblem depicting a Chinese junk with the inscription: "Tonkin Gulf Yacht Club"—of which all Yankee Station sailors are charter members.

Ranger feeds her crew 22 hours a day—and about 10 tons of food are consumed daily. Sailors dine amid bombs and rockets which are assembled on the mess deck. Nearby, a Marine guards the hatch to the "Special Weapons Room," where nuclear bombs are stored.

Most Yankee Station skippers try to keep their crews informed with a daily news roundup over the public address system. One evening after Capt. James M. O'Brien of *Midway* gave his nightly summary of the carrier's strikes, he read a letter from a crewman, supporting the U.S. commitment in Viet Nam, which had appeared in the boy's hometown newspaper. "I'm proud of this man," said Captain O'Brien. "It shows that we know what is at stake, why we are here, and the importance of *Midway's* mission."

Ultimately, of course, much of the responsibility for all of Task Force 77 rests on the comparative handful of pilots for whom the complex, giant carriers are designed. They are a varied group of men, some colorful, some as businesslike as accountants.

There is *Midway's* Clint Johnson, a lanky, shock-haired Skyraider pilot from Detroit. One day his flight of four relatively old Skyraiders was jumped by two MIG's which were three times as fast. The Skyraiders flew through valleys and around hills, trying to avoid MIG rocket and cannon fire. One MIG, out of ammo, departed. The other chased the Skyraiders around a hill, not quite able to get a bead on the Americans. Finally, the MIG pilot executed what Johnson calls a "high-side Yo-Yo," and headed directly at the Navy pilot and his wingman. "I just held down the trigger and he went right between us and hit the side of a hill," recalls Johnson.

"It's nice to win a Silver Star and be around to wear it," says Johnson, "but I truthfully don't enjoy being in combat. However, I do have a dedication to flying, and to my country as a naval officer."

Another *Midway* pilot, Paul Ilg, 27, a lieutenant from Alexander, New York, spent 47 hours in North Viet Nam after being shot down. While trying to dodge enemy soldiers at night, he stumbled into a troop bivouac area and ran into what he thought was a fence. It turned out to be, of all things, a volleyball net. He twice warned off rescuing Air Force helicopters because he thought enemy soldiers were too close to his position. He lived on water from bamboo fronds and, after two days of playing cat-and-mouse, got far enough away from the North Viet Nam troop area to be picked up successfully by chopper.

On *Ranger,* two of the most colorful pilots around are known as "Steve Canyon" and "the Red Baron," after the comic-strip characters. Steve Canyon is Air Force Capt. John Anderson, Jr., a jet pilot on loan to the Navy as part of a regular exchange program. His opposite number in the Navy was on loan to Anderson's F-100 squadron—until he was shot down over North Viet Nam.

"The Navy's got me outnumbered 4,500 to one aboard this ship," Anderson cracks. "But the Air Force has to show its flag. The pilots made me a name tag that reads 'USAF (SWD),' that's Salt Water Division. I really feel good about being able to fly off carriers. It's a real gas."

The Red Baron is Com. Robin McGlohn, 38, a handsome, gregarious ex-surfer from Balboa Beach, California. He was named after Snoopy's nemesis in "Peanuts," because of his dashing chestnut beard and his penchant for sporting an ancient helmet, goggles and a long flowing scarf.

Though colorful in dress, Commander McGlohn is matter-of-fact about his dan-

"I'm afraid this hasn't been much of a honeymoon for you, dear!"

gerous assignment on Yankee Station. "I know it is hard not to sound trite," says the Red Baron, "but if you have chosen a career in the service of your country, you feel you ought to be out here where the action is. History is being made here, and we think that we are doing what has to be done."

Most of the pilots share this spirit. A young *Midway* pilot says: "I personally don't believe you can do a good job here unless you believe in what you are doing. My brother is in the Peace Corps in Peru, and we have debates by letter all the time. He wants to make the world a better place his way. And I think out here, our way happens to be the right way."

The pilots deeply resent the fact that some of their families back home have received crank mail and phone calls when their names have appeared in press releases about their exploits. Some pilots now refuse to allow their names to be used in print, and currently, when a carrier is about to come off Yankee Station for rest or rotation, Seventh Fleet information officers will not use the ship's name in releases for fear that fresh memories in newspaper readers' minds might lead to harassment of carrier personnel.

One air wing commander, whose family was the target of crank calls after he led a raid on the Hanoi oil depots, says feelingly: "Out here we are exposed to antiaircraft fire as a matter of course, and we don't mind that. What I detest are these people who pick on a man's relatives when we are out here unable to defend them."

Yet the pilots tend to be surprisingly tolerant of antiwar demonstrators in the United States. As MIG-killer Clint Johnson puts it: "Before I entered the Naval Academy, I went to Wayne State in Detroit, and I guess I was as radical as anybody. I don't mind the teach-ins and demonstrations. I feel it's part of the democratic system for everyone to have his say. I'd feel a lot worse if they were not allowed. But I hope that after they have their say, these people will have the integrity and maturity to support the government in its decision."

Many of the pilots are back on their second combat tour with the Seventh Fleet. Says one of them: "Some of the pilots take the attitude that this is the only war we've got, and they're glad to be back. Not me. I'd just as soon not be fighting. If I get out of this alive, I'll be happy. On the other hand, I think this is a worthwhile cause, and I am proud to serve my country, proud that we are fighting to keep these people free—and I hope that doesn't make me sound like a superpatriot."

Now, over the bullhorn comes the inexorable voice of the air boss: "Heads up on deck. . . . Stand by to start engines. . . . Prepare to launch aircraft. . . ."

Then, the complex, deadly business of hurling young pilots into the sky to fight over Viet Nam begins once again. On the bridge, Captain O'Brien says quietly: "These boys are really boomers. They go and go and go, day after day, night after night, week after week. Things we'd never dare do in peacetime are now routine. Sometimes I wonder how they do it."

—William Tuohy

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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
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Wide World

Bombardier uses famed Norden bombsight which helped win victory in World War II.

Old World War II movies on television have prompted Al Sellers of Dallas to ask about the famous Norden bombsight which played a major role in American bombing attacks on Germany.

Why was it so valuable? How did it work? What has replaced it in modern bombing operations?

The Norden bombsight was invaluable because it was the only truly accurate bombsight in existence during the Second World War. Until the United States entered the conflict, British raids on Germany were, by necessity, limited to night saturation raids; real hit-and-miss propositions, which produced less than spectacular results. When the U.S. came on the scene with Norden-equipped B-17's, the picture suddenly changed. The bombsight made it possible to batter the Germans with daylight, high altitude, precision attacks.

Strangely enough, the Norden was not a totally new piece of military equipment. Its inventor, Carl Lukas Norden, a naturalized immigrant from Holland, had provided the Navy with bombsights since the early 1920's. However, Norden did not come to the attention of the Air Corps until 1939, when aircraft equipped with his bombsight put on an impressive demonstration for Army brass. The Air Corps began ordering production quantities of the sight.

What it was buying was an innocent looking piece of equipment 12 by 19 inches, weighing only 45 pounds, but containing 2,000 parts. American fliers bragged about the sight so much that correspondents reported that it could drop a bomb in a pickle barrel from 20,000 feet. This was an exaggeration, but the Norden was a great deal more sophisticated in pinpointing bomb fall than anything else anyone had around.

The secret of the Norden lay in two of its units: a computer and a gyrostabilized platform. The latter permitted accurate target observation by the bombardier through an optical sight. With the aid of the computer (crude by modern standards), the bombardier received speedy calculations of such critical factors as forward motion and drift due to wind currents. The bombsight solved problems instantly that would have taken a good mathematician many minutes to calculate.

The Norden was one of the most jealously guarded secrets of the war. The British, who had been given access to all U.S. planes and equipment, did not receive Norden sights with early shipments of B-17's. When Jimmy Doolittle's raiders made the first attack on Tokyo, the raid was made without Norden bombsights. It was feared that one of them might be captured by the Japanese.

Security on the Norden was successfully maintained; neither Germany nor Japan ever discovered its secret, and neither Axis power ever produced a comparable bombsight of its own.

Carl Norden died two years ago. Modern bombing systems, which have replaced his bombsight, such as those used by our B-52's, are completely automatic and operate on radar observation of the target rather than optical sighting. A radar operator takes the place of the WW II bombardier. Such bombing systems afford accuracy even when the target is not visible. The Norden was effective only when the bombardier could see his target. This means that those harrowing bomb runs, straight down flak alley in broad daylight, have been committed to history—and the late late movies.

Q: As the mother of triplets, I'm curious to know what are the "odds" of having them? *Kay B. Gratz, Richmond, Va.*

A: About one in 10,000.

Q: I have heard that the starling which is found in such great numbers in this country is not native to the U.S. How did they get here? Fly? *George R. David, New York, N.Y.*

A: The starling was first introduced in Central Park in New York City in 1890 by a misguided bird lover who wished to see in the park all the birds mentioned in Shakespeare's writings. Since that time, the starlings have multiplied at an alarming rate throughout the U.S. They are a great menace around airports because of collisions with aircraft and are the chief scourge of fruit growers and farmers as far west as California. Since the starling came to America, the Department of Agriculture has been given the authority to regulate the importation of foreign birds and mammals.

Q: What causes the distinctive sound of an Hawaiian steel guitar? *Herbert Grainey, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*

A: The lingering guitar sound now identified with Hawaiian music came about with the advent of the electric steel guitar 25 years ago. Joseph Kakuku, an Hawaiian schoolboy, invented the steel guitar—without electric amplification—in 1916 when he discovered that an interesting sound could be produced by placing a comb on the strings of a six-string guitar. Later he used a knife blade and then a piece of steel. The early steel guitar was a wooden box held in the player's lap. Today the electrical instrument is simply a flat board with eight strings. The strings are plucked with curved picks worn on the thumb, index and middle fingers of the right hand, while a steel bar is pressed on the strings by the left hand.

Rene Burri

Q: I once read that the construction of the Aswan High Dam in Egypt, which began in 1960, threatened to destroy some ancient Egyptian monuments. Was anything ever done to save them? *Ben Winston, Philadelphia, Penn.*

A. Yes. Because rising water behind the dam would have destroyed the two 3,200-year-old temples of Abu Simbel, located 570 miles south of Cairo, the U.N. organization, UNESCO, came to the rescue. It raised money and considered numerous engineering proposals to save the historically priceless monuments. In 1963 a plan proposed by a Swedish engineering firm was accepted. It called for the dismantling of the temples and statues and reerecting them on a cliff top 212 feet above their old site. The project got underway in 1964 and is scheduled for completion by the end of 1967.

Q: Were there always horses in North America or were they first brought here by the Spanish explorers? *Raymond A. Gunderson, Janesville, Wisc.*

A: Horses, as we know them today, were introduced here in 1519 when Hernando Cortes brought 17 to Mexico. About 50 million years ago, the Eohippus or dawn horse roamed both North America and Europe. It had four toes on its forefeet, three toes on its hind feet and varied in size from 10 inches to 20 inches at the shoulders. As the horse evolved, it vanished about 9,000 B.C. from North and South America for some unknown reason. Its development continued in the Old World, paving the way for the return.

Q: Does Leap Year come automatically every four years, or is it sometimes skipped? *Lee Carney, Logan, Iowa.*

A: It's skipped three times every 400 years. Our calendar which was put into effect by Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, calls for a year of 365 days in length except for every fourth year which is 366 days long, or leap year. This system proved to be off by several minutes each year, and to correct it, three out of every four centesimal years (those ending in 00) were designated as common years, the fourth was not. In simpler terms, the year 1600 was a leap year. 1700, 1800, 1900 were not. The year 2000 will be a leap year.

Q: Can you tell me how the annual Tournament of Roses got started? *Alistair Moore, Chicago, Ill.*

A: On New Year's Day in 1890, the citizens of Pasadena, then a small community 10 miles outside of Los Angeles proper, decorated their buggies and carriages with flowers that bloomed in the area. The spectacle grew in popularity and, five years later, a committee of community leaders formed the Tournament of Roses Association. The Association sponsored its first football game to provide entertainment for the occasion on January 1, 1902. For the following 12 years, chariot races were sponsored, and then in 1916, the Tournament began its continuing association with football.

Q: I have heard that the British are going to simplify their money system. Do they plan to convert to the dollar system, as Australia recently did? *George Compton, Ithaca, N.Y.*

A: No. Britain's new monetary system, which is not scheduled to go into effect until 1971, will continue to be based on the pound. The shilling (worth 14 U.S. cents) will be dropped, however, and the monetary breakdown will be in pennies, 100 to a pound. Other coins will be the half-penny, two pence, five pence and ten pence. With the changeover to this new decimal system, the British government estimates that nine billion new coins will have to be minted and approximately two-and-a-half million adding machines, vending machines and telephone coin slots must be changed.

Q: How are hat sizes measured? *Rocky Martin, Annandale, Va.*

A: Theoretically, a size seven hat should measure seven inches across. In other words, if you put a piece of string around a perfect size seven head and then reshaped the length of string into a circle, the circle would measure seven inches in diameter. In actuality, the length would be 5/32 of an inch less than seven inches—the result of original wooden hat blocks being worn down by usage and never corrected. This slight miscalculation and proportionate changes in other sizes could be amended at any time, but doing so would cause more turmoil and confusion in the hat industry than when the late President John F. Kennedy showed a marked preference for going hatless.

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Q: I have heard of the Green Berets, but is there also a fighting group in Viet Nam known as the Black Berets? *M. Ryan, Tucson, Ariz.*

A: Yes. Formed four years ago, they are the U.S. Navy's elite group of guerrilla fighters who, at the Navy amphibian base in Coronado, Calif., are trained in jungle survival, hand-to-hand combat, special weaponry, and Far East politics and culture. Experience in explosives and diving are required for assignment in the Black Berets. Because of their maneuverability, members of the group, which numbers about 200, are also known as "Seals."

Q: How many generals are there in the U.S. Army at present? *Andrew Hainey, Myrtle Beach, S.C.*

A: 487, including Dwight D. Eisenhower and Omar Bradley, who are five-star generals of the Army. The Air Force has 432 generals. The Marines have 75. The Navy has 300 admirals.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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TV'S ANGRY MAN

[*Continued from page 22*]

of high ratings and mass audiences. He was suggesting nothing less than a "turnpike in the sky," as he described it to a roomful of educational broadcasters recently: "Instead of a patchwork system of small roads and feeder roads, we're talking about the widest electronic turnpike in the sky, with exits and entrances on every radio and television station, commercial and noncommercial, and every schoolhouse in the world; an antenna dish, into which schools, radio stations, television stations can tune in, turn on anything they want. For in a universal world where distance doesn't exist, all of these things are possible."

So on August 1, 1966—a historic day in American broadcasting—the Ford Foundation submitted a proposal to the Federal Communications Commission asking for the creation of a nonprofit corporation to operate a domestic satellite system for the low-priced interconnection of commercial TV stations and the free interconnection of educational TV stations. The savings to the commercial networks would be applied to the programming needs of their underprivileged educational brethren. The Ford proposal estimated that educational TV might net $30 million a year from the plan at the outset, and perhaps twice that much within 10 years.

Immediately the plan was dubbed "Friendlyvision" and a great debate broke out nationwide as to its feasibility and its impact on entrenched economic interests. The Communications Satellite Corporation (COMSAT), for example, expressed displeasure with the idea of a new corporation horning in on its mandate to move the United States into the age of space communications. AT&T, faced with a diminution of its profits should Friendly's scheme materialize, was dour about the matter. The commercial networks gamely averred their interest in Educational TV's future but were plainly cautious about any plan that would erode their own audiences.

In February, President Johnson sent a message to Congress urging the establishment in 1968 of a Corporation for Public Television. The Senate promptly drafted a bill and held hearings for several weeks during April. Scores of experts trooped to testify before Sen. John O. Pastore's Communication Sub-Committee: Friendly and McGeorge Bundy; the presidents of all three commercial networks; John White, president of NET; Dr. James R. Killian, chairman of the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television (which has its own strong opinions about financing public television), as well as officials from Western Union, AT&T, COMSAT, and two former FCC chairmen.

So the argument goes on, and no matter what legislation immediately proceeds from all this, 1967 will forever be remembered as the year American television changed its direction, and Fred Friendly as the most dynamic and colorful figure of the debate. Recently, in his Madison Avenue offices, he chatted with a visitor about TV's prospects and the good old days at CBS: "The main thing is that the dialogue has been joined," he said, hoisting his enormous feet onto a coffee table. "By 1970 there will be $100 million available for a TV service of excellence. Some of the money may come from excise taxes on the sale of new sets, some from a tax on networks and individual stations, some from satellites, some from foundations. But the main thing is there *will* be a second service and those stations *will* be interconnected so that viewers can have immediate and simultaneous coverage of important stories."

Friendly jumped up to answer a telephone, capped the instrument to an oversized ear, and wagged the great horse head as he talked. Returning, he was reminded of *See It Now*. "This new thing is like trying to go back to those days. *See It Now* was whatever Murrow and I wanted it to be, and we learned, gradually, without knowing quite what we were doing. It was half film, half live, half wrong—but it was *happening*. It was relevant to what was going on at the time. We don't have anything like that now.

"Take the Radulovich case," he continued. "There was a terrible injustice going on there, and we were able to engage people all over the country in it. We were all scared to death about what we were doing. But we got away with it. The roof didn't fall in."

When he departed CBS, Friendly told his visitor, another network offered him an irregularly-scheduled hour-long show. "They said to me, 'Just write down a list of shows you want to do, and let us see it.' Do you know what? I couldn't think of a single show! It was like asking a news editor what story he wants to put on page one next year. I wanted television to do what was relevant now." Leaning back, Friendly said: "I wish I were still at CBS. I miss it terribly. But I'm still only 51, and the funny thing is that I have my life to live over. I'm going to grab that opportunity and try to make things happen differently. Public television is a whole new game. It's my chance to do what might have been done if television hadn't gone down the road it did years ago."

Was he bitter about the circumstances of his departure from CBS? "The higher you get in the world the more difficult it is to be a man of principle," he said. "When you're the guy who has to make the decision, the buck stops with you. *I* think we should have carried the Viet Nam hearings. But if I had been in Stanton's shoes, I might have made the same decision he did. A lot of my colleagues at CBS News were just as vociferous as I that we ought to televise the hearings. They pounded the desk just like I did. But they could feel that strongly about it, and lose, and still stay at CBS. I couldn't. When it came down to the final judgment, it was a decision I had to make."

The one assignment in commercial TV he *would* have accepted after leaving CBS, Friendly said, was a once-a-week half-hour program on the order of *See It Now*. "But nobody offered it." Unlikely though it sounds, he claims to "have a dream to run a local television station in New England" once the tumult and the shouting of his current involvement are over.

Later the visitor recalled an exchange between two former associates of Friendly. "People who know him well either love him or hate him," one had said. "But nobody is unaffected by him. To Friendly, television is the greatest set of toy trains ever invented, and he's the Eagle Scout in charge of them."

Nobody denies that Fred Friendly's imagination and vision have touched the lives of most of us. He's TV's holler guy, the one who dares to dream and who is not afraid—as Oliver Wendell Holmes put it—to "believe in great things."

—Neil Hickey

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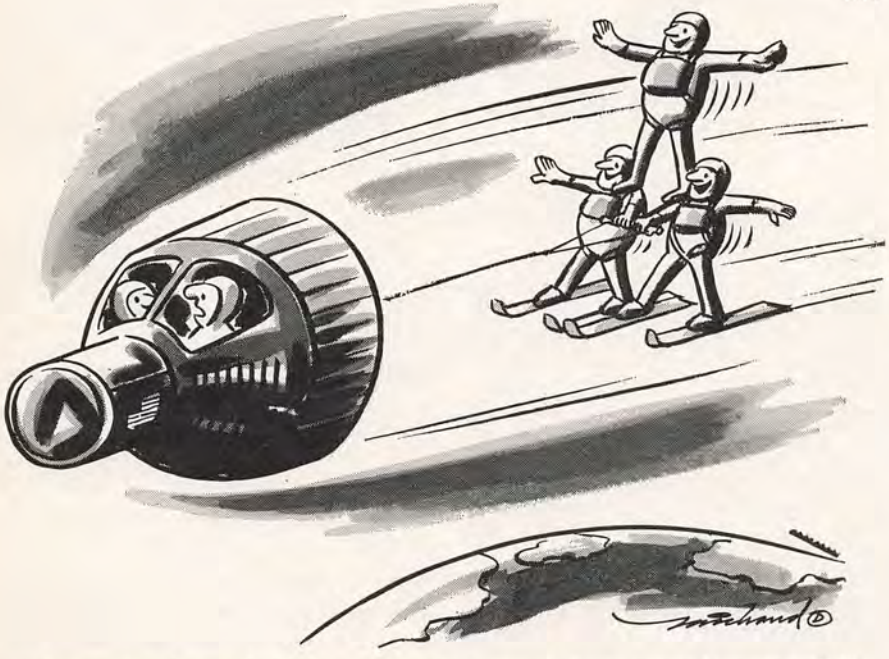

"Remember the good old days when all they wanted was a simple space-walk?"

THE SUPER SCULPTOR WHO CARVES MOUNTAINS

[*Continued from page* 55]

one, he was adopted at four by an Irish prizefighter and suffered a grueling, deprived existence that would have shocked even Charles Dickens. Before reaching 17, he ran away from home three times.

A judge who helped orphaned wards of the juvenile court discovered Korczak to be a grandson of a Polish count. Nonetheless, Korczak doesn't speak one word of Polish. He doesn't speak far-West, either. Having been born in Boston and reared in Connecticut, his voice is pure, hard-edged New England—oddly incongruous to the sweat-stained sombrero and dirty fringed buckskins that he normally wears.

Korczak considers himself lucky that he is living out the dream of his life and getting paid for it. The mammoth sculptural project grosses about $40,000 each summer from tourists (at a buck a head) and there are generous contributions of money and materials from interested individuals and manufacturers. The operation is incorporated as a national, nonprofit, tax-free enterprise, the Crazy Horse Memorial Foundation; its board of directors is headed by Joe Foss, World War II Marine ace and former governor of South Dakota. Crazy Horse is a going concern, albeit a costly one, since dynamite, lumber, drills and other essential gear are expensive. Then, too, there are helpers to pay, and 10 kids to feed (all by Korczak's second wife, Ruth Ross, whom he married when he was 42) and there is the expense of conducting their one-room schoolhouse, which Korczak has established on the property under public school system supervision.

Even though not much can yet be seen of the chief and his great stone horse, Ziolkowski gives tourists a fair shake for their money. In and about the 37-room complex that he has constructed, there are various sculptural, photographic and art exhibits, displays of valuable antiques, Indian mementos and artifacts, as well as picnic grounds and an imaginatively stocked souvenir shop. In a small theater movies are shown of the work in progress. At one point, so that visitors would have something tangible to look at on the mountain, Korczak spent six weeks painting a full-size outline of the statue, swinging at the end of a one-inch rope with a can of white paint tied to his belt and a field telephone strapped to his back. He used 134 gallons of paint; to be visible from a distance, the mountain markings had to be six feet wide.

There have been other similar prodigious tasks. Single-handedly he built a 741-step staircase to the mountain's top; up these steps he carried on his back tools and equipment, including 29 tons of lumber and 2,200 feet of pipe for supplying compressed air to his jackhammers. On some days he went up and down the steps nine or 10 times—often merely to answer the telephone and occasionally with 50 pounds of dynamite cradled in his arms. Later, with secondhand cables taken from a defunct mine, he rigged a bucket lift, which was abandoned after it stalled once too often in midair with distinguished prospective donors aboard. Eventually, he was able to claw a rude jeep road out of the mountain's backside, and now a 16-ton bulldozer is enthroned on top to push dynamited rock over the side. So far almost two million tons of stone have been blasted away—about five times what was removed from the presidential heads on Mount Rushmore.

The idea for Crazy Horse Memorial came from an aged Sioux, Chief Henry Standing Bear, in 1939, while Korczak was assisting in the carving of Mount Rushmore. But before Korczak could translate the idea into reality, World War II put an end to mountain carving. Korczak spent three war years overseas as an antiaircraft artillery sergeant. While in the service, a favorable legal settlement of a real-estate speculation claim brought him a windfall of $35,000; with that, in 1946, he came back west, found Thunderhead Mountain (the original name of Crazy Horse Mountain), bought a decrepit ranch at its base, and staked out mining claims (which give him the right to blast).

From the first, there was strong opposition to any tampering with the natural beauty of Thunderhead Mountain, notably from Harold L. Ickes, then Secretary of the Interior, who said, "I will not permit you to deface my mountains." The initial scratch was made in the summer of 1948, and from then on Crazy Horse Memorial was the target of considerable local controversy, much of it hairsplitting. Didn't Indians wear braids into battle? Wouldn't Red Cloud have been the better chief to commemorate? Ziolkowski countered all contention by stating that his ultimate objective in creating the statue is to build a cultural and health center for all Indians—a museum, university and hospital—the statue being the gimmick, so to speak, to attract support for the proposed institutions.

From the beginning things were rough—and they got progressively worse. An adequate home had to be built to replace the tumbledown ranch buildings. Typical of his flamboyance, Korczak built one to match his dream: of 70-foot-long logs, with a 30-foot skylight and fireplaces a man could walk into without taking off his hat; for that masterwork, he cut 10,000 feet of timber, by hand ax. Impatient creditors constantly nipped at Korczak's heels; process servers and sheriff's deputies were periodic nuisances. In 1949, Korczak's first wife left him in the lurch. There were other setbacks that would have crushed a much stronger man, but Korczak never faltered. Prizing his independence, he resisted all efforts to bring federal aid to the project. (Mount Rushmore was financed by nearly a million dollars of U.S. government money.)

There never has been even a hint of procrastination from Korczak about the work. He has been broke and badly bent, but never aimless. He thrives on challenge; his major feuds and minor fusses with South Dakota officialdom are famous well beyond the state's borders. He

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Korczak's most outrageous caper was the one he and his cronies engaged in after he'd gone west after the war. They dug up the bones of Indian Chief Sitting Bull from their burial place at Fort Yates in North Dakota—right from under the noses of the military—and transplanted them to what Korczak considered a more appropriate resting place in South Dakota. Public officials were scandalized, but nothing came of the uproar, for by the time the grave robbing was discovered, the remains were resting under 20 tons of cement, a high pedestal weighing an additional six tons, and supporting a seven-ton granite portrait bust of the great leader (whacked out gratis by Korczak). There was the further barrier of a high wire-mesh fence topped with barbed wire.

Korczak's violent but honest approach to life, his insistence on perfection, his fierce dedication to his work, often upset what helpers he is able to attract. One Japanese assistant actually tried on several occasions to commit *hara-kiri;* an Indian paratrooper, who'd faced up to 400 daring jumps, couldn't stand the gaff of working at Crazy Horse. The only associate, aside from his level-headed wife, consistently able to tolerate Korczak's tempestuous outbursts is an old German carpenter named Emil Uherka, who has been with Crazy Horse almost since its inception.

Ziolkowski is regarded by many merely as a bearded clown, a gruff big bear with a whacky idea. "Everybody thinks I'm nuts," he often says. To be sure, he may be eccentric, but he is also a rare man trying to ennoble and dignify the American Indian's largely ignored contribution to our heritage. **—Bill Ballantine**

A GI NEWSPAPER THE BRASS CAN'T KILL

[*Continued from page* 54]

We're on the streets, but without a page five, or the back of it, page six."

"What the hell! Who did it?" demanded editor Curt Daniell.

"Viet Nam government censors—Premier Ky's boys," replied an *OW* staffer. "They now grab every copy we unload from the planes, take them downtown and go over them. But this isn't Ky's work alone. You-Know-Who puts them up to it. They just ripped the page out and our readers are going around Saigon asking, 'what happened to page five, what was on it?' "

The censored-out page five had contained startling charges, with a banner headline: "MULTIMILLION $ SCANDAL ROCKS U.S. TAXPAYERS." The story alleged that a vast epidemic of corruption, waste and theft was sweeping Viet Nam. It quoted sources which stated that American military officials were allowing $1 million per day in war supplies to be stolen from ports and warehouses. It also linked U.S. Army authorities and American and Vietnamese civilian contractors in a kickback arrangement on contracts. Moreover, said *OW,* American funds were being extorted from contractors by the guerrillas in the form of "taxes," and were reaching the pockets of the Viet Cong leaders.

The story later broke into the open in Stateside publications, but the GI's own favorite newspaper was not permitted to publish its report of the scandal for its readers on the scene.

The missing page five was, in fact, one of the best examples of why a publishing venture launched in Germany 16 years ago on a $3,000 shoestring today has become a property worth about $1 million. The censored page also explained why *OW* has taken the play away from the Army's venerable *Stars and Stripes,* and various weak-kneed English-language papers published in Europe and the Far East.

Cartoonist Bill Mauldin has compared the *Stars and Stripes* to stale mush. A four-star general directs publication and a bird colonel is editor-in-chief. The daily claims to have 135,000 readers, but many a GI will say, "*Stripes* is no friend of ours—*OW* is our buddy. That little bastard isn't afraid of anybody, and it's our best protection against getting reamed by the brass."

The official daily avoids any criticism of the Establishment. This policy caused a furor in February when *Stripes* ran a story about the arrest of Michael A. McGhee, 19-year-old son of the U.S. ambassador to West Germany, George C. McGhee. Col. George E. Moranda, public affairs officer at Army headquarters in Heidelberg, Germany, had refused to kill the article, which reported that young McGhee was arrested in California on a charge of driving under the influence of LSD. *OW,* of course, had run the story. Colonel Moranda was reassigned. The Pentagon denied that Moranda's transfer had anything to do with the McGhee story, but a Congressional subcommittee conducted an investigation of the case.

A *Stripes* reporter, however, can go anywhere. But *OW* reporters, legmen and photographers have it tough. They've been banned from garrisons, cursed, punched and shadowed, and on one occasion shot at. One photographer was beaten almost to death. "We know our office phones have been tapped," *OW* executives say. "Friendly agents in the Counter Intelligence Corps have admitted this to us. Bribes have been offered our reporters to tell where we get our information."

One man who knows very well the perils of getting stories for *OW* is reporter Bob Stokes, a husky, handsome ex-military-intelligence-agent who handled German beats before moving to the Saigon bureau. Stokes was wearing his arm in a sling this past winter, the result of a wound he received from the Viet Cong in January while covering a Marine helicopter mission. "In Europe," Stokes said, "in the cold war, local government censors don't bother us much. Our main problem there is U.S. Seventh Army brass, which thinks it is holy and above criticism. But Premier Ky's boys are murder. Viet Nam is their country, it's their war and what can we do when they get out the blue pencil?"

How does the *OW* consistently come

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"He's sorry—he had to take a client to lunch."

up with information which escapes others? Can it be believed? Many of its disclosures smack so much of magic—go so far beyond ordinary journalistic enterprise—that the tabloid's enemies say it manufactures sensation out of whole cloth. "In that case," replies Curt Daniell, "why haven't we paid libel damages? We've been taken to court, but we haven't lost a libel suit yet. What we print may be 'crude' and it may hurt—but it's the truth."

Many of the questions about *OW's* remarkable ability to tell hot tales can be answered by a visit to an old stone building at 19 Schillerstrasse, in Frankfurt. There the paper is put together in a drafty, cavernous newsroom by a group of young men, mostly in their early 30's, who could have stepped out of a Ben Hecht yarn of the wild, wacky, Chicago yellow-press days of the 1920's.

The staffers wear sweaters and khaki pants and drink beer as they work. The 60-foot-long newsroom is a junk heap of littered files, food cartons, cigar butts, overflowing wastebins and war souvenirs. The secretaries are shapely, mini-skirted *fraüleins*, or recruits from London or the U.S. Windows are grimy. The furniture is beat-up, walls are covered with pinup nudes and the typewriters are old, rickety models. The office boy rushes beers from a nearby bar, and cussing is standard.

"The joint may look like hell," says six-feet-four-inch, 220-pound Charlie Barr, a 28-year-old former student at Cornell University, who took an Army discharge five years ago to join *OW* as a reporter. "But we work much harder here than we'd ever work on a Stateside newspaper. Call it responsibility to the guys we left behind in the Army. Or call it using *OW* as our training ground for a newspaper job back home some day. Whatever it is, we enjoy a job where we can write anything that's honest, without political interference, knowing that it helps give the GI some sort of even break in a world he didn't ask for and which works strictly to his disadvantage."

The surprisingly small staff of seven reporters—there is a total of only 15 people on the editorial payroll—earn subpar salaries: $300 to $450 monthly. Their working week runs 60 to 70 hours, Sunday often included. Deskmen-editors earn $50 to $100 more, but work even longer. "Beat men," who cover various European-British-Far East commands, drive an average of 2,500 miles per month over ice-sheeted roads or jungle trails, draw no overtime pay, sleep in cut-rate hostels and sometimes out in the open. For this, they're expected to produce the kind of news the Armed Forces do not want disclosed. To get their stories they have to hang out in bars and deadfalls where contacts can be made, haunt military courts for hidden items of evidence, and float in and out of officers' clubs, psycho wards and military jails. "You want to see how we get a lot of our stories?" says Charlie Barr. "Stick around."

Before long, the tough, burly Barr picks up his ringing phone. "Okay, don't get excited," he tells the caller. "Give it to me nice and slow."

The caller is a Pfc. attached to the 35th Artillery Group in Bamberg, Germany. "We've had a sonofabitch of a fight between our unit and 40 Germans," he says. "The Army wants to keep it quiet, but there was blood all over the street. About 25 of our guys are in the stockade and scheduled for dishonorable discharges." The informant describes the brawl: knives, razors, clubs and broken bottles were used when German toughs attacked GI's who were leaving a company party in a *gasthaus*.

"What started it?" asks Charlie Barr.

"A Kraut cabdriver called us 'filthy foreign pigs' when we tried to rent his cab. We told him off. Then we got jumped by a whole bunch of Hermanns. We were knocking hell out of them when five jeepsful of MP's broke it up."

"What about witnesses? Are there any who aren't in custody that we can talk to?" Barr wants leads that will help him verify the facts of the incident.

"Five or six. Some of the guys got away."

"Okay," says Barr, "I'll be in Bamberg tomorrow with a photographer." Knowing the Army won't permit interviews with the charged men, he asks, "Where can I meet you and the witnesses, without anybody knowing it?" The GI names a spot. Barr agrees, hangs up and, turning to editor Curt Daniell, says, "Big rumble in the 35th Artillery. Sounds like our boys are in jail without good reason. I'll get going."

With nothing more said, Barr later picks up his photographer and drives, overnight, to Bamberg. No other English-language publication or press syndicate is interested in Bamberg's worst GI-German outbreak in several years. But *OW* checks it out closely. Barr talks to all the sources he can reach, the German faction included. Photographs show how the riot originated.

Once Barr has full details, the local commander and his public-relations aides have no choice but to talk to him. Barr's questions leave no room for evasive answers. *OW's* coverage of the incident brings the story out into the open, and in the glare of publicity the GI's later get a fair hearing.

Phones ring from midmorning to 3 a.m. at 19 Schillerstrasse. Dozens of enlisted men appeal to *OW* each week, and the majority of "big" stories—cruelty to or harassment of the ranks—reach the office as tips from victimized GI's, or their pals or wives. "Every goddam soldier in Europe seems to be a spy for your sheet!" a major bitterly told Charlie Barr recently. Barr considered. "No, only one in about every two or three," he replied.

One 1965 day Bob Stokes received a call which left him pale with anger. "Mr. Big-Nuts, the colonel down here," whispered the tipster, "is roping guys together. Their heads are shaved and they're paraded around the camp like horse thieves."

Busting down to the garrison town of Hanau, near Frankfurt, Stokes got past gate guards and wandered around the post. "Walk past the 'beast pen' at 3 o'clock. You'll see something," hissed a corporal.

OW got photos which showed Pvts.

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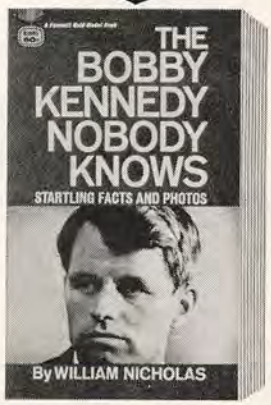

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"She wasn't really sinking, you know. I just got sick of all those women and children."

Manual J. Montoya, 19, and Richard Melotti, 20, hog-tied together by a quarter-inch tent rope and led around the grounds by guards like dogs on a leash. They showed head-shaven troopers Mike Brist and Albert McDonald roped together out in the blazing sun.

Stokes went deeper and learned that the order for the treatment came from Lt. Col. Lochlin W. Caffey, a 42-year-old West Pointer. The *Weekly* reported that not just one, but five companies of men were affected. Colonel Caffey's explanation: a move to cut down the incidence of AWOL's.

Third Armored Division CO, Maj. Gen. Walter Kerwin, moved in at once. General Kerwin transferred Caffey, a captain and a lieutenant far away—by federal law the treatment was a criminal offense. At Mainz, Germany, in a similar case where clubs and pool cues were used to beat men, *OW's* exclusive account brought courts-martial convictions of four officers and noncoms.

Another key member of the staff is Mike Pavich, blond and hulking. From San Francisco, an ex-Air Force sergeant who earlier worked on the Hong Kong *Standard,* 30-year-old Pavich stands six-feet-two. Pavich's network of GI informants is so extensive that recently the Army's Criminal Investigation Division offered him a job as an undercover agent. "I refused. Why should I fink on the same American troops that *OW* is out to defend?" says Pavich.

Size and weight can be an advantage in a job like Pavich's. *OW* photographer Heinz Leitermann was once beaten into a bloody wreck while on an assignment. Some months ago, Pavich almost got it himself. "A lieutenant was on trial for carnal knowledge of a German girl of 17. My job," Pavich recalls, "was to get a photo of him as he left the courtroo t."

Suddenly six officers surrounded I vich, blocking him from the lieutena t. Fists slammed into his side as he stoc l at the top of a high staircase. The officers were about to shove him down the stairs, when Pavich knocked his assailants away and cleared an escape path. "But meanwhile," he says, "the lieutenant ran out a side door. I followed and chased the guy for 15 minutes, up and down streets, through a motor pool and finally into a kitchen. He was hiding behind a cooking pot. It made a swell picture." The officer was sentenced to one year in jail and dismissed from the service.

Enlisted men who rape, steal, kill or sell U.S. secrets get no preferential treatment in the paper. Although feeling against the officer class is powerful, *OW* covers its beat impartially. The paper spent as much money revealing, in 1965, that a sergeant named Glen Rohrer was a Russian spy as it did in breaking the news, in 1961, that Air Force Capt. Joseph Kauffman was an espionage plant of the Soviet.

Back in 1952 the *Weekly* pulled a brash but telling stunt. It dressed one of its advertising salesmen, named Ed Cate, as a German officer. The getup combined parts of the SS, Army and police uniforms. Cate strolled into an Army PX in Frankfurt. No one questioned him. Guards leaped up to salute. Cate strutted about and then strolled out, receiving more salutes. "This is security?" asked *OW,* printing a photo of Cate leaving the PX. "What happened to the guarantee that only GI's and other ID-card carriers may enter the sacred confines of an American PX overseas?" Red-faced generals could find no answer.

The *Weekly,* at the time, was less than two years old and already was making trouble for the authorities. Behind the gadfly attitude were the paper's four founders—three men and a woman. The men, Capt. Charles Garnett, Capt. Jim Ziccarelli and Sgt. Joe Oswald, were scheduled to receive Air Force discharges in 1950. They joined forces that year with Marion Rospach, a young California newspaperwoman, to launch *OW,* on a bankroll so thin and on a theory so shaky that no one believed they could succeed.

The four chipped in $3,000. Unable to afford an office, they worked out of their homes and in the back seat of an elderly Volkswagen. They had less than 100 subscribers, almost no advertising revenue and no reporter staff. And soon they owed $10,000. With a sigh of relief the three men dropped out—frozen on duty when the Korean War began.

"Our theory was," says Marion Rospach, who today, at 39, remains *OW's* publisher-owner, "that servicemen in Europe would welcome a free press. There seemed to be a large vacuum in that department. But with creditors howling and nobody buying us, I began to think we'd been crazy to try it." Carrying on alone, the stubby, stubborn Marion concluded that what *OW* needed was more dynamism. She looked around.

In Orleans, France, GI's were living in misery in muddy swamps. In Germany, black-market racketeers were cleaning up, obviously in collusion with certain U.S. officials. Across Europe, as any soldier knew, "The Organization," a syndicate which held control of military supply centers and some PX's, was earning millions by kiting prices. Publisher Rospach borrowed fresh money. Hiring a couple of experienced reporters, she went after these stories. They found out plenty and *OW* printed it. By 1953 her paper had 15,000 readers and was showing a small profit. It was also in so much disfavor that USAREUR (U.S. Army in Europe) cancelled its contract for distribution on newsstands and in bookstores operated by the government.

Flying to Washington, Marion Rospach begged then-Sen. William Knowland of California for help. "The Army says the paper is lewd and uses too much crime and sexy art," she said, "but the real reason is that we criticize—harshly."

Knowland, a publisher himself, bris-

tled. The Hearst organization also gave support. Rospach filed suit against the ban, naming Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson as a defendant.

The Army backed down and the tabloid returned to base stands, but enough months had passed to cut circulation by nearly half and *OW* was barely able to hang on. A $15-a-month office-rental arrangement with the sympathetic Overseas Press Club in Frankfurt helped save it. "I'm a stubborn broad, you know," says Rospach today, nervously chain-smoking and sputtering her words "We kept on printing the news as it happened."

These days the lady publisher stays in the background and Curt Daniell and his male associates run the shop. Daniell is a guy who moves fast at all times. He drives a racing-geared Porsche and has a pretty German wife. Drafted into the Army in 1958, he was the son of a veteran New York *Times* reporter and a graduate of New York's Bard College. He did two years' service in Europe and then stuck around the continent because he liked it. Joining *OW* as a reporter, he soon jumped to the news editorship. Daniell has developed GI "stringers" in a dozen countries who feed him the inside poop.

One of *OW's* most important scoops—the Walker story—came because of the habit of listening to all tips, and investigating even the least of them. In March, 1961, an anonymous phone voice said, "General Walker's orderly was just found dead at the wheel of the general's car. Nobody knows why."

It turned out there was no story in the dead orderly, but in asking questions about the death, reporters Sig Naujocks and John Dornberg sensed something else wrong at Flak Kaserne, Augsburg, General Walker's headquarters. Troopers were afraid to talk. But a few did, and over a period of several months, bit by bit, Dornberg and Naujocks pieced together the story that rocked the Pentagon and White House. After the *OW* exposé broke, Walker was relieved from command.

OW's success depends on its news sources, and the authorities would like to cut them off. Daniell says: "The Army's spooks—intelligence agents—have tried bribing *OW* staff men and ex-staffers and they've tried getting them drunk. They've shadowed our reporters to find out how we know so much about what's going on. They haven't found out a hell of a lot."

While the *Weekly* clams up on most of its methods, several are evident. Such reporters as Mike Pavich and Charlie Barr, as former GI's, have close friends within noncom, MP and military-intelligence circles. "These men," a former *Weekly* executive confides, "don't like injustice and they leak many big ones to the paper." The *Weekly* also is the only publication abroad which takes the trouble to cover every one of the thousands of courts-martial.

OW always protects its sources. The Army, for instance, is still trying to learn how *OW* blew the lid off a private officers'-club party at Darmstadt, Germany, in March, 1965. Sixteen officers, dressed in white Ku Klux Klan sheets and carrying burning crosses paraded about, drinking and chanting.

"And while that went on," angrily exploded the *Weekly*, "Negro GI's were forced to serve food and drink to these people."

In spite of heavy pressure, *OW* never revealed the names of its informants. In the end, admitting the story was true, the Army punished the KKK demonstrators.

"That edition was good for 5,000 extra sales," the paper's circulation manager says with satisfaction.

OW's financial future in Europe may be affected by recent Congressional moves to reduce U.S. forces there by one half. However, publisher Rospach and associates are splitting a sizeable profit from their business success. In 1950 they struggled along almost without advertising, despite only a 30 cents-per-agate-line charge. Today charges are triple and the *Weekly* is heavy with the ads of major firms, backing up a monthly gross of about $60,000 on sales and subscriptions. But the profit margin comes from other sources—*OW* has spawned a variety of other enterprises. These include Europe's largest color-film processing plant, the German distributorship of Ansco products and a companion publication, *The Overseas Family*.

Nowadays the *OW* staffer can look forward to a comfortable vacation. He gets five weeks off per two years of work—and at the end of the two-year period he gets a free plane ticket for a trip back to the States.

Beyond doubt, the toughest challenge ever to confront the independent voice of the GI is the action prohibiting its sale on Indochina bases, particularly in Viet Nam. Last January the First Air Cavalry men in An Khe, north of Saigon, signed petitions demanding that *OW* be allowed to reach them.

"We know the brass hate our guts," say Daniell, Pavich, Barr, Bob Stokes and others who make it all happen. "But in one sense it's a compliment. It shows we eyewash nothing and don't give a damn about authoritarian attempts to eliminate us. Right now we can't get into Japan at all. The Pentagon has frightened Japanese distributors from handling us. The same thing goes for Formosa and Korea—even Hawaii. But, in the end, we'll get to the troops, the way we always have in the past—by demanding that right be done."

OW will undoubtedly keep right on demanding—the tabloid has one very big incentive. The troops are there, waiting for their newspaper. Bob Stokes saw this firsthand in Viet Nam during the action in which he received his wound. In the bullet-riddled helicopter with him were four badly-wounded Marines. "After they got a bandage on me," he wrote back to the editors in Frankfurt, "I looked around and two of those Marines, who had caught shrapnel and escaped by the skin of their teeth, were leaning back in that chopper and they were reading copies of *Overseas Weekly* which I'd brought along. Hell of a good thing to see. They'd never read us before. They told me they wanted to become subscribers."

—Al Stump

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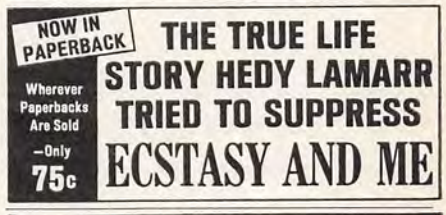
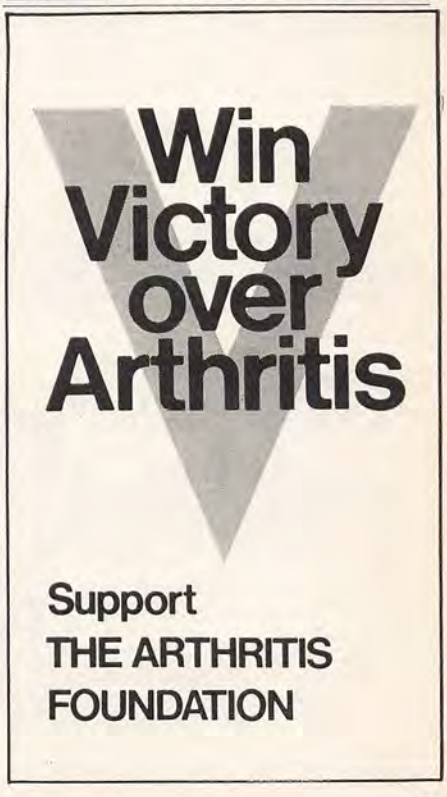




THE MAN WHO PREACHED FOR LOVE AND MONEY

[*Continued from page* 51]

for mail fraud, he returned to his suburban mansion near Phoenix with the sloe-eyed Connie to whip off a plea to his followers for contributions to fight his case. The return mail, according to postal officials, was heavy.

The career of the Prophet Jeffers is strong evidence that a man who appeals to the far-out believers can, in bountiful America, have fame, fortune and beautiful women. It also proves that he can survive while wars, depression, bankruptcy, fire, rape and suicide touch around him, and while divorce and even prison involve him personally. The one condition is that he have gall and the gift of gab to back up his brains.

Joe Jeffers even "survived" religion, for in the beginning he was an excellent Baptist evangelist. He was born in Alabama in 1899 and attended the University of Alabama, Howard College and Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas. After he had served in a series of pastorates, the Texas Baptist organization put him in charge of evangelism in the state. The year was 1927, and he made lovely Jessie his first bride and helpmate.

A fellow preacher on the gospel circuit still recalls the Jeffers of that time. "He was one of the most popular evangelists in the South and highly respected. We all thought he would go a long way."

He did, only not quite in the direction his superiors wished. Soon he began to make some rather novel "improvements" in Baptist theology. To give his ideas freer scope he set up his own sect, sometimes called the "March of Time," sometimes the "Voice of Prophecy." Touring the Bible Belt with revival meetings, he became a prime figure on regional radio. Prophecies flowed from his pen. Thousands jammed his meetings and the money poured in.

In the early 1930's Jeffers was heard to preach what was known as "British Israelism," an antiquated philosophy which interprets the Bible so as to arrive at the remarkable conclusion that the Lost Tribes of Israel are not the Jews, but the British. As with his earlier Baptist belief, Jeffers adapted this new one to his own purposes. He blended British Israelism with another set of venerable ideas, the so-called "pyramid philosophies." These maintain that the ancient Egyptians had demonstrated a particular knack for foretelling the future in the hieroglyphics they engraved on the pyramids. Backed by the prophets of old, Jeffers claimed an ability to see into the future—and masses of people believed him.

There was only one thing wrong: British Israelism smacks sharply of anti-Semitism. And since a German corporal named Adolf Hitler was then getting considerable attention, the connection in the public mind was inevitable.

Yet Jeffers was more entertaining in his predictions than the news—and better to look at than the comic strip heroes. Just under six feet tall, he was slender and extraordinarily handsome, with black hair and glistening eyes, soft full lips and a tremendous vitality. He also had what was then called "animal magnetism," and it made him extremely attractive to women. To the best of his considerable ability, Jeffers did his best to reciprocate their devotion.

For a while he settled in the Arkansas city of Jonesboro, and it was almost his undoing. He launched a vice crusade that stirred up both town and state. Jonesboro's mayor was attacked on the city-hall steps by self-appointed guardians of the public good. Jeffers' center of worship was then destroyed by a fire bomb. The governor of Arkansas ordered Jeffers to cease his defamatory preaching, and the situation was touch and go for a while. Finally Jeffers quit Jonesboro for Los Angeles. There, in 1934, he anchored his traveling tabernacle of prophecy amid the fertile nut groves of Southern California.

Among the thousands soon attracted by Jeffers' animal magnetism was a lovely Mormon named Zella Joy Wood. Slender and shapely, with a truly beautiful face, she had eyes only for Jeffers, a feeling he soon reciprocated. He divorced Jessie and, in 1938, married Joy.

But trouble was brewing. Jeffers' controversial preaching, with its British Israelite overtones, developed high-placed opposition. Some of the biggest names in Hollywood swore to get him.

The campaign against him started with unsubstantiated complaints to the district attorney that Jeffers was planning to burn down his church at 927 South Flower Street for its insurance, and that he was suspected of smuggling. When these gambits didn't work, the word was passed that wild parties were being held in Jeffers' swank Wilshire Boulevard apartment. Vincent Higgins, a detective from the DA's office, was assigned to investigate, and after a little thought he made some devious arrangements. In time he was to testify to, and the newspapers were to describe, the following series of events:

Early in March, 1939, Higgins moved into the apartment house in which Jeffers lived. Posing as a screen writer, he arranged with the landlady for an introduction to Joy. The first meeting was a casual one in the hallway. It was followed rapidly by other "accidental" encounters, which got friendlier. One day she suggested he come up and meet her husband. While he was in the apartment, she took him into the bedroom to show him her French perfumes, and dabbed his ear with some of the lethal potions. Jeffers, happy to have his bride making friends, suggested that Higgins return later for a little party.

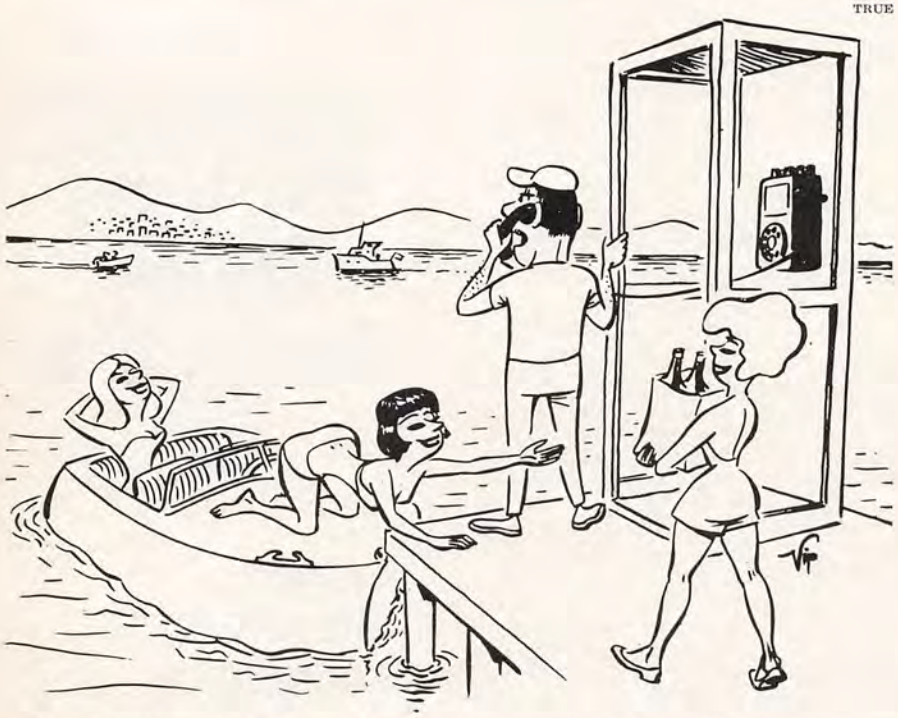
Higgins was happy to accept the invitation. His trap was ready. On the evening of March 20 he popped in on the party, already under way with Jeffers, Joy and a girl for Higgins, a recent acquaintance of the Jeffers named Marguerite Morgan. What the Jeffers didn't know was that Miss Morgan, a plumpish ostensible beauty operator, had been working with Higgins on the case from the start, and also that the apartment, after a certain discreet wiring procedure, was far from being soundproof.

The party started to roll with champagne and off-color jokes. Jeffers recalled some salty sights he and Joy had seen on their honeymoon in Europe. These brought to mind the book of fascinating photographs acquired in Paris. Out it came, and the four clustered on the couch to look at an unusual type of culture from the Continent.

As the pages turned, there were expressions of admiration from the art lovers. Then Higgins exclaimed, "Would you look at that—the woman's wearing a wedding ring!"

"What's wrong?" asked Jeffers.

Higgins, acting his part, stammered,



"You heard me, Sybil. I've suddenly become aware of the gulf between us."

"Well—I . . . guess I'm a schoolboy about these things."

Joy instantly eased the situation. "You probably need a good teacher."

Jeffers agreed. "He probably does."

Soon they all went into the bedroom, where, according to subsequent testimony, Joy and Jeffers divested themselves of their clothing and began to demonstrate for schoolboy Higgins some of those activities in which he had indicated his education was deficient.

Higgins observed with interest for a few moments, then opened his mouth and at the top of his lungs bellowed, "Mahatma Gandhi!" At the prearranged signal, a dozen cops and witnesses burst into the bedroom, with cameras whirring. Jeffers soared off the bed with a shout. Joy screamed and dived under it.

The cops declared they were taking the two down to the station for booking. "You come out of there," Higgins said to Joy, still under the bed, "and we'll be on our way."

Joy squealed her refusal to emerge until she was assured every man would turn his back while she dressed. At the station she confessed, "I love my husband and wanted to keep working with him to win him away from his peculiar ideas."

All this was great stuff for the papers, but legally what were the Jeffers to be accused of? After all, they were legally married. Ultimately, it was decided to charge them with violation of Section 288-A of the California Criminal Code, which makes it illegal for even married couples to engage in sexual activity other than that usually described as missionary style.

The trial began the following June before Superior Court Judge Charles W. Fricke and a jury of six men and six women, all married. The state's case was hopeless from the start. The chances of convicting a married couple under the obscure law were negligible, but Jeffers' enemies had a broader end in view. Once Jeffers was brought to trial, he would be discredited.

The court revelations rocked Los Angeles, though the city was long used to highly-publicized fun and games. For three weeks, sensation followed sensation. Miss Morgan, as a prosecution witness, testified that the bedroom scene at the time of the arrest was only the climax of a series of similar scenes in which she had been present while Jeffers and his wife, unclad, had committed "immoral" acts. The recording made of what went on in the bugged bedroom just before the raid was played to the jury, then a transcript of the words was read aloud.

But the earthquaker was the film. On the screen set up in the courtroom, it showed a naked couple on a bed, then a flurry of confusion, with the woman diving out of sight and the man leaping up to stand momentarily with his back to the camera. Hopping up and down with rage, he turned around—and the stunned viewers gasped as one.

Joy took the stand, weeping, to repudiate her "confession" and insist that she and her husband had been drugged by champagne, which they had never drunk before. Jeffers, carrying his Bible to the witness chair, repeated her denial of willful evil.

After hearing what came to 2,000 pages of sizzling testimony, the jury retired. Eleven hours later, a verdict: acquittal.

A wild demonstration broke out. Jeffers' believers sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" as he and Joy kissed. Then he led his flock in prayer. "Thank God," he said. "We had our fate in the hands of the Lord and the Lord has never lost a case."

But if Jeffers won his case, his enemies gained their end. He was hurt by the trial and lost much of his following.

Jeffers surveyed this outcome of the trial and accepted it. But if he had lost one audience, he was shrewd enough to find another. Groping again for a faith with mass appeal, he finally arrived at what he called the "Kingdom of Yahweh"—after an old Judaic name for God. Jeffers began to preach that Yahweh was the only true name for the Supreme Being, and that only those who addressed Him by His "right" name could gain entry into the "kingdom." Soon Jeffers began to refer to himself as the "prophet of Yahweh," and insisted that he alone could convey Yahweh's will to this earth. For several years he conveyed it very successfully.

But in 1943 there was a personal manifestation of Yahweh's will which read Joy out of the prophet's circle. She told Judge Caryl M. Sheldon at her divorce trial, "He thinks he is the reincarnation of Jesus. When we were married, he accepted me and my religious beliefs, but he told me he has changed and we're not of the same spirit. He said he is of another world, and I don't fit in any longer. He wouldn't let me attend meetings when the spirit was talking to him and the apostles. He even told me he had buried me. He said he took me to the mountains, had a burial ceremony and that I was out of his life."

Jeffers also testified. Asked the nature of his business, he replied, "I am a messenger of the Savior, my father, and tell His story to the nation and all peoples of the world." When he was accused of having tried to leave the state to avoid community property laws, he answered, "I am a child of Yahweh, the Creator, and He directs my daily moves. I am in the service of Yahweh and may leave today or five years from today. I go where He directs me."

It became apparent soon that Jeffers had been directed to Helen VeaBorge, a gorgeous blonde of Swedish extraction. A native of Olympia, Washington, she had been an upstanding church girl until a visiting preacher had decided to give her a little private tutoring. Later she made her way to Los Angeles, where Jeffers discovered her.

Shortly after his divorce, Jeffers, Helen and two other men traveled to Miami in a Cadillac specially equipped to burn butane gas instead of war-rationed gasoline. Joy, claiming the car was hers under the community property settlement, swore out a warrant for his arrest. It took a while for the FBI to find Jeffers, who had grown a beard and now affected a turban, but in 1944 he was convicted of interstate transportation of a stolen car. Sentence: four years.

In 15 months Jeffers was paroled, and he returned to Los Angeles with Helen, who had become wife number three. Soon she was "High Priestess Helene," in the Kingdom of Yahweh. Jeffers resumed the kingdom modestly at first, then in April, 1947 he went colossal by arranging the purchase by his group of "Eden," a 32-room palace on five acres

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of gardens at 2400 Laurel Canyon Boulevard, high above Hollywood. The home had been erected in the 1920's by a department-store executive for more than $1 million.

The place exceeded even Hollywood's lavish traditions. The indoor swimming pool, for example, was fully heated and equipped with dressing rooms. A three-story stairwell ran up the center of the building, and an oriental motif, with paneling in mahogany and exotic woods, had been followed in the decor of the halls and some of the larger rooms. Most of the rooms were finished in hand-painted wallpapers. Many walls were covered with tapestries.

Jeffers was generous with Eden's accommodations. Any follower of Yahweh could come here to live. He could spend the rest of his days toiling in joy for Yahweh and living off the fruits Yahweh in turn provided. All the follower had to do was sign over all his worldly possessions to the kingdom.

Money rolled in from the believers. Jeffers was again a smash. By September he was granting interviews to reporters. "We know everything that President Truman does," Jeffers said to one newspaperman, "because Huey Long covers the White House for us, sits in on every conference and reports everything that is said or done." At this time Long had been dead for 12 years, but Jeffers was a firm believer in the credibility of the unbelievable statement.

Furthermore, if any of his followers was brash enough to doubt, the prophet had a more fundamental source of information, which he described forthrightly. "The Creator's real name is Yahweh and He lives on Orion in the constellation of Taurus. We have been in communication with Him for years, but more directly in the last four or five years, because we have been using His true name. In the back of my head is a radio set which I use to talk to Yahweh. It's two-way—'Yah' going out to Orion and 'weh' coming back to me."

One of the interviewers, glancing about at Eden, asked how the kingdom came to do so well for the pastor. "Very simple," explained Jeffers, and offered an example. "We needed a good car for our workers to travel to conventions in. We asked Yahweh for His help and soon got a donation. So now we have a new Cadillac."

But if the kingdom of Yahweh was heavenly in Eden, Satan had his demons in the vicinity. The neighbors began to object to the nocturnal activities of the fauna amongst the garden flora. It was not the quiet, conventional kind of pastimes that aroused opposition, but noisy chanting and marching and praying in the wee hours of the morning. The city then tried to invoke zoning regulations against running a rooming house in a residential neighborhood, but Jeffers insisted the scores of people living in the sylvan setting were just servants. "Somebody has to rake the leaves," he said, and muttered a prayer. The prophet of Yahweh appeared to be triumphing over Satan.

Then, on October 11, 1947, two serpents in the form of federal marshals entered Eden with a warrant charging that Jeffers was in violation of his parole. Jeffers surrendered and was escorted to jail. At the lockup he shouted, "I have done nothing to warrant this. It is an outrage. I'm merely the spiritual advisor at the temple and I work for a salary."

The protest merely seemed to trip a flood. The next day attorneys Joseph L. Fainer and Jerrell Babb, who had represented Joy in her divorce, slapped a suit on Jeffers charging that he had bilked a 70-year-old man out of $10,000 in cash, plus various property, on a promise of care for the rest of his life. The attorneys said their client worked at the temple for 58 weeks without pay, then was kicked out.

Similar suits were filed, and by October 15, Jeffers might have welcomed a retreat to the federal temple of detention. But there were still the faithful, among them Helene. She said, "I love him and I'll stick by him through thick and thin. I'm sure he has not violated his parole."

Joy, ex-wife number two, was also sticking to Jeffers, in her way. Through attorneys Babb and Fainer she hauled him back into court, claiming he owed

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$5,160 in back alimony. Collect alimony from Jeffers? It would have been easier to bleed a nickel.

"All I have," he swore on the stand, "is the untold treasure held in trust for me by Yahweh, amounting to some $400 to 500 billion, deposited over thousands of years on Orion."

"How come," asked the attorney, "you can live in a mansion and drive a Cadillac if all the money is on Orion?"

"I am paid only in goods and services," said Jeffers. "I don't own the residence on Laurel Canyon Boulevard or any other property. Dozens of automobiles are available to me because Yahweh owns all the automobiles in the world. The only diamonds and jewels I have are in the sky with Yahweh, but we may be seeing them soon. I play the pipe organ and the ukulele, but don't own either. My only insurance is eternal life, paid up with Yahweh. Over $100,000 is due me from collections congregations have taken when I preached, but never paid me. My former wife, Joy, took $13,000 worth of property from me. An attorney representing my former wife owes me $150,000 for the damages he did my work and character. And you, attorney Babb, by your acts, have damaged me beyond a dollar estimate."

At this point, Jeffers pulled a grandstand play which even Babb had to admire. He reached in his pocket and, spreading all his money on the railing of the witness stand, counted it aloud. "This is all I have, $1.53—everything else belongs to Yahweh. And this is merely symbolic of what the Messiah did when He was here before—He caught 153 fish."

Jeffers' lack of attachable funds, however, could not keep him out of prison on the parole violation charge. His days in Los Angeles were ended. Helene, not wanting to dip into the treasure on Orion, put Eden into bankruptcy.

When Jeffers got out of prison in 1949, he and Helene went to Houston, where they resumed their professional partnership. They preached as a team, first Helene, then Jeffers, to reach both men and women in their audiences. They drew sizeable crowds and good collections, helped out by newspaper publicity which called theirs a "free love" cult.

After Houston they played Miami, then, in 1955, Denver. By this time Helene was more of a show than Jeffers. Gowned in form-hugging white, she'd stand before her audience and proclaim her own prophecy: the world was going to capsize. Warming to doom, she'd raise her hands above her head and talk of the need for love, the salvation of love, the joys of giving oneself to love—and as she spoke she undulated her hips until even the most unloving in the audience began to believe there might be something to the subject after all.

As the "blonde bombshell," she soared far ahead of Jeffers, and the team broke up. In October, 1956, she filed for divorce and won an interlocutory decree. When she opened her own temple in Denver, Jeffers moved to Phoenix. For the first time he was a prophet without a prophetess.

Helene did all right for a while, with good crowds listening to her prophecies. Then on March 8, 1957, while she was working late in her headquarters on Denver's California Street, a neatly dressed, soft-spoken man forced his way into her office. When the janitor answered her screams, he was knifed critically by the intruder, who then raped Helene and clouted her on the head. Helene was taken to a hospital, but found little the worse for wear and released.

Visibly upset, she spent the next day at a friend's home. Worried about the wounded janitor, she wailed that he might die because of her. To calm her nerves she had several belts of whisky, then about 7 p.m. announced she was going to bed. At that time, and again an hour later, her friend saw her drinking chocolate in her room. Helene said she had whisky in it.

At 11:30 the next morning, her friend entered the room and found her dead. Homicide detectives rushed in, and the Denver papers screamed murder. But the coroner said cause of death was an overdose of barbiturates augmented by alcohol. Helene was ruled a suicide, but no one was quite sure.

Jeffers rushed back to Denver with his own answers. Giving the eulogy at her funeral, he said, "She is not dead. Her spirit is alive and she is still with

us. She told us in a meeting last night she must rest for two weeks from the blow on her head before she can tell us the complete truth."

Helene dead had given him a new set of ideas, and he knew the market for them. Returning to Phoenix, he quickly announced that Helene was safe on Orion, sitting on the right hand of Yahweh—where she would, for a fee, report all things past, present and future to Jeffers, the earthly prophet. He took with him from Denver Helene's secretary, Connie Maldonado, to help with the expected rush of celestial messages. Connie was comely, curvy, and just 18. She became wife number four.

The two began operating on a grand scale, with gorgeous Connie, poured into an appropriate gown, acting as a medium at seances. The paying participants sat around a table and held hands while she communicated with ex-employer Helene or Huey Long on Orion. And what communication! Not only could she reach loved ones and friends who had passed on, but she could communicate with the *you* that had passed on. You could learn the *true* facts about yourself in previous lives.

Jeffers was now peddling reincarnation, and, as usual, the farther out his story, the more he was believed. It was even possible to get the word by mail. Anyone interested in his spiritual genealogy could send in the necessary information about himself—with cash—and Jeffers and Connie would conduct a seance for him and furnish a complete biography of his previous earthly existences. For a larger fee the customer could get a drawing—and for a still larger sum an oil painting—of himself in a previous life. Money poured in at the estimated rate of $150,000 a year.

It did not reach Jeffers unnoticed. Postal inspectors, who take a dim view of using the mails for communicating with outer space, located a middle-aged matron in Lost Creek, West Virginia, who had been making paintings of nonexistent people for two years and sending them to Phoenix. She said she thought it strange that she was to make up faces, but the pay was good and she never knew what happened to the "portraits."

The inspectors were interested in what happened to the money from the pictures. It had been observed that Jeffers and Connie were habitués of horse and dog tracks. Jeffers had been a racing fan for about five years, ever since he had received a message from Yahweh to bet on a certain nag. It won, and Jeffers had been carrying out the divine mandate on four-footed track runners ever since. Naturally Connie was now helping him put the money down.

The question that concerned the postal inspectors was: who owned the money for the bets? They felt that Jeffers and Connie were using Temple of Yahweh funds and were even cashing temple checks at the track. There was nothing for it but to arrest the two, and on January 16, 1964 they were charged with 13 counts of mail fraud.

Released on bail, they immediately opened a counterattack against Yahweh's enemies. Jeffers began bombarding his followers with letters accusing the government of framing him and asking their help in raising $100,000 to fight the court battle to come.

The trial was delayed until December, 1966. Then Jeffers' attorneys based their defense on the contention that the government was interfering with the free exercise of religion, contrary to the Bill of Rights. But the jury convicted both defendants on all counts. The judge sentenced them each to three years in prison, and suspended the terms. They were also fined $6,500, and ordered to stop peddling the phony reincarnation pictures and using their religious collections for private gain.

Postal inspectors realized they hadn't ended the Kingdom of Yahweh, nor, in fact, had they tried to—Orion is too far out for earthly control. But they did hope they'd short-circuited the divine messages about the ponies.

At this writing they can't be entirely sure. When the trial had ended with Jeffers' conviction, he promptly whipped off another series of letters to his believers, denouncing the verdict and soliciting a new war chest for an appeal.

Who could doubt that he would get it? A-a-amen, brother. —**Robert Liston**

THE FIRST UGLY AMERICANS

[*Continued from page* 59]

a $75,000 home Dempsey had bought for his mother, and traded it for a Los Angeles hotel—without informing Jack. Doc filled the hotel with nonpaying boxers, wrestlers and bums. Each room was equipped with a baby-grand piano. Kearns knew a lot of girls and when a girl was nice to him, he gave her a piano. On the day the hotel went out of business, not a piano remained. Fired as manager by Dempsey in 1926, Doc sued him for, in turn, $333,333.33, $249,999.99, $333,333.33, again and finally, $701,063. He collected nothing, but as Doc always pointed out with pride, neither did Kearns' lawyers, creditors and ex-wives.

Upon Internal Revenue's threat to prosecute him back in '22, Kearns quickly took to the high seas. On the journey's first leg—England—there were two highlights. Concerning the first, the British press sputtered, "Such lowlifery is unbelievable." Damon Runyon described what happened by saying that all of his life he'd wanted to hear a genuine Englishman, on his native soil, exclaim, "Upon my word!" His wish came true at the English Derby. Seated with his group in a box at Epsom Downs, Kearns noticed an elegantly dressed man with a beard and ruddy nose, proceeding down an aisle, followed by a large crowd. Kearns shouted, "Hey, boys, look at the dude in the stovepipe hat. Some getup!"

It was King George V of England.

Upon learning this, and before he could be bodily thrown out, Kearns

[*Continued on page* 98]

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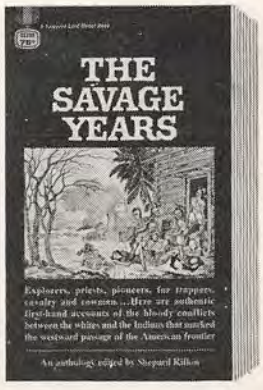

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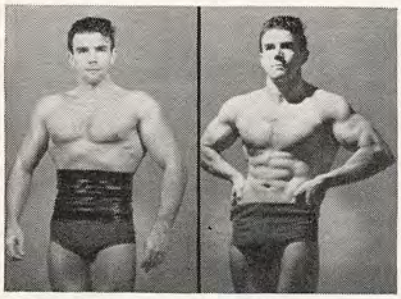

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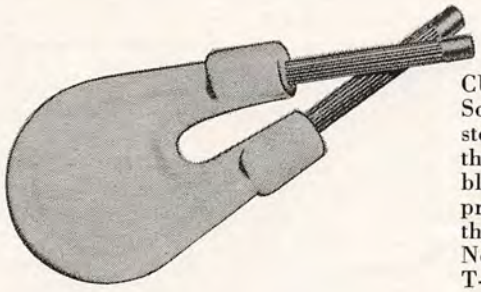

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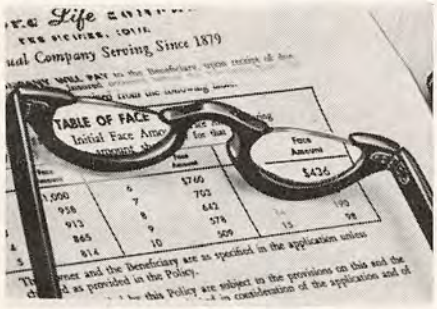

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[*Continued from page* 95]
jumped over a railing and advanced on His Britannic Majesty, beaming ingratiatingly. "Hello, King, I'm Jack Kearns and it's a great pleasure," he announced rapidly. "How'd you like to meet the heavyweight champ of the world?"

At Kearns' direction, and while George V and Scotland Yard stood stunned, Dempsey came climbing over the rail. It was then that Runyon, hiding his head in his hands in humiliation, heard it from an amazed observer: "*'pon my word!*"

Battling Benjamin—chief threat to lightweight titleholder Benny Leonard back home and out to make his publicity as he went—took it upon himself, another night, to settle the Irish Question. No more explosive issue existed in the United Kingdom than Irish independence. At an exclusive London club, Benjamin raised the subject. His pro-Irish remarks led to an exchange of hot words between Lord Castleton, an Irish peer, and the Duke of Manchester.

Appointing himself matchmaker, Benjamin took Castleton into a cloakroom. "Listen, pal," he said, "don't let this tub of guts push you around. Smack him one in the eye. I'll show you how." He arranged his lordship's hands, feet and chin and gave him a boxing lesson.

Castleton smiled grimly. He went back and took a wallop at the duke. The duke swung from his heels. Both missed and fell down. The two middle-aged noblemen rolled on the floor, screaming and hairpulling.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE the London *Times* headlined; the "pug and agitator," Benjamin, said an editorialist, was a guest the country could do nicely without. Kearns? He had committed *lèse majesté*. Out with the bounder! About then Doc decided it was time to blow England in favor of the continent. "That damned Benjamin," he complained to Runyon, "has wrecked our social standing." Runyon just shook his head.

The group moved a half-ton of trunks filled with expensive clothing across the channel, set up multiple adjoining suites at the Crillon Hotel and held a party which made Parisian history. In one three-day period Kearns spent $20,000. The rooms overflowed with horse touts, the local fight mob, a mixture of Americans in Paris and enough m'amselles of various types to stock the Folies Bergere along with Pig Alley. The anti-Dempsey feeling in France was more than offset by the desire of Frenchwomen to admire the *champion du monde* close up. Traffic became unmanageable, so Kearns hired bellhops to weed out the prettiest girls and steer them to several bars he'd set up. A bedroom adjoined each bar. Doc, Jack and Joe didn't come up for air for days at a time. Runyon, who was neither a lover nor a playboy, couldn't sleep amidst the revelry. "I'm extremely sick," he said, "of lingerie draped over lamps and floozies asleep here, there and even in my bathtub. I think French broads invented snoring."

But no man is an island unto himself—not in these circumstances. Runyon moved into a private room. At 2 a.m. Benjamin and Dempsey carried a pair of coquettes in on their backs, dropped them on the sleeping Runyon and ran out, locking all exits from the outside. "I don't know what happened," Battling Benjamin commented afterward, "but the Demon didn't knock down any doors to get out. Personally, I think he figured the price was right and if he couldn't beat us why not join us?"

By the time Kearns and Company advanced by train on Berlin weeks later, something significant, at last, had come of the trip. Runyon began listening to Benjamin talk. It was a weird mixture of the Tenderloin argot of Joe's native San Francisco and the language of Broadway. Joe was a man of many places. Originally, he and Dempsey had ridden the rods together, surviving railroad bulls and hunger by the skin of their teeth. Then had come money—big money and flashy living. Benjamin spoke of the Louse Kid, a Frisco bookie, "who gets carved up quite some" by his customers for welshing on bets. He used expressions new to Runyon, such as "plenty of ticker" for bravery and "away up in the paint cards" for high blood pressure. Joe habitually spoke of himself in the third person, as in "Benjamin misses the guys and dolls back in Frisco."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Being Jewish, Joe said "trumbinich" for a wise guy and "nasher" for one who continuously eats choice morsels. In 1922 Runyon was a sportswriter-commentator with little fiction writing to his credit. Now, absorbing this, he began to think of taking such characters as Benjamin—known as "The Looking Glass Kid," for his vanity—and putting them into stories. "God knows I knew enough characters," he was to say one day, "but with nothing else to write about on this cockeyed trip, I saw Joe as the archetype of America's *demimonde* and began to make notes. . . ." Within a few years came the first of Runyon's "Dave the Dude" pieces, then an array of Broadway guys and dolls, and from there he made literary history.

He might also have been inspired to write his classic poem, "All Horse Players Die Broke," after watching Doc Kearns toss away $1,000 and $2,000 per day at European tracks, which alarmed Dempsey more than somewhat—it being Jack's money earned against the likes of Gunboat Smith, Bill Brennan, Fireman Jim Flynn and the giant Jess Willard. "Dammit, Doc," complained Dempsey, "at least leave us boat fare home."

"What, and let those Revenue bastards take it!" cried Kearns, wounded. "Jeez, Jack, you got to grow up. The way to make big money is to spend big money. Make a lotta noise."

Women prizefighters were popular in Berlin and Dempsey watched, fascinated, at Friedrichstodt Arena, as 190-pound Emma Finkenkeller K.O.'d her opponent in three rounds. "Naturally," related Runyon later, "Emma showed up at the hotel full of romance. She had the hots for Dempsey. Jack locked himself in his room. But even if the Looking-Glass Kid Benjamin was giving away 60-some pounds and six inches in height, he took the lady on. What the hell? Hadn't Doc told the world it was a goodwill tour?"

As in London and Paree, the travelers made what amounted to a mandatory exit from Germany after Dempsey, unthinkingly, told reporters he was a dog lover and wished to buy a German shepherd. The Adlon Hotel became a barking bedlam when hundreds of dog owners arrived, with the animals. Romping over furniture, breaking art objects, the dogs did roughly $1,500 in damages. The Adlon took a check and told Kearns to take his road show elsewhere.

"So what?" replied Kearns. "Kraut beer is no good and Paris is the only place to raise a thirst. We have to go through Paris again to catch the boat home, anyway."

On the final leg of the journey it struck Dempsey and Benjamin that something was missing. Three months earlier in New York, Kearns had promised that "to make a profit on the trip" he would schedule Dempsey in exhibition bouts and match Benjamin against top European lightweights. Neither had pulled on a glove. And rich living had radically changed the two tough tigers. Dempsey had jowls and no wind; Benjamin had a belly and a permanent hangover.

"How about some work?" they asked.

"I could lick you both myself," snapped Kearns, disgustedly. "Look at you—all out of shape. I don't know why the hell I let you guys make this trip with me."

Neither Jack nor Joe figured out the answer, until they grew older and wiser. In Paris, Doc rejoined his *cocottes* in the dives of Montmartre, and they didn't see him until sailing time, when he appeared at the dock, disheveled and with a black eye. Soon after reaching New York, Kearns sent the flabby Dempsey to Montreal to fight three heavyweights in a single night. (Somehow he managed to beat all three.) The following summer Doc virtually bankrupted the State of Montana with the celebrated "Rape of Shelby"—in which the sponsors lost a fortune and Dempsey barely defeated a small man, Tommy Gibbons. Killer Dempsey was just a ghost of his old self at Shelby in '23.

"Jack was still paying for what Europe did to him," says Joe Benjamin now. "But Kearns had a great time in Montana, as usual. Downtown on Main Street in Great Falls there was a big sign—'Aunt Kate's Cathouse'—and Doc gave the place a lot of his business. He said it was a relief, that he was tired of trying to change $2 into francs, shillings, pounds and marks—without getting cheated out of *his* hard-earned money."

—Johnny Cummings

[*Continued from page 39*]
the screws who had done it, I said I hadn't been manhandled.

Then I listened to what Warden Clinton T. Duffy had come to say.

He told me, among other things, that the convict I had attacked and almost killed had a subnormal I.Q. and had little chance of coping with the world. I glibly apologized. But he challenged me so soberly that I had to admit I hadn't thought about whether I was really sorry about it or not. I wasn't sorry, either. Not then.

Duffy told me he had no interest in merely keeping criminals out of society. Most prisoners get out of penitentiaries sooner or later. Duffy was concerned more than anything else with what his charges would be like when that happened. "Why don't you try to use your intelligence to work your way out of here?"

I stared at him. Since my father's death I had written my mother many times, begging for some word from the outside. I had never received an answer.

"Why should I?" I answered, finally. "Nobody cares about me."

And Duffy looked at me long and steadily and said, "I care."

That was a beginning. I determined that I'd spend my time in San Quentin well. Oh, I wasn't exactly a model prisoner, I wasn't any angel. I was still a solid con. But Duffy wasn't the kind of warden who had any use for stool pigeons. I managed to keep out of trouble and do my own time without losing my ability to identify with the men around me.

In time I worked up to being a prisoner-clerk. The man at the desk next to me was named Caryl Chessman, and we eventually were cell mates and good friends. I served the last months of my sentence at Chino, California's then-new minimum-security prison. From there I was paroled, and since then I've spent 20-some years free of crime.

For the most part they've been fine years. I tried my hand with some success at a variety of things. I was president of two corporations, executive manager of five airports and a hotel for Panagra, a prizefighter in the Philippines, a racing-car driver, and an airplane pilot. I ran a dance studio and I prospected for diamonds in Venezuela, and I staged a water show on the Arabian desert. I was also in and out of show business.

It wasn't all roses. Early in my life I married, and it didn't work out. We had a son, and it broke my heart to leave him when he was only six years old. I knew my wife would remarry, and I didn't dare expose the boy to the kind of divided loyalties that had plagued my own childhood. So I relinquished all claim on him, which hurt more than the divorce itself.

It was a long time before I married again. My second wife, Pony, was small, redheaded and had a compact athletic figure. Pony had a little daughter named Bonnie, whom I came to love as if she were my own. Pony is a fine newspaperwoman who has won many prizes, and her work had brought her close to Caryl Chessman during the long years of uncertainty that preceded his execution. She had been one of the witnesses he had chosen to see him die, and although Chess had made his last gesture one of reassurance to her, his death had hurt her cruelly. Pony and I had both cared deeply for Chess, and we both felt that he was innocent of the crime for which he died. It was one of the bonds between us. After our marriage, the Chessman execution was one reason we decided to leave California—Pony was having difficulty recovering from the experience.

We settled in Kansas City, where I did a few nightclub turns, set up a sales consultant firm, and got acquainted with my new family. But somehow, changing homes and jobs didn't erase the searing recollection that a friend of ours had been killed in California's gas chamber.

One night, when I was lying awake, tossing and turning, Pony came up with an idea. I was scheduled to entertain a Shriners' meeting within days, and Pony suggested that, instead of the usual routine of gags, I talk about something serious for a change, prison, capital punishment, the fact of being an ex-con.

Maybe it was a crazy idea, but I loved it. The talk I gave was certainly unexpected. And surprisingly the audience responded beyond my wildest dreams and so did the press. I really gave it everything I had. I said our whole system of punishment is based on the concept of revenge—which is why it fails to reduce the crime rate. I said capital punishment is not a deterrent, and that statistics on crime prove this. Homicide is less common in states that have abandoned capital punishment than it is in states that still employ it. I told them that the underlying attitude of society and most penologists and authorities toward the convict is dead wrong, that I, as an ex-con, know more about rehabilitating criminals than most of the experts are ever going to find out. The newspapers reported all of it. That was why I had been invited to Leavenworth to address a group of convicts.

When I agreed to make this Leavenworth appearance, frankly, I had no conception of how hard it was going to be just to walk into the prison, let alone talk to anyone. What's more, I actually didn't know what I was going to say. While the Leavenworth director of education was finishing his introduction, I stared at my audience. A couple of hundred silent grim men dressed in convict gray stared back. The men didn't look very enthusiastic, and in a few seconds I knew why. The director of education was telling them they were about to be addressed by a man who had been a convict "like yourselves." And I knew just what these prisoners were thinking. That I must be an ordinary citizen who'd taken one freak fall.

When I got up, I suddenly knew what to say. "I was introduced," I told them, "as an ex-con, just like you. But I'm not just like you. You guys are stupid. I'm not."

They started listening. But they didn't look very happy.

"How can I tell you're stupid and I'm not?" I asked them. "Very easily. You're doing time in a joint. I'm free."

Then I told them all the things I hated about joints and all the things I liked about freedom. I told them I'd been incorrigible once—and had managed to stay free for over 20 years since. I told them they could do it too, if they wanted to. And I told them I'd help them if I could.

Afterward they mobbed me. Some of those hard convicts had tears in their eyes. I hadn't expected that, and somehow it got through to me. After 20 years of wandering I'd found my calling—though I didn't really know it yet.

It would be nice to say that I had gone to Leavenworth because my heart ached for those men in prison, but it wasn't so. I was just fooling around as I had been doing all my life—trying this, dabbling with that, driving at something else and being successful at it and then dropping it. Any apparent altruism involved was what the convicts call a shuck—something you do that looks worthwhile for the sake of serving yourself.

For years I'd heard and read proposals and counterproposals about crime and criminals, about prevention and rehabilitation, all of which were set forward in solemn tones by experienced professionals. They had statistics, studies, elaborate rationalizations worked out by doctors and sociologists and psychologists. But they didn't know anything about the men they worked with—convicts. I did. I wanted to prove to the experts how much they didn't know, to show them up. What was in it for me? Perhaps you could call it revenge.

After talking to the Shriners and at Leavenworth, I was invited to appear on several radio shows. On every one I shot off my mouth. Soon I was told the chaplain out at Kansas State Prison in Lansing wanted to see me.

His name is the Rev. James E. E. Post, but he said I was to call him Jim. He's a big husky-looking man, and he dresses like a gambling golf player.

I told him more or less off the top of my head—that I'd like to start a prerelease class in prison. Jim Post liked the idea. He promised he would try to get me permission to give it a whirl at Lansing.

Now was the time for me to do some thinking.

What I remembered was resentment. All cons resent the treatment they got as children—an unfair teacher, an insincere father, a bitch of a mother, or a myriad of other grievances—so they commit an act of defiance.

Then they start on the endless carousel called recidivism, which is defined as a "sinking back into crime." From first offenders, they become second offenders, multiple offenders, eventually habitual criminals, and every sentence they serve they serve in hatred and resentment. Some are restless to get out, so they can prove again that they are still rebels against a system that is unfair.

But how then had I managed to stay out of prison? Why couldn't other men recognize that freedom was worth more than rebellion, as I had realized? And why couldn't penologists convey that idea to other convicts as Warden Duffy had conveyed it to me? It was there that I thought I had a clue.

I was able to respond to Warden Duffy because of the kind of home I'd come from. Sure, I was classified as incorrigible—a main yard tough. But I was also a judge's son. I knew enough about Duffy's official world to recognize—and identify with—his goodness and his honesty when he talked to me. There is an invisible barrier, like a glass wall, that descends between honest citizens and convicts, and it makes the average con stone-deaf when anyone from the noncriminal world tries to reach him.

I reasoned that there might be one exception to this rule, an ex-con who could talk to them in their own language.

Lansing sounded to me like a good place to start. It was reputed to be one of the country's many very bad prisons. It is a grim place. It was built a hundred years ago in the style of the time, which decreed that penitentiaries and breweries should both look like German castles. The place is gray and, like almost all prisons, overcrowded. It is chilly in winter and stifling in summer. Penitentiaries are so named because they were originally intended to make the men in them repent. But all they produce now is resentment. If a program could succeed there, no warden in any prison anywhere could get away with saying a program wouldn't succeed in his prison.

When Jim Post had offered to help me found a prerelease class, I had told him that I wanted the chance to work with *every* man who was within four months of his release—not with the custodial staff's pets. I also wanted one chance to talk to the entire prison population. Jim helped me win approval.

For my one appearance before the whole population, I decided to get their interest aroused by starting out with my nightclub act. I had the authorities announce that, for the first time in Lansing history, a professional entertainer was being brought in to entertain the men in the prison auditorium after the Saturday-afternoon movie.

Then I had an idea. I knew the warden, Sherman Crouse, would have to deny me permission to carry it out, so I began what I can only call an end run around him.

The first step was to get a press pass for my wife Pony. That wasn't hard. She wasn't working then, but she had been on the Hearst papers for years, and might well be expected to want to write a story about the evening at Lansing.

Women had never been admitted inside the walls at Lansing, but since the inmates would all be watching the movie during the press conference, Warden Crouse agreed that Pony might go as far as the officers' dining room, where we were to meet reporters.

When the press conference was over it was time for me to get on with the show, so all the reporters trooped up to the auditorium in a group. Pony trooped right along with them. The warden, of course, thought he had just given Pony a pass to the officers' dining room. The guards may have thought that he had given her permission to sit on the stage with me. And after all, they are more accustomed to keeping people in than out.

I had rehearsed the prison band thoroughly the day before, and they did a good job. I ran through a typical nightclub routine of songs and patter, and it went over just fine. Now it was time to stop being an entertainer, time to introduce myself as an ex-con who was there to show other cons how to stay out of prison. I plunged even faster than I had at Leavenworth. I said, "You are spending your lives taking orders from men whose collar size is higher than their I.Q.

"I'm not saying," I went on, "that every guard in this joint can take off his shirt without unbuttoning the collar. I'm just saying there aren't many guys who'd take a job as a screw in this joint, at the money they're paying screws, if they had any brains.

"Why be a prison guard? Maybe to get your hands on authority your family and friends don't give you on the outside.

"And over whom? Over guys too dumb to stay out of places like this.

"Maybe all the screws don't fit my description," I said. "But those who do can put on the shoe and damn well wear it."

The men in gray, gasped. They had never heard anything like this from anybody but each other. Then they erupted into a burst of applause and cheering.

When they quieted down, I went on. "I gather you guys have noticed that I don't like prison guards." That got a laugh. "Well, I've got a surprise for you. There are quite a lot of you I don't like, either. Some of you guys are stool pigeons, and those of you who are are worse than the guards who are keeping you here. I'm not here to talk to stool pigeons. I want to talk to those of you who are solid convicts, the guys who knew the answers, the wise ones.

"You wise guys call any outsider a squarejohn—you think it means sucker. Just stop and think about how the 'sucker' lives. He goes home at night, has a couple of drinks if he wants to, a steak when he feels like it. When he goes to bed, he turns off his own light. At the same time, you penitentiary big shots are being locked in a cell where it's never dark, taking orders from a prison guard, and eating the slop they dish out to you. You're not even trusted with a toilet seat because they're afraid you'll make a weapon out of it!"

I wound it up fast then. "I'm here to show you men how you can get what I've got—a self-respecting place in society, a car, a drink when you want it, a steak dinner that you've earned—and a lovely wife like mine!"

Before I had taken up this prison talking, I had had a pretty good income from my sales work to support Pony and Bonnie. Bonnie had her own horse, and we owned a spacious comforta-

ble home. But my work was a full-time occupation—and as soon as I began trying to develop a regular prerelease program I saw that doing it would take a full working week. I would have to choose either the program or my income.

I had never had any trouble getting work or making money. It would only be for a couple of months, I told myself. Just long enough to get things going. I didn't know if it was fair to my family, but Pony had a solution to the problem of money—she suggested that I write a book about my life. When I decided to do as she suggested, I believed that the royalties would compensate for my lost income. And Bonnie clinched the thing when she asked if I wouldn't please let her contribute by selling her horse.

So I freed myself for all-day work at Lansing. I needed the time too. Chaplain Post lent me his office, and all day every day I conducted individual interviews there, gathering material to use in my brand-new prerelease class, which was meeting for two hours every Monday night.

After the success of my talk, the prisoners were not reluctant to come and see me. We talked alone, as the warden had arranged, with a single guard out of earshot on the other side of the closed office door. And I was in luck—there were a few of my old friends from San Quentin serving time in Lansing. When they passed the word that I had been solid, the men opened up freely to me. Even so, I was not entirely pleased. What I had been hoping to hear about was problems they expected to face on the outside. Not one single man brought such problems. Instead, one after another, men came in with gripes about prison life.

At worst, as the men made me remember, the tension and constant possibility of violence in prison can be enough to make murderers out of many convicts who would never kill under ordinary circumstances.

At Lansing, the victims of knifings are among the luckier ones. The convicts have devised worse ways to kill, and the guards haven't yet found a way to stop them. Take one killing—a matter of record—that occurred at Lansing hasn't been solved to this date.

We'll call the murderer Scarface. Let's say Scarface had asked another convict to hold something valuable for him and the other convict had lost it. (Convicts often get friends or followers to hold property for them, because they're subject to shakedown if the guards suspect they have anything of value in their cells.) Scarface was pretty angry when he didn't get his property back. Now in the cell house in Lansing, as in many prisons, a guard is in charge of every cellblock. Most cellblocks are five tiers high, and each cell door has a lock on it. In order to keep abreast of all the errands that might be required, the guard in charge of the cellblock might have to climb up three or four tiers to let each man out of his cell and then back in again a dozen or more times. So the guards appoint a convict runner for each tier, and each runner carries the keys to the individual locks.

The runners, being convicts, are subject to all the pressures the convict population can bring to bear; so a really tough con can do anything with the runner he wants. He can have himself let out when other men are out—so that he will not be the only possible suspect—and when his intended victim is locked in. This Scarface did.

Then he put a pillowcase with slits cut out for his eyes over his head. He made his way to his victim's cell with a big can of naphtha that he'd smuggled in from the license-plate factory.

The guard sitting at his post at the end of the ground floor couldn't see any of this from his chair. There is no place a guard can sit that offers a clear view into all the cells at one time—there is always a blind spot.

Scarface threw the whole gallon of naphtha into his victim's cell, set fire to a pack of matches, and threw it in after the naphtha. Then he went back to his own cell and got rid of the pillowcase while his enemy burned to death.

In a lot of prisons, including Lansing, the atmosphere of violence is so strong that killings or attempted killings occur over unpaid debts of cigarets or candy bars. A man who is full of resentment does not make the punishment fit the crime. I'm not implying that a killing or a stabbing occurs every week or every month in any prison. What I am saying is that the possibility of violence is always there. Convicts hate the threat of violence and the fear just as anyone would hate it. But brutality becomes a vicious circle. Once involved in it, a man can see no way out.

All this was certainly absorbing to the men who have to live in Lansing, but it was not what I wanted them to tell me about. I wanted the men to bring me questions about the problems they expected to face once they got out, so that I could organize my talks to the class around the things outside they were worried about.

There were nearly 100 men in my class at the time of all kinds: a fellow with a Ph.D., and a couple who could hardly write their own names. Then there was Marble, so named because he had a glass eye. In a hot argument he'd pop it out into his hand, a gesture which usually had a devastating effect on his opponent.

About half the class were clean-cut young fellows. If they'd been wearing nicely tailored suits, they would have been taken for young dentists, graduate students in a university, junior executives.

One Monday, as I stood before these gray-clad men, with their hard faces turned toward me, I began by saying, "I've been telling you guys what life is like on the outside. And you guys have been coming to the office and telling me what life is like on the inside.

"I've heard your bitches and now I'm going to tell you guys something. I don't particularly give a damn about what your life is like inside this prison. I'm here to teach you guys how to be ex-convicts—and how to stay that way. So I'm not going to listen to any more of your beefs about what goes on inside this prison."

But in the interviews during the week that followed, I still heard nothing I could use in the class. Then I arranged to make whatever was said in that class privileged, in the way that communications with lawyers are privileged. At the very next class the atmosphere was changed.

The first guy to raise his hand was none other than Lefty, one of the main yard poker players.

"Bill," he began. "I been hooked up with my old lady for 11 years and she's all right except when she's drinking. Twice when she was drunk, she's turned me in to the cops and got me nailed into this joint. But she's a sexy broad and I'm hung up on her. Now she's shacked up with some bartender. I even hear that she actually married the guy—legal and everything."

"What's your problem?" I asked.

"Well, hell, Bill, how'm I gonna get her back now?"

"Get her back! Your problem was solved the minute she got married. You're a prime example of a guy who doesn't know when he's well off. You got hung up on a stool pigeon. If she were a man, you'd probably have killed her by now, but because she's a woman you want to be a patsy for the rest of your life. You and guys like you will choose a crime partner with meticulous care. Yet you'll choose a woman with whom you think you're going to spend the rest of your life on the basis of whether or not she's sexy. All of you guys, when you think about the woman you're going to have when you get out, dream of someone who looks like Marilyn Monroe. You never dream about some ordinary-looking gal, maybe a little overweight, who wears ordinary clothes and leads an ordinary life. Well, I'll tell you something. If you didn't have to beat off the Marilyn Monroes with a club before you came in here, you sure as hell aren't going to have to worry about them when you get out."

At the next Monday's class, an illiterate con got up and said: "We all agreed we were going to think realistically. Well, I've got a realistic question for you. How are we going to *stay* out of this joint when we can't *get* out?"

There was an immediate murmur of assent from the class. I knew what they were talking about. A man with a date for parole has to show the parole people a "plan," which means a schedule of where he's going to live and how, and, most important, where he's going to work and for whom. Parole boards will not release a man who has no way to support himself when he's out. They reason that a parolee with no honest livelihood is certain to resume his career in crime as soon as he needs money badly enough.

Marble made the point, "You got out on the street in a big war, Bill, when the shipyards were hiring anybody. Now, I sit in the cell every night and answer want ads. On prison paper, that's going to go out with a prison censor's stamp on it. The other night I figured I'd written 300 letters, and my date was six months ago, and I haven't had one single answer. You think I can keep this up forever?"

I didn't think so. One-eyed Marble was a man, not an angel.

My list showed a total of 93 men who were overdue. The State of Kansas was supporting them at a minimum cost of a hundred and fifty dollars a month per capita. Which means

that the state was spending almost a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to keep men in prison *after* the board of paroles had ruled them safe to be on the streets.

I ended the class that night by promising the men that I would, somehow, figure out a way to alleviate that situation.

I opened the next meeting by telling the men I had tried to help them to get jobs and assured them I'd keep working on it. Then we went on to the regular business of the class.

"So far," I said, "the best thing that happened in this class was when we adopted a slogan and started examining our thoughts in the light of whether or not we're being realistic. I think the time has come for us to go further. We need a set of guidelines to help us in our thinking. Some sort of steps that we can follow to help us make this change we're always talking about. Any ideas?"

Everybody wanted to talk at once.

So, in order to get them really thinking, I asked the first-time losers to put their hands up. Only two showed. When I asked for two-time losers, about half the men put a hand up. The rest—almost a half—had fallen three times or more.

Then I asked how many of them were in for sex crimes. No one wanted to show, but I cajoled a few hands into the air. Then I ran through all the other categories, from pickpocket to armed robbery and murder, and finally was able to say what I had hoped to say. "All right. What we have here is a typical cross section of every prison in the country. And that means the rules we draw up could be used in every one of those prisons. And someday, perhaps, will be. That's something to think about."

That quieted them down. They felt important. For some of them I am sure it was almost the first time in their lives that they had had that feeling without doing something violent.

"For that reason, you are going to have to agree—unanimously on every rule and every word in every rule that we set down."

All were very serious.

One of the men got up and went to the blackboard—as I remember it, he was a handsome young bank robber with the memorable name of Leon Sessions Emory. I spread a piece of paper in front of me on my desk and we started. We had been hammering at the idea of a "change" in attitude for so long that about half the suggestions from the men used the word.

The first step, exactly as it stands today, was written in 40 seconds.

FACING THE TRUTH ABOUT OURSELVES AND THE WORLD AROUND US, WE DECIDED WE NEEDED TO CHANGE.

Getting a step in 40 seconds was so encouraging that I thought we might have our guidelines that night.

But the second step took us the rest of the two hours. It was:

REALIZING THAT THERE IS A POWER FROM WHICH WE CAN GAIN STRENGTH, WE HAVE DECIDED TO USE THAT POWER.

Anything about God, or the Lord, or the Almighty was out. Prisons are full of agnostics. (Of course there are some sincerely religious men in any prison.)

The next week we put those two rules back on the board, and in two hours of hard, sweaty work, we added two more. They were:

EVALUATING OURSELVES BY TAKING AN HONEST SELF-APPRAISAL, WE EXAMINED BOTH OUR STRENGTHS AND OUR WEAKNESSES.

ENDEAVORING TO HELP OURSELVES OVERCOME OUR WEAKNESS, WE ENLISTED THE AID OF THAT POWER TO HELP US CONCENTRATE ON OUR STRENGTHS.

The third week we got one more.

OBSERVING THAT DAILY PROGRESS IS NECESSARY, WE SET AN ATTAINABLE GOAL TOWARD WHICH WE CAN WORK EACH DAY.

Then the fourth week, we added a sixth step, but with trouble:

MAINTAINING OUR OWN FREEDOM, WE PLEDGE OURSELVES TO HELP OTHERS AS WE HAVE BEEN HELPED.

And at that stage, we thought we were through. We had six good rules to guide any man who wanted to change from a recidivist to a man free for life. But then someone proposed another, and we realized it was as important as anything we had formulated up to then.

It read:

DECIDING THAT OUR FREEDOM IS WORTH MORE THAN OUR RESENTMENTS, WE ARE USING THAT POWER TO HELP FREE US FROM THOSE RESENTMENTS.

At first we couldn't decide where it belonged. After the second step? At the end? In the middle? I could barely read the crossed out, rewritten, scribbled-on paper on my desk. Finally we decided that the new rule was the fifth. And now that we had seven rules we decided that our group would be known as the "Seventh Step."

The two hours were nearly over. Then something happened that I have never been certain I understand. Pegleg, a bald-headed con, put up his hand and said to read the first word of each rule.

I did: "Facing, realizing, evaluating, endeavoring, deciding, observing, maintaining. What are you getting at, Peg?"

He said, "The first letter of each word spells freedom."

As the men became more involved with the class, the tone of the individual interviews changed, and some of the men, at least were finally beginning to give some thought to the individual problems they might face when they got out. But there was a lot of loose talk, whines and complaints, that showed me I wasn't really reaching the hard-core convict. He would know better than to talk that much.

From my point of view, this was very important. The toughest of the convicts in the prison, the incorrigibles, the main yard leaders, were exactly the ones I wanted to draw into the pre-release class. They were the ones who had the best chance of sticking to a resolution once they had made it, because the same strength they devoted to being incorrigible could also be used to keep them straight. And besides, the whole population looked up to them. But I needed at least one main yard leader and I didn't have one.

Then Karl Bowen came into the office. A small guy, but tough all the way through. Karl is half-German and half-Cherokee, and the combination has turned out a brooding man.

He sat down, his eyes glowing with a somber light that I was to get to know well. Before he got out, I had his promise to attend class.

After that, I started digging into Karl's story. He was classed as "incorrigible." Besides an escape, he had many prior convictions on his rap sheet. He had no respect for the law and no hope for himself.

Karl's escape sounds like an old-time movie comedy.

Somehow Karl's date of release from Lansing got transposed in the official records that are kept in the prison office. So he was called from his cell, handed a suit of civilian clothes and 20 dollars, and "dressed out" the front gate, as a dischargee.

Karl kept his mouth shut. Wouldn't you? He beat it across the river into Missouri, and by the time the mistake had been discovered he was 300 miles into Missouri and settled down. It was no small mistake, either. He still had seven years to go. Seven years.

The warden and his staff didn't feel like having the attorney general of Kansas send a lawyer into a Missouri court to ask for extradition. They didn't need publicity that badly.

They sent a guard—a single, solitary guard—into Missouri to bring him back. The guard had a badge that was absolutely worthless the minute he crossed the Missouri River.

To add to this idiocy, they picked a guard who had just come off the night shift and gave him a ticket on a day coach. It took him all day to rattle across the state to the town where Karl was living. And when he arrived he was completely worn out. But his gun wasn't tired. When he drew it on Karl, Karl allowed himself to be pushed on a train back to Kansas City.

The guard manacled Karl to the armrest of the inside seat of a day coach and prepared to get some rest. All the passengers in the car could see what was going on.

The minute the guard's eyes closed, Karl went into his act. He rattled his chains till his keeper woke up again. "I gotta go to the men's room," Karl said. "I just can't help it."

When a Kansas yard bull dresses a prisoner to travel, he does a thorough job of it. He had a chain around his waist, with handcuffs fastened to it. Then another chain ran from the first one down to his ankles, where it was attached to heavy shackles. A third wound around the prisoner's neck and ran down to join the iron waist belt.

Remember, Karl is not very big and he must have looked the most forlorn sight in Missouri as he hobbled up the aisle past all the passengers. At least he remembers that several of them clucked sympathetically.

Karl ran the guard to the little compartment three times. Then the guard blew up. "Look, dammit, control yourself for a while. Just sit there and let your kidneys bust!"

The audience, no doubt, got ready to write their congressmen.

This time Karl didn't stir. He sat there, crouched over, looking like a small, inoffensive man who'd be beaten if he let his hardware make even a small rattle.

The guard fell asleep. He fell deeper and deeper asleep as Karl left him alone. Thirty minutes after the last "kidney attack" the guard was snoring gently. Then Karl stole the key.

Karl was too busy to watch his audience, but they must have been holding their breaths. He went through all the complicated business of taking the chains, the manacles and the shackles off himself and putting them on the guard without interruption.

Then Karl Bowen stood up and made a speech. "I haven't taken this man's gun, and I haven't taken his money," he told the gaping carload.

He says that he thinks some of the passengers would have applauded if they hadn't been afraid of waking the sleeping beauty.

The train was going about 40 miles an hour, but Karl jumped, walked to the nearest highway and thumbed his way to St. Joseph, Missouri, and settled down again.

But the government of the sovereign state of Kansas didn't settle down at all. Now the prison officials knew they couldn't keep their goof-up to themselves. They couldn't charge Karl with escaping the first time, because they had turned him out themselves, and they couldn't charge him with escaping from the train, because every man has the right to defend himself from a felony against his person, i.e., kidnapping. Finally a meeting was arranged in the warden's office at Lansing. Karl was to return and give himself up, then he was to serve one calendar year out of the seven he still owed Kansas. After that the governor's man guaranteed that the governor would issue a decree of executive clemency, and Karl would go free.

So 24 hours after the conference broke up, Karl walked back into Lansing. The prisoners, of course, greeted him with joy and admiration.

The guards and their officers weren't so cordial. The first thing they wanted Karl to do was to sign a complaint against the guard who had kidnapped him. That they could handle quietly.

Karl refused and went to the hole.

Segregation is the official word for solitary—the convicts call it jail. In Lansing at that time it was located in a separate building in the middle of the prison. It consisted of a row of damp, unheated cells with solid steel doors and no window. Once the doors were closed there is practically no light at all.

Karl was stripped naked before being thrown into his dungeon. At night he was issued a couple of blankets to keep off pneumonia. He had no pallet or bed of any sort. The cell was provided with two buckets, one for a toilet and one to hold drinking water. His food was carrots and cabbage.

Eventually they turned him out into the main prison, almost dead, but still fighting. A tough man, with nothing left inside him but resentment and cold hatred, of the guards, the captain, the lieutenant, the warden and the whole system—politicians, taxpayers, civil servants—who backed the prison officials up, who paid their salaries.

The year Karl had agreed to spend in Lansing passed, but nobody handed Karl his suit and his walkaway money. He just went on serving time, in day-long pieces.

That had been three years before he and I talked in Chaplain Post's little office.

After our talk Karl kept his word. He came to every Monday-night class. He never said anything, just sat there taking it all in.

IV

I was dead broke.

Friends I had made in Kansas City lent me money, assuring me that I would be rich when the book I had written about my life was published. But I wasn't accustomed to living on handouts, and as time went on I found it harder and harder to fight down my feelings of humiliation.

I thought of giving up only because, out of a clear sky, an insurance company offered me a job with a guaranteed income of $20,000 a year and a strong probability of making more than that almost at once. I went through a Friday and a Saturday night with no sleep at all.

Then nonchurchgoing Bill Sands took his troubles to the chaplain on Sunday afternoon.

After I told him about my problem, Jim gave me his "concept," he said. "To me, life is like an oriental rug, and we're like little bugs crawling across it. First, we're in a forest of black, then one of red, then one of blue, and in each forest the whole world looks black or red or blue. But if we could be suspended a couple of feet above the rug, on a totally different plane, we'd be able to see and understand what the colors mean, where they fit into the great pattern. Man is the only creature on earth who can think in three dimensions—past, present and future. Which enables us to draw comparisons, and on the basis of those, to choose our own course of action. Each man for himself."

Without knowing it, he had almost phrased the solid con's core of philosophy. Each man does his own time. It cut pretty close to me.

Back home all Pony asked me was, "Going to stick with it, Bill?" When I was dozing off I mumbled "Something about bugs in a rug," and went to sleep, leaving her to wonder if she had married a maniac.

I went on with the prerelease class and redoubled my efforts to help the overdue men get jobs. I made speeches before service clubs and luncheon groups and organizations interested in convicts, in the hope of finding potential employers. This meant missing an occasional Monday-night class.

Gradually I became aware that on the nights I wasn't there, things didn't go so well. I quickly learned the reason: a big, powerful man who liked to be called Hardrock. The other cons were letting Hardrock say what he liked, not because they agreed with him, but because they thought that everyone ought to ride his own beef.

I wouldn't say that Hardrock was a main yard leader, but he was trying to be one. He used his muscle to terrorize weaker men, but so far he hadn't dared take on anyone really tough. You need more than muscle to tackle a con like Karl Bowen, who makes up in brains and guts what he lacks in size.

So Hardrock was looking for a way to make a reputation, and when I came along, he figured I just might be the way. I knew I would have to face him down sooner or later—or stop coming to Lansing.

The prospect of a showdown wasn't pleasing. I had worked so hard getting the men to identify with me that they no longer looked on me as a visitor, but as another convict. Which meant that if Hardrock really wanted a reputation badly enough, he just might try to kill me simply to prove that he could do it.

When I arrived one night a con greeted me with a worried look. He spoke to me before I saw any of the men.

"Hardrock has been saying he wants an interview, if you've got guts enough to give it to him. He's been telling all over the yard you'll be going out of here in a box. I think he means it."

"Tomorrow," I told him. "Tell him he's the first man I want to see tomorrow."

The next day I stopped into the warden's office. He greeted me with that careful smile of his and asked what he could do for me.

"Nothing special. I'm just checking in with you."

The smile widened a tenth of an inch. "Don't try to con an old hand, Bill. Something's on your mind."

I just sat down. "Okay. You're right. I've come to ask a favor. For today, I want you to suspend the rule that all visitors have to have a guard with them at all times."

"Bill," he continued after a minute or so, "when you were a con, twenty-odd years ago, and I was a young officer, prison populations were different from what they are now. It's dangerous out there, Bill."

"Are you trying to say that I have to have a guard with me all the time for my own protection?"

The warden gave me a searching look. Finally he sighed and said, "I'm giving orders for the guard to put you in the chaplain's office and go away till you send for him. This one time only, okay?"

When I arrived at the office for my interviews, I found Hardrock and another prisoner called Highball waiting in the out-

side room, where the records for Seventh Step and the chaplain were kept.

The corridor was more crowded than usual, a long line of cons stretching down its length. The guard walked away down the corridor. No one spoke, but everyone looked startled. I motioned Hardrock and Highball into the inside room.

There was a glass ashtray on the desk. I opened the second drawer and put the heavy chunk of glass where I could get it in a hurry.

Hardrock I'd expected. Highball I'd heard of but not seen before. I was surprised at how big and muscular he was. Most punks are forced into a homosexual role by stronger cons.

Highball slammed the door shut behind him. He had his sleeves rolled up to show his muscles, and he was wearing a black glove on his right hand, a thick one, heavily ridged with leather seams that would cut deep into any skin they hit.

For a few seconds no one spoke. I faced them with a steadiness I was far from feeling, and finally they moved. But not toward me.

Hardrock grabbed one of the two straight chairs in the office, pulled it back away from the desk, and sat down. Highball started to move the other chair over toward his buddy, and then thought better of it and sat down at the other end of the desk, in line with Hardrock. He stared at me fiercely and started stroking the glove with the fingers of his other hand. I felt a little better. A tough man hits before he threatens, a mean man tries to bluff. At least one of these guys was only mean. About the other I wasn't sure yet.

Hardrock opened the ball. "I thought you wasn't going to show at all."

I'd rather lead than be led. "I'm glad you're here. I wanted to see you," I said. "You've been showing up at the Monday-night prerelease classes."

"They're open to any con who is eligible."

"And I'm not going to let you foul them up."

"Who's going to stop me?" he demanded. He slid forward on the chair. The way they were sitting, I couldn't keep my eyes straight on him, where they belonged, and watch Highball at the same time. I got my hand near the stashed ashtray.

"I am."

The straight chair creaked as Hardrock shifted his weight. His hand went inside his uniform jacket, and his fingers moved as though he were scratching his belly.

If he was carrying a shiv it would be there.

"Bring your hand out, big shot," I said. "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking Sands has been on the outside, with the bourbon and the broads and the good, rich food so long that maybe he's gone soft. Maybe I have. But cowards don't bet on maybes, only on sure things."

Then I pushed him a little harder. "Supposing you do have a shiv against your paunch. What then? How do you get through the hall out there? The guys will let me handle this beef, because it's mine. But when it's over, it gets to be the beef of every guy who had a hope that I could help him stay out of joints like this, of every guy who hoped I would get him a job on the outside. Step on the yard, and somebody will get you. In the back. For good. Buddy, you can't win."

Silence came into the office, and grew large. Hardrock finally broke it. "Let's get out of here. The deck is stacked."

They tried to saunter out. But they weren't more than halfway down the hall before I heard laughter. One more big shot had had his sheet torn off, and only a bully had been under the sheet.

Me? I closed the door, sat down and even felt a little sorry for Hardrock. But not very sorry.

After the next class came another crisis. One of the cons caught up with me and grabbed my arm. I stopped.

Still holding my arm, he looked around to see if anyone was in earshot. Then said quickly. "Sadie's out to get you."

He was talking about one of the head guards, whom the men had nicknamed Sadie—not because he was effeminate, which he wasn't, but as an abbreviation for sadist, which he was.

No time for polite chitchat.

"How do you know?"

"I know his clerk. Sadie got up some kind of paper and got all the lieutenants to sign it. It's gone up to the warden."

We moved apart, and the cons still in the classroom moved out toward their cell count.

There was still a light in Warden Crouse's office, though it was long after his normal quitting time, and there were no signs of disturbance in the joint.

As I'd figured, the warden wasn't surprised to see me. All he said was, "Come in for a moment, Bill. I've got something for you. This is a formal petition signed by a number of my guards. Instead of discussing it with me now, take it home and read it. I'll want to see you first thing in the morning, before you start your interviews."

I nodded and put the thing in my pocket. He obviously didn't want to talk any more, so I said good night and remembered what I'd been told about Sadie.

The screws had tried to take Jimmy Thompson to the hole. He put up a fight, and four of them finally wrestled him to the floor. When he was down and being held, not before, Sadie beat him unconscious with a lead-tipped club, and kept on beating him after he was out. Jimmy died in the hospital 30 days later.

At home I read the paper. Most of it was vague and cloudy, but the basic charge was that Bill Sands in particular and the Seventh Step class in general had destroyed the "rapport between the convict population and the custodial staff." Meaning: stool pigeoning had become less popular in Lansing. It ended with the demand that the warden prohibit me from entering the prison any more.

Chaplain Jim Post was with me when we arrived at the prison the next morning. He too had read the petition and was furious about it.

When we arrived in the warden's office, his face was somber.

"Bill," he said, "I hope you've had time to think about the complaints that have been made against you in this petition because I'm going to hold a hearing on it this morning."

The warden preceded us to the parole-board hearing room, and when we entered, Sadie was already there, surrounded by his cohorts. They were all in uniform and seated on one side of a long mahogany table. There were two chairs directly opposite them, and the warden motioned Jim and me into them.

Warden Crouse sat in the presiding chair at one end of the table. The deputy warden was at the other end, facing him.

The dance began. The warden, addressing me very formally as "Mr. Sands," asked if I had read the charges against me. I said I had.

"All right," said the warden. "Since everyone here has read the charges against you, I think I would like to hear what you have to say first."

I started off easy—but I was in full voice for the benefit of any unseen listeners. "Am I right in thinking that the leader of your group is ———?" I had to use Sadie's right name and title. I hated to. "Or is he just backing up his officers?"

They all looked at Sadie. It was answer enough. He merely grunted.

I said, "Then, unless any of the rest of you object, I'll address my remarks directly to him. . . . You spend a good deal of time in this complaint talking about my opening address here, when the whole prison population met in the auditorium to hear me talk about the concepts that were to become the Seventh Step program. Right?"

Another grunt.

I looked squarely at Sadie. "I made a point of looking for you in that audience, but I didn't see you. The truth is, I didn't expect to see you because I had heard that you said you weren't going to go and listen to some ex-convict brag." I gave that a good, meaty wait.

"Furthermore," I said, "the charge is that I made and make statements that discourage men from being stool pigeons. And that I air, freely enough, my opinions of what you call correction officers and what I call hacks and screws. Furthermore I accuse them—I repeat it right now—of enjoying keeping men caged, and making them do their time the hard way."

Sadie looked as happy as he could without seeing blood on the floor—convict blood. Obviously he thought that last statement had hanged me.

"Okay," I went on. "About stool pigeons. I don't like them. I know a lot of other people who don't either.

"Let me cite an example. Gen. Douglas MacArthur. He was asked to squeal on another West Point cadet, and he put his whole life practically—he was a general's son and an army career was the only thing in the world he ever really wanted—on the block sooner than be a stool pigeon."

The room was very quiet. "Now, I want to ask you a ques-

tion. You run your prison on the stool-pigeon system. And that is certainly your prerogative. But do you really like stool pigeons? Or do you avoid them as much as possible, because, like me, you regard them as the scum of the earth? I think you ought to answer that, answer it honestly, because if that's the kind of man you really admire, I'd like the warden to hear you say so."

The silence grew and grew. Not a single expression of any kind had crossed Warden Crouse's face.

Sadie glared at the deputy warden, he glared at the chaplain. Then, finally, he lost his temper.

Sadie's lips worked. Finally he got it out. "All I gotta say is, Bill Sands isn't coming into this prison any more. He's not going to come in!" he repeated, shouting.

The warden pushed back his chair and got to his feet. His voice soft, his face hard, he said. "Perhaps you have forgotten, sir, that I'm the warden of this prison, not you. I am the one who determines who visits here. Mr. Sands can come and go whenever he is on the business of his prerelease class. Is that clear?"

Sadie slowly stood up too. He clenched his hands into fists and rested all his bulky weight on them on the conference table. He started to glare at the warden and then, no doubt, remembered his pension and his job. So he turned and silently lumbered out of the room. The other officers rose and followed him.

When the door closed, Warden Crouse picked up the charge sheets and threw them into a wastebasket. When he turned to me, he wasn't smiling.

"Watch yourself, Bill," he said. I was glad not to be "Mr. Sands" any more. "This time you were right. But let your foot slip, just once, and the program ends. Right then."

But as we went down the hall, a convict polishing switch plates winked at me, and the hand holding a rag flipped a thumb up in the victory sign.

V

The man in the business community who supported the Seventh Step program most strongly was my close friend and creditor, Rue Holland. Rue was a good person to have as a strong supporter, too, because he is one of a family of 12 children (not counting the adopted one), and what one supports they all support. I couldn't have asked for better help. The Hollands have a family unity that far surpasses anything I've ever seen. Perhaps because they get so much love from one another, they have a great deal of love to give to their community.

Rue had been attending classes for months, and the Holland construction company had employed as many ex-convicts as they could. When I had a new idea how I might solve the problem of overdue men, naturally, I went to Rue Holland with it.

"Rue, I think a con, if he were on the outside, could get his own job with just a little help from us. The reason the state won't let a paroled man out until he gets a job is because they figure he's bound to end up stealing. Twenty bucks is the dressing-out dough. How much mileage is he going to get from that? But if someone would guarantee bare living expenses for him, the law wouldn't worry. Two hundred dollars would get him a decent suit, a cheap room and food for a week, maybe two weeks, and enough transportation to get the guy around. Before it was gone, he'd have a job."

I suggested that maybe we could talk the parole board into giving the sponsor program a try if I met with them face to face. After all, there was a precedent for what we had in mind in the Big Brother movement. If it makes sense to supply friends for friendless kids, then wouldn't it make sense to do the same thing for friendless adults? We drove to Topeka and quickly gained the parole board's approval.

The program, which we called Man-to-Man Sponsorship, wasn't long in starting.

I told the men that the squarejohns would sponsor them one at a time. When the parolee paid his sponsor back the $200, another one of them would have his chance at freedom with the same sponsor.

Rue brought 12 men with him and himself took the man who had the longest overdue date—some three years old. After Rue walked down the aisle to shake the hand of that small wrinkled 50-year-old Negro, the whole class sensed their nearness to freedom. Many of us were so deeply moved that we had a hard time controlling our eyes.

After that class, Karl Bowen finally decided to "buy" the Seventh Step. He was to soon take a job in a steel mill and if he made good, could get jobs for maybe 20 more men.

"Then you'll make it, Karl," I said. "No solid-core con ever let down 20 other guys."

He looked at me with his intense dark eyes, shrugged and turned away.

I should have been happy, but I wasn't. As soon as I stopped long enough to take a deep breath, I realized I'd been living on nervous energy for months. A heavy cloud of debts and the desperate fight for the Seventh Step had begun to overwhelm me. After I developed a tremor in one hand, Dr. Les Thompson, a friend and benefactor of the program, urged me to vacation in his cabin in the Rockies. He insisted I couldn't keep bouncing back after working 16-to-18-hour days, seven days a week.

We didn't leave for Colorado right away. Instead, I fell flat on my broken nose, like a man who has been walking into a high wind that suddenly stopped.

"You leave for Colorado tomorrow," Les said, when he gave me permission to get up and walk around the house. "You and Pony and Bonnie. I've given Pony a check to cover your expenses. . . . Don't argue. I'm the one with the medical license. Anyway I've lent you too much money to have you die now. I've got to protect my investment.

We went.

The Colorado Rockies were a whole new world, a world of clean air and high peaks, pine and spruce and fir trees, a place of deep valleys where white water bubbles over shining rocks, and of peaks where the brain cannot believe how much and how far the eye can see.

I hadn't realized how sick I was. I occasionally suffer insomnia, but I never spent such nights since the ones I spent in San Quentin. There the nightmare was real, though. I had thought our Colorado vacation would be a matter of weeks. It stretched out into a month before I was able to attempt a long walk. I did it alone, so no one would know how often I had to stop and rest.

Each day the rests became less frequent. The comeback was well under way when, just after dinner, the phone rang, and my heart thudded. Only Doctor Thompson knew my number. Everybody had been told to call his office, and Les had said he wouldn't put a call through unless the sky had fallen.

The voice on the end was as strange as the name the man gave me. Then he said, "I'm Karl Bowen's boss. I thought he might have told you."

"No," I said. "No. If he did, I've forgotten. I've been sick."

"What's he done?" I asked.

"Done?" The steel man sounded puzzled. "He hasn't exactly done anything. It's the way he does it. I put him to work tailing steel—that's pretty rough work. He's the first man in in the morning, last man out at night. He does more work than any man on the crew."

"Then what's your beef?"

That touched him off. "Beef is right! His hands look *just* like raw beef. I tried to get him to take two days off, but he wouldn't. He asked me what I was going to do about it? Tear gas him?"

I began to laugh. Les Thompson had figured the call would be good medicine. How right he was.

All I needed to make me completely happy was to see the faces of the Lansing officers who had said Karl was hopeless. Incorrigible, his jacket said. Hell, the rate Karl was going, maybe it would be his steel mill in a few years.

I didn't think I could get any happier. But there was more to come. The proofs for my autobiography *My Shadow Ran Fast* were forwarded up to us while we were still at Grand Lake. Registered mail. Valuable stuff.

I read first, and Pony followed me. She was a newspaperwoman, and much better at it than I was. I felt I had never had a chance of avoiding my destiny as the story unwound. Just as Chaplain Jim Post had said that Sunday in his house back in gloomy December Kansas. I could see his Persian rug,

now, in the long sheets of glossy paper chronicling my life.

Doctor Thompson relaxed his rules, and I began getting bulletins from the class at Lansing.

Something had changed out there. Despite the absence of the indispensable Bill Sands, attendance was increasing and the little newsletter the class put out showed heartening enthusiasm.

A new name began to appear in class bulletins. Ezra Kingsley. "Ezra Kingsley was elected class coordinator." "Ezra Kingsley is arranging for new quarters for the class."

Who was Ezra Kingsley?

A letter from Rue Holland supplied the first real information. Ezra Kingsley was doing hard time, a long stretch of it. It would be years before he was eligible for either parole or discharge. So he had little or nothing to gain from the program personally, and had never come to the classes when I had been there.

But after I had gone, he had showed up one Monday night and sat quietly through a whole meeting. After that he moved in, giving advice, suggesting this, advocating that. And the men had listened to him because he had the reputation of being one of the toughest cons in the prison.

I found myself looking forward to each weekly bulletin. Then one by one new men were added to the committee, men I didn't know, until the new men outnumbered the old. I began to worry.

When a bulletin headlined: EZRA KINGSLEY ESTABLISHES NEW FORMAT FOR PRERELEASE CLASS came, all my philosophy, my "cool," went out the window into the clean Colorado sunshine. It was fine to say that something—power, God, destiny, kismet—supplied a new man when an indispensable one became unavailable.

But, in a few weeks, this Ezra Kingsley had changed the format. I could only hope he hadn't changed the basic purpose too, or that if he had, there'd be something I could salvage when I got back.

We packed.

Ezra turned out to be a tough miracle.

At seven he had been imprisoned for stealing a pair of fur-lined gloves. By 30 he was a successful loner—stealing several thousand dollars a week, mainly to feed a raging "oil-burner" drug habit. Before the Kansas City crime syndicate bought enough law to frame him, he had chased their leader down a Kansas highway at better than a hundred miles an hour holding the wheel with one hand and firing a gun with the other.

During the first eight years of the 20 the judge gave him, Ezra was seldom sober or not high on heroin. He became the principal prison enforcer and for 50 percent would collect a debt for and from anybody. He knew no fear.

Then, one day, a year before I came to Lansing, Ezra decided to quit his habit. He did the retching, sweating "cold turkey" withdrawal with a fresh fix always in his pocket. He never used it. He stayed clean for a year and earned the reputation for being absolutely, painfully honest. When questioned about fellow cons he frequently told the guards, "Sure I know what's going on, but I'm not about to say."

During my own emotional withdrawal in Colorado, Ezra had decided he wanted out bad enough to go straight. He was transforming his former criminal imagination and energy to the Seventh Step. The changes he made in the class were formed after his own makeup. The men, as when I had been in charge, got up individually to tell the class their problems and expectations on the outside. But Ezra, in the interest of absolute honesty, allowed the rest of the class to interrupt a speaker whenever they heard a guy lying to himself—wrapping himself in a sheet.

Sheet-ripping was quite an active sport. Ezra and four other members of a committee he had set up (who at Ezra's suggestion symbolically wore the white service uniforms ordinarily donned by prisoners working in the kitchen or hospital), made a point out of picking the most fogged-up men to speak.

In my first meeting after getting back, I was amazed by the eagerness with which speakers laid their intimate frustrations and resentments out before their fellow convicts.

The warden allotted two hours to a class session. Ezra timed the class so that it ended a few minutes before the guards came in. This timing has been followed in all Seventh Step classes ever since, because it gives the inmates in the class and the law-abiding sponsors who are in attendance a chance to talk to one another and get acquainted. Suddenly the guards came in and started lining the men up to be returned to their cells. Each time this happens I have the same mixed reaction of sadness and exultation. Until that very moment, the room was full of good men who were honestly trying to find the truth and, in so doing, help each other. Suddenly, my friends were convicts again. It was particularly heartrending to see Ezra and his committee, none of whom were eligible for parole (Ezra had arranged it that way to ensure long-term continuity and unselfish service) being herded back to their cells.

The feeling of exultation is never quite equal to the sadness.

VI

Wayne Bethea had served nine consecutive years when he was released. Forty-eight hours after he dressed out, his landlady called me and said he wouldn't come out of his room.

That wasn't too rare. The free world, after so long a time, looks pretty terrifying.

Pony and I found Wayne washing his room. He had already scrubbed it down so much that part of the paint had worn off. I explained to the landlady, who was understandably disturbed, that washing the cell had been his main job in prison and that sometimes the habit took a while to break.

Before he broke through the wall, Pony and I decided to help reacquaint him with the outside. Pony gave him our grocery list and soon had him dodging housewives' elbows. Since he still looked numbed, we took him home, fed him a steak and listened to a whole night's worth of his past.

At 7:00 in the morning, he stood up, thanked us, and asked if we would drive him to the bus stop.

When the bus pulled away, he was staring at us from the rear window. He was once again scared and lonely. But he was on his way to work to a job which had been obtained for him as a hotel bellboy.

The next time I was to see Wayne Bethea he was in a courtroom, with the prosecuting attorney asking the jury to sentence Wayne to death by hanging.

The only antidote for time inside—for men who have been in as long as Wayne—is time outside. Men in prison never get to dial a phone, tune a radio or TV—most penitentiaries censor broadcasts—or turn off a light.

Huge sums of money are spent to find a criminal, arrest him, try him, convict him, help him adjust to prison life and then support him through years of incarceration. No money is spent to help him adjust to the free world. He is given 20 dollars or in some places 50, and sent out.

The helping hand that I had been able to extend to Wayne Bethea needed to be multiplied by 100. We now had about 50 sponsors, but they, too, could devote only spare time to helping their charges. We desperately needed some full-time help.

My efforts were beginning to pay off, though. I had obtained from the Department of Internal Revenue a nonprofit status for our fledgling movement. This would give us the legal right to solicit funds on a tax-exempt basis.

We were beginning to win the confidence and support of the parole officers themselves, even though each parole officer carried a case load of about a hundred men. The rule of thumb is that a parole officer can achieve the best possible results when handling only one man to one day of the month—that is, a total case load of no more than 30 men at a time.

Gradually a few Kansas parole supervisors were finding out that Seventh Step men were losing their resentments, and that as these went, distrust of the parole officer went too. Seventh Step men, a few weeks out of prison and into a job, were talking freely to their supervisors, just so long as the topic of what other ex-cons were doing was avoided.

A Missouri supervisor of parole officers, John Holman, arranged an invitation for me to speak to a session of the 94th annual Congress of Correction, which was going to be held in Kansas City that year.

Busy as I was, worried financially as I was, the invitation to speak to the Congress of Correction seemed just another speaking date at first reading.

Then the full meaning of the invitation began to open up

before me. I was to be the first ex-convict ever invited to speak to the penologists and criminologists. Previous speakers included such names as J. Edgar Hoover, Lewis E. Lawes, Clinton T. Duffy, and the Attorney General and the Chief Justice of the United States.

There were more than a thousand faces turned to me as I took the stand. They didn't seem overfriendly. Nothing to do but start. I began talking about the prerelease class at Lansing.

I told them of our problems, of our progress, of our successes. I told them of individual cases, and gave them our most recent statistics. Kansas is a state where the rate of recidivism had been as high as 80 percent prior to our program. For the 200 men in the Seventh Step program, we had a better than 90 percent success statistic. I sat down.

The audience gave me a prolonged standing ovation. And then, as the meeting ended, many of these experienced professionals crowded up to the platform to congratulate me or ask further questions.

Next Monday night the class at Lansing treated me as though I'd starred in a great battle. The newspapers had reported my speech fairly, and the men knew I had not backed down on a single controversial point.

Several visiting penologists were already at Lansing to observe a class in person.

All this was exhilarating. But the wardens and other penologists who saw the class were seeing only part of the whole. Things were happening on the outside that were as heartening as the increasing sincerity of the men in the class.

Karl Bowen had been out several months by then. The steel mill had talked about putting on 20 Lansing men if Karl made good. They had actually hired more than that, though not all at one time. Some of the men they hired didn't work out. Most did. We were pleased when the employment manager said our batting average was better than that of the average employment service. Other class members on the outside were making as successful, even if not as spectacular, adjustments.

Most of our failures—not all, but most—came because we did not have any place for the men to meet in—except for the little half of a house where Pony and I lived. We needed a clubhouse. Men on parole can be violated and sent back in if they meet each other in bars or restaurants or other public places. We badly needed a place exempt from that rule.

I had been out of town, trying to raise the money by speaking to service clubs and similar groups, and when I came back I learned Wayne, the bellboy, was in trouble. He was on trial for rape and robbery. They were asking the death penalty.

I've never been kicked in the pit of the belly by a mule, but I know how it feels. I learned right then.

It was an open-and-shut case. The trial was quick, and Wayne and his partner in crime were sentenced to life without possibility of parole.

VII

Sometime in mid-September the bound, dust-jacketed first copy of *My Shadow Ran Fast reached us.* Pony and I went out of our heads.

All day and far into the night we rode around showing the book to everyone who had helped us. To just about everybody we knew, to be honest.

I was about to know a great many more people. The publishers wanted me to go on a nationwide promotion tour.

In 60 days I made more than 200 separate appearances. On two occasions I made more than 10 appearances a day. I appeared on national television, local television, local radio and national radio. I was interviewed by newspapers and magazines, spoke at luncheons and dinners. It was as rough as anything I've ever gone through.

But the roughness wasn't the problem. The money wasn't coming in. Sure the book was selling. But not enough. At this rate there would be only a few thousand to spread among my creditors. I was disappointed and heartbroken.

There was one more trip scheduled. To Chicago. When it was over, I promised myself, I would have to seriously consider the insurance job—still miraculously open. If I took the job, I would do what I could about the Seventh Step in my spare time. I would not, could not, quit the program, but we had to eat.

I said to myself—and I kept putting it in different forms, trying to ease my self-consciousness—"If some higher power will help me save the program, I will never again lose faith."

I know. It sounds a little as though I were trying to strike a bargain with God or with fate, but I was desperate. I had lived long enough and hard enough to know that the only peace and happiness I would ever find were inextricably mixed up in the Seventh Step program. I knew with certainty that if I were forced to drop it for a while, and if it were to fail because of me, I would be thoroughly miserable the rest of my life.

So on to Chicago. My publisher's publicity woman, Dorothy Strong, had arranged radio, TV, national programs, local programs, press conferences, magazine interviews and a new one: "A business meeting" with W. Clement Stone. Naturally, I asked who Mr. Stone was.

"The head of a very big insurance company," Dorothy said. "Your publisher seems to think he might buy some of your books."

In my low mood, I didn't feel that I could afford to offend anybody. But I didn't feel very friendly as I was shown into Mr. Stone's big, beautifully paneled office.

W. Clement Stone is a man of medium stature, solidly put together, tanned, with black hair and a neat mustache. He was in superb physical condition and in the prime of his life. I began to thaw, almost at once, as the millionaire bounded from behind his desk, grabbed my hand and shoved me toward a chair.

His questions about me and about Seventh Step were all sharp and to the point. When he had asked the things he wanted to ask, he said, "I've ordered some copies of your book to give to people who ought to read it."

"That's nice."

"Aren't you interested in how many books I bought?" Mr. Stone asked.

"Of course I am."

He smiled happily. "Ten thousand."

I goggled. Speechless Bill Sands—a rare phenomenon.

"I'm going to give them away to reform schools, prisons, boys' clubs, men in trouble, underprivileged youngsters, high schools, libraries. I'm going to put a copy of that book every place I can where someone might need its message—and you're going to help me!"

My recollection is that I said something brilliant. Like, "Huh?"

"I want to see your program extended. I'd like to see something like it started in other places. As fast as possible."

I nodded, thinking that was easier said than done. Just the Lansing program had taken the time and spare money of a lot of good businessmen, such as the Hollands.

Mr. Stone went on. "And I'm particularly interested in getting the Seventh Step message to underprivileged boys *before* they get into crime. Keep thinking of a way to do that."

"Yes, sir, I will."

He relaxed. He had made his point. He asked me to tell him more about the Lansing program. I did. I told him all about the more than 200 parolees.

"And so far you're ninety percent successful," he mused. "But how are you financing this work?"

That opened a floodgate. He heard about my debts and I finished on a slightly more optimistic note. The business community of Kansas City was showing more interest all the time.

His reaction was startling. "You mean that you have an effective program going, and all it needs is money? Well, I have plenty of that! How much do you need?"

When I could talk, I said. "A quarter of a million dollars ought to extend the program to tens of thousands of men."

Mr. Stone shrugged. "Get me a written proposition showing where the money will be used, and I'll see that you get it. Now, about your personal position. How much do you owe, and where?"

When I told him he nodded. "I'll take care of that. You can't do good work when you're burdened down with money worries. Nobody can. Let's see. This is Thursday. Can you be here Tuesday with the written forecast of what the program needs in the way of money *and* a list of your own debtors and the amount you owe them?"

My hand was pumped again, and I was in the outer office, arranging with the secretary for the Tuesday meeting.

A miracle. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And

last week I had been scrounging for gas money to get out to Lansing.

The second interview with Mr. Stone went as fast as the first. Mr. Stone read my prospectus as quickly as he did everything else.

"Very good," he said, laying it down. "I'm especially pleased that you have already set up your gift-tax, nonprofit corporation structure. Saves time. How about your personal debts?"

So I handed that over, too. Mr. Stone has a built-in adding machine. He grunted as he checked the total and snapped an intercom switch. "Check to Bill Sands for 27,500.

I said, "That's a little over 5,000 more than I owe."

"The rest is to cover your expenses moving to Chicago. We'll need to work closely together if we are to expand this program into other states." His logic was obvious.

"According to your prison-program budget, you'll need 5,000 dollars the first month, gradually climbing till you're spending 20,000 a month at the end of a year and a half. That just about takes care of the full quarter of a million. Now, we'll consider this seed money. After it's gone, you'll be on your own. Right?"

The two checks were on his desk in moments. He signed them and handed them over to me.

I started muttering my thanks, but didn't get far. W. Clement Stone had done his from-behind-the-desk bounce and was escorting me to the door. I was outside before I quite understood what had been done for the Seventh Step movement—and for me personally.

Really, I was still in shock when the plane landed at Kansas City. Pony was at the airport to drive me home. I swept her off the ground and gave her a hug that almost broke her ribs. She got loose and gasped, "What's the matter with you?" before she could get her breath back.

I waved the two checks at her. She grabbed them and lost a little more breath. "Bill!" Pony didn't seem to believe it any more than we had.

I'm afraid everything else got sort of short notice for the next week as Pony and I drove around Kansas City, paying off our patient creditors. Les Thompson was my biggest creditor. When I handed him a check for almost 8,000 dollars, he honored it with the briefest of glances and slid it into the top drawer of his desk.

"Aren't you going to say something, Les?"

"Bill," he said, "my wife and I never expected anything else. We had more faith in you than you had in yourself."

VIII

Before we could move to Chicago, I had to find a clubroom in the city for Seventh Step.

We found just what we needed on the second floor of an office building on Minnesota Avenue. The meeting room would hold a hundred men, and it had plenty of room for easy chairs to read or chat in, checkers, chess and card games, and a modest library. Karl Bowen agreed to take over my job as the ex-convict in charge of the Lansing program, and with Ezra heading the committee in the prison, I was leaving the first prerelease class in good hands. Soon the Seventh Step became interested in juvenile delinquents.

A great many of our convicts indicated that they wanted to work with delinquent kids when they got out. To help the youngsters, of course. And also as a means of helping themselves. A man who knows he is looked up to and depended upon by several teen-agers is very unlikely to take a false step that heads him back behind bars.

The most important thing to do for juvenile criminals is to change them before they are confined with a bunch of their contemporaries. Reform schools, juvenile houses of detention, even juvenile forestry camps, are often schools for criminal technique.

When I went to reform school, I didn't have the vaguest idea of how anyone went about blowing a safe. When I came out, I not only knew several techniques for getting inside a box, but I had memorized lists of where safes of different kinds were located, how much money they held at different times, when they were watched and when they weren't.

Up till then I had been more or less confined to sticking up Mom and Pop grocery stores. Now I was a graduate criminal, I could hope to make some big money. Certain boys in a reform school sometimes will know more about the money habits of the large chains—filling stations, supermarkets and so on—than some executives in the home offices of the companies know.

A little thought makes it apparent that the one thing that boys in a reform school have in common besides sex (which all boys have in common) is crime. They come from all sorts of backgrounds, all ethnic groups, all the localities in the state—big cities, crossroad towns, ranches, farms. So they talk about crime—how to commit different crimes, which ones pay best, how to set up an alibi, how to talk to cops. And—if they didn't know before they came there—they learn to hate. And they want to "get even."

And their backgrounds, as I said, are of all kinds. It is a mistake to think that only slums produce juvenile delinquency. According to J. Edgar Hoover, one out of four males under 18 in the middle-class suburbs might someday make it to a police blotter.

The Lansing committee soon after I left decided to try to get local delinquents to visit the class.

One of the squarejohns who regularly attended the Lansing class had a nephew named Hank Brown who had dropped out of high school, served several jail sentences and was a general all-round troublemaker. When the committee began to talk about having youngsters visit the class, the squarejohn immediately thought of Hank. The next week he brought him along to the meeting. Hank only watched that class. But the next week he brought along his father, also Hank Brown, who was a professional photographer in Kansas City.

Both father and son continued to attend. The convicts never addressed any of their remarks to the father, but after weeks of watching them work on his son, he got up in class one night.

"You all talk about facing the truth about yourselves in this class," he said. "Well, I have a truth I think I ought to face. My son has been in and out of trouble for years, and people say he's a rotten kid. I want to tell you I've been a rotten father. I drink more than I ought to, and I don't give the boy the kind of attention he needs. That's the truth. I intend to change."

He was as good as his words. Within weeks the youngster had straightened out completely. He had dropped out of high school, but he took equivalency examinations, passed them and entered college. The boy is now doing magnificently, and his father has stopped drinking and begun to devote his free time to his family. The first time I met his wife she told me our committee had not only saved her son but had also restored her husband to her.

A good thing gets around. Deputy sheriffs from Kansas started bringing their problem kids directly from their jails into the class at Lansing. The success of this experiment was so phenomenal that the number of boys who were being brought into Lansing by jailers or probation officers or judges soon made it necessary for our juvenile program to be formalized. There is now a Seventh Step hour just for juveniles after every class. It is run by the prerelease-class committees, and it is one of the most heartening aspects of our work. While the boys are inside the prison, it is possible to arrange tours for them of the cells, the solitary block, even death row in a prison that has such a thing. It makes an impression.

Every Seventh Step chapter is required by our national by-laws to work with juveniles. We have had escapees from reform school turn themselves in to us in San Francisco. A boy turned in his gun in San Jose. And one of our men in Topeka has so many cases to his credit that he has had to set aside a separate file cabinet just to keep track of them.

IX

It looked like a police convention, or a combined police convention and dog show. The Kansas City police has a K-9 corps, and it looked as though every officer in town was there with his dog.

Our destination had been the La Salle Bar, but now we turned off into a nice dark side street and parked. The La

Salle Bar was the known hangout of every hot crook in town and we were all ex-convicts—and one of us was on parole.

Wrestler, whose nickname described him perfectly, said he'd get out and go to the bar on foot, adding, "There's no use you going, Bill. You're out of touch. The guys wouldn't talk to you. But me, I know everybody in town who's on the take."

Off he went, his frame huge under the street lights, his shadow even larger.

Here was I—a respectable citizen of Chicago, a speaker who was making frequent appearances on national television, the author of a best-selling book—dodging the Kansas City police at 4:00 o'clock in the morning. I was sweating so hard that I was sure the police dogs would smell it. My companions and I were not exactly breaking the law—but we were certainly skirting it. We were looking for an ex-convict with a police bullet in his back. And we were planning—if he found him—to give him any help we could.

How had we got into this mess? Easily. I was attending a perfectly normal Seventh Step club meeting only a few hours before. When a call came in, Joe Wallace, the ex-con head of the club, answered the phone.

"Big trouble, Bill. That was Bob Hacker. You don't know him, he's not one of ours. He's got Jim Crane up in his room."

Joe explained. "Tall, good-looking young guy. Just got out of Lansing a couple of weeks ago. Friend of Ezra's. He's got a .38 slug just above the kidney. Bob Hacker thinks he's about to die on him."

"Police?"

"Yes, but Bob didn't know much more than that. Jim walked several miles to get to him, and passed out almost at once after he got there. He's lost a lot of blood, and the wound's beginning to swell badly. Bob's tried a couple of doctors that he's got connections with, but they're not around just now."

We decided to find Crane.

So we took off for the La Salle Bar and ran into the police convention. Wrestler and Charley Moore came with us. We couldn't be sure that the police department was there on the same errand as ourselves, but it didn't seem like the best place in the world for a carful of ex-convicts.

Wrestler wasn't gone long. When he came back, he muttered an address to Joe and started folding his frame into the car.

"Not Bob's place," he said. "But the guy who lives there has been pranking with him. These cops *are* looking for him."

Joe drove off slowly, anxious to avoid attracting police notice. Suddenly he asked, "Bill, do you remember Jack Trellyon, a few years ago?"

"A few years ago? I saw him a few *weeks* ago."

Charley cut in with a question. "Was he limping?"

Slightly puzzled, I answered. "No, not at all. Why?"

Joe waited, as though expecting someone else to speak. Then he said, "Four years ago he took a slug that broke his leg. I heard the guy who fixed him up wasn't a doc, and never had been."

Silently we drove along. There was not much civilian traffic on the street. Every other car we saw had a police shield on the side, and the ones without it were probably detective cruisers. Foot cops leading—or being led by—K-9 dogs were trying store doors and going in and out of apartments and tenements and rooming houses.

Then Charley burst out. "Oh hell! I was the doc who fixed up Jack. Took out the slug and set the leg, and last time I saw him he said it didn't even hurt when it was raining. I can fix up Crane—if we find him."

He went on to name the prison where he had been a pharmacist, and the other where he had worked in the infirmary as a surgical assistant.

We asked him what he needed in the way of instruments. He said he could get everything he didn't have at home at an all-night drugstore.

"All I really need is a place to work in."

"Get your stuff together and take it around to my motel room," I told him. It seemed to me that my room was the last place in town where the police would look.

We dropped Charley off where he could get a cab. The cop cars had thinned out, they must have had a tip that Jim Crane was holed up near the La Salle Bar. If he wasn't some stool pigeon was going to lose his place in the breadline.

By the time we reached the address Wrestler had picked up in the La Salle, police activity was down to zero. Several miles from the bar Wrestler pointed to a house, telling Joe to stop there. Then he went up to the door and knocked, for he knew the man who lived there, at least by sight.

Cautiously, but at once, the door was opened. The man who came out looked over Wrestler, then nodded. We could hear him asking who was waiting in the car. Wrestler said, "Bill Sands and Joe Wallace."

"Let's see."

We climbed out. When we could be clearly seen in the light from the streetlamp, the man nodded, moving his head as if he had a glass neck.

"Okay. What do you want?"

"Bob Hacker," said Wrestler. "Hell, man, don't be so chinchy. We're all solid guys, and you know it."

The guy told him that Bob lived across the street "where you can see the lights."

Then the door closed. But, after all, two hours before dawn you don't have that many lighted windows to choose from.

Nothing in my life—and I guess nothing in Wrestler's or Joe's—had taught us how to walk up on a wounded and possibly delirious man with a gun. We lined up in the street, then I tilted up my head and bawled up toward the lighted window. "Jim, it's Bill Sands, Joe Wallace and Wrestler."

No answer. We moved closer and once again I tried.

Telling the other two to stay downstairs in case the people in the lower flat—if any—had questions about my serenade, I hurried upstairs. Then, squeezed against the wall next to the door, I put out my fist and knocked, saying, "It's Bill Sands, it's Bill Sands."

At last I went downstairs again and out onto the porch. I needed fresh air. But the moment I was on the porch alone, a man came out of the shadows. He was holding a .45—it looked like a howitzer on my belly.

"Got a name?"

Considering that I had been yelling it all over the neighborhood for quite a while, repetition seemed unnecessary. But he had the gun. I spoke up.

"Who's with you?"

Raising my voice so that the two men inside could hear me, I said, "Wrestler and Joe Wallace."

Right on cue, they came out into the light from the porch lamp, and the man asked, "Wrestler, is this really Bill Sands?"

"Yes."

The .45 went into the waistband of the stranger's belt. Putting out his hand, he said, "I'm Bob Hacker, I'm glad you guys are here. I got Jim in a closed-up bar not too far away. We got to have some medical help for him."

"We've got it, and a car," I told him. "Let's go."

In the car, I sat next to Bob Hacker, who began, "I've heard about you, Bill. I'm still on the take, and you've gone square, but they tell me you're still solid clear through. Who you got lined up for Jim?"

"Charley Moore."

He swore.

"Christ, I should have thought of him." Then, leaning forward, he said, "Right over there, Joe."

"There" was a small, detached building which had been a bar so long ago that I barely remembered some of the brands advertised by the dingy signs. It was a good hideout—no cop was likely to investigate it.

We didn't go with Hacker to get Crane. Through any kind of semidelirious haze, Crane was most likely to recognize Hacker—and we weren't forgetting that the wounded man still had his gun. When Bob reappeared, half-carrying and half-dragging Crane, I remembered Jim from Lansing.

I remembered him, but he certainly had changed. In the joint he had been a good-looking kid, carrying his six feet three inches with a good deal of grace. Now he was drenched with sweat and covered with filth, and as limp as the bar rag in a 10-cent wino joint.

We were all out of the car except Joe. We pushed Jim into the front seat and I got in on the right side to hold him up and shield him from passing cars as much as possible.

Then, turning in my seat as best I could, I spoke to the men behind. I thought Jim wouldn't hear me. He felt as if he'd passed out.

"We've got to cover ourselves in case we're stopped. All five of us have records, and Jim is trying to run with a cop slug in his back. If we get the siren and the red light, let me do the talking. But they might separate us to check my story, so here

it is. Jim was afraid that if he tried to turn himself in, the first cop who saw him might shoot first and ask questions later. We're taking him to the motel so that he can call his parole officer and get picked up in a state car. We'd figured that was the only way Crane could get medical help without the risk of getting shot some more."

And I had been wrong when I thought Jim was too far gone to hear me. There was even a little strength in his voice as he asked. "Are you really turning me in?"

"Not unless that's what you want," I said. "But if we're stopped, there's no use your getting four other guys busted too."

All Jim Crane could say was, "I'm sure glad you guys came." He didn't speak any more but I could hear his teeth grating so hard that I seemed to feel it all through my arms.

In the motel room we found my wife Pony with another couple. Luckily the man was an ex-con like the rest of us. Charley was getting ready. He didn't have all the surgical equipment to be found in a hospital, but he had enough. We put Jim down on one of the beds, I helped him get down a double shot of whisky, and he started talking.

He had broken parole all right. He had made a U-turn! A policeman, stopping to let a K-9 dog out of his car, saw him and gave chase. But it wasn't Jim's car—it had been lent him by a girl who had a husband. So Jim stepped on the gas and tried to outrun the cruiser. The cop radioed for help. The slug had been slowed down by cutting through parts of the auto, otherwise it would certainly have come out through his chest and killed him.

Not that he was in good shape anyway. After jockeying into a throughway he had sideswiped another car, knocking it into a ditch, and had kept on going. If the girl-friend's husband ever got his car back, he would have quite a repair bill. At present it was still ditched some 18 miles away—Jim had *walked* the 18 miles back to Hacker's place.

Charley was staring into the wound with the help of a little flashlight. One of the men said, "Charley, if you touch that wound you're violating your parole."

My wife said firmly, "Only if someone in the room talks."

Charley grunted that he was ready to probe if that was still what Jim Crane wanted. He helped me get Jim into position to swallow more whisky. Then I started talking.

"Jim, you were in the program out at the joint. You know the pitch—a man who gets out of prison is sure to go back in if he doesn't stop kidding himself that he can get away with breaking the law. If you want, Charley will take out the bullet and I'll give you 50 bucks, and none of us saw you tonight."

"Or what?" asked Jim. The whisky had put some color back into his chalky face.

"So far all you've done is make a U-turn and run from a cop. If you tell me to, I'll call your parole officer, Harrity. He'll get you into a hospital, and he'll see to it that some cop doesn't blast first and ask afterward. You'll have a real doctor in a real operating room, and you can quit being a professional thief on the run. Harrity won't be too rough—he's pretty square."

Jim half-closed his eyes. I knew what he was thinking. Every con in the Seventh Step has thought the same thing. When you stop lying to yourself, you know that every crook gets caught sooner or later, and you decide that you are tired of doing time.

At last he said, "There's the car I sideswiped. If the driver's dead, I've had it."

"He'll be just as dead when they catch up with you."

He winced. But he never asked me if I would turn him in without his own consent. He knew none of us would.

Finally he said, "Call Harrity."

Bob Hacker nodded. "You're doing the only thing, Jim. Otherwise they'd nail you in forever."

And he went into the other room to phone. He changed his voice when he talked to Harrity, then he and the other two guys on parole—Wrestler and Charley—left us.

Crane got out of that evening well. Harrity helped him into a hospital and went to bat for him with the officer who had chased him. And the officer admitted that Crane had only acted scared not belligerent. The man who had been sideswiped had not been hurt, and on learning that Crane might do a long stretch for breaking parole, he refused to press charges. So Crane received a 30-day suspended sentence. No sweat to that.

Which makes it a story with a happy ending—except for one thing.

A few weeks later Jim Crane tried to jimmy coin boxes in a Laundromat and was caught.

This makes it a story with an unhappy ending but for another thing. A few weeks after Crane stepped back into the web, Bob Hacker showed up at the Seventh Step Club, announcing that he was going straight.

"Since when?" I asked. "Tomorrow?"

"Believe it or not, I haven't pulled a job since that night we all churned around on the Crane deal. That night you guys on the square showed up a lot better than a taker like me."

So far, Bob Hacker has stuck to his resolve. So have a lot of other men. For every one Jim Crane there have been nine or 10 Bob Hackers.

X

I suppose any effort that attracts widespread attention also attracts widespread opposition. Why I don't know. It seems to be a fact of life.

One criticism directed against us was really a great favor, since it gave Clement Stone and myself an idea that greatly helped Seventh Step. The critic was a reviewer for the stately *Monthly Journal of Penology,* a periodical certainly entitled to its opinion. In part, the review of *My Shadow Ran Fast* said:

Sands suggests the formation of prerelease classes for convicts conducted by ex-convicts rather than by correctional authorities. . . .

"I would make every sentence indeterminate, going from one year to life.

"I would install, in the place of men now on parole boards, M.D. psychiatrists, polygraph [lie detector] operators and men skilled in the use of sodium pentothal, hypnotism and every other technological advance that probes the human mind."

Such statements hardly present a philosophy of crime control which will impress people [such as Clinton Duffy, member of the California adult paroling authority, for example] who really understand crime and criminals.

Pony read the criticism first. Then she passed it on to me, and I read it over the phone to Clement Stone. He snorted gently, adding the mild comment, "You can't please every one."

"No," I said. "But I object to their citing Clinton Duffy as an authority *against* Seventh Step. He'd be the last person in the world to oppose what I'm trying to do."

"You're sure?"

I said that if he weren't retired, he'd probably even work for us.

"Then call him up and ask him. He's just what we need."

While I waited for the long-distance call to go through, I began to have misgivings. Somehow or other, the idea of Clinton T. Duffy working for a bunch of ex-convicts wasn't right. And then I realized that it was the most right thing in the world. All through his career Warden Duffy had been working for convicts. If I put it that way. . . .

The truth was, I couldn't sell this man. I could only drive him to the store and let him buy or not, as he wished. Nobody could pressure Clinton Duffy into doing anything, nobody could con him.

He recognized my voice as soon as I said, "Hi, Warden."

I came to the point at once.

"Warden, would you consider coming out of retirement and going to work again?"

"Well, I'm not looking for a job, Bill."

Warden Duffy knew about my Seventh Step work. The promotion tours had taken me to San Francisco several times, and each time I had visited the Duffys. So I skipped bringing him up to date, and made the proposition flat. Before Seventh Step could expand much farther—into new states, new institutions, new areas, such as juvenile delinquency—the program needed the advice and help of a professional penologist. And who could be better than Clinton Duffy?

"Let me show you the program close up. Come to Kansas City, as a guest of the foundation, and go out to Lansing with me. Meet the class members and the sponsorship group. I think you'll be impressed."

"Okay, Bill. I'm free anytime next week."

At Kansas City there left the plane a stocky man with a strong, kindly face under a shock of white hair—Warden Duffy. I met him and drove him up to the Holiday Inn, where the marquee

bore in large letters—KANSAS CITY WELCOMES CLINTON DUFFY. The lobby of the motel was filled with newspapermen and television units ready to interview him. He chuckled softly.

"Bill, you're incorrigible."

We spent a busy weekend. Warden Duffy spent a long time at the clubroom, talking to the men on parole and release. His questions were so quiet that the men hardly realized that they were being cross-examined. Before it was time to visit the prison on Monday, Mr. Duffy knew as much about Seventh Step in Kansas as it was possible to know.

Twenty-five years before, Clinton T. Duffy had taken over the world's largest prison on the heels of the bloodiest riot in the history of penology. The prison of which he became warden contained 6,000 rioting, violent, hate-filled men. In the entire history of San Quentin no warden had ever walked into the main yard when the prisoners were there without a heavy guard. Had he done so, he would have been torn limb from limb, for to those 6,000 men he was the man who denied them their freedom.

Like most prison yards, the main yard at San Quentin is a vast area of concrete, surrounded on four sides by towering walls, patrolled by armed guards on raised catwalks. One day the steel door at the end of this yard swung open and through it stepped a man in a blue suit. Behind him the door swung shut and was locked. The man was Clinton T. Duffy, the new warden, and he was alone with his prisoners. As casually as a housewife walks across her kitchen, he began walking across San Quentin's main yard.

There was a shocked silence. But it was followed by a sound never heard before in any prison, anywhere in the world. The sound of 6,000 men cheering and applauding the man who kept them caged.

This was the beginning of Duffy's career as warden—10 minutes after his appointment as temporary warden. Until then he had been an obscure prison clerk. He remained as warden of San Quentin for 12 years, and throughout his tenure he walked through every part of the prison, at any time of the day or night, without an escort. Sometimes he walked with his wife on his arm. For 12 years he was welcome everywhere he appeared—even on death row, which housed men whom the law required him to execute.

The old miracle was repeated at Lansing. The prison population knew he was coming. Even as Warden Duffy was being formally greeted by the warden and his staff, I could hear unusual noises coming from inside the gates. A man singing as he walked along, another whistling—cheerful sounds to hear in that old, old monument to man's failure.

Duffy talked at some length with each member of the inside committee headed by Ezra Kingsley and with many of the members of the class. Thereafter he spent two hours or more in conversation with Ezra himself. Obviously Duffy was impressed. He told me that the idea of a committee composed of men not eligible for parole, and therefore not influenced by selfish motives, was one of the most valuable things in the whole Seventh Step setup.

The climax of the day was the class. I took a quick survey as we entered the larger classroom Ezra had obtained for the class. All the regulars were there. A few new faces had appeared—which was usual enough. In addition, a number of high officials in the state correctional system were in attendance —at last they had come to Lansing to sit in on a prerelease class. It was too bad that they had come to meet Warden Duffy rather than to learn about our program and what it was doing for the men and for the State of Kansas. But they were there at last. We had a very big opportunity.

I watched Duffy closely as one convict after another took the podium and faced the inevitable barrage of questions from his peers. I could tell that he was fascinated and impressed by the way these men were helping each other to face a truth about themselves. Finally, when that part of the class ended, it was time for me to introduce Warden Duffy. I heard myself beginning with the old cliché—"the speaker needs no introduction" —and then words came to me.

I said, "Warden Duffy, I have received all the credit for starting The Seventh Step Foundation and the program of prisoner remotivation. The credit is not mine—it is yours. Without you I would not be here. You literally gave me back my life when I was one of your prisoners. Everything I may do or accomplish I can trace directly to the understanding you gave."

Slowly Warden Duffy rose and walked to the rostrum. He faced, for him, a familiar scene—hundreds of upturned faces shining with hope, faith and affection. The faces of our damned and our incarcerated. He was deeply moved.

He said, "I passed two days in Kansas City talking to graduates of this class and to their sponsors and employers. I was impressed by the constructive attitudes of Seventh Step men. Here, tonight, I have seen the formation of those attitudes, and I have formed this opinion. This may well be the greatest single advance that has ever been made in man's efforts to rehabilitate or remotivate men in prison."

"Just before this meeting started," he continued, "one of the TV newsmen asked me how I would feel if I were to go to work for a man I had once confined in solitary. I did not have time to answer him, so I will answer now. I shall not be working *for* Bill Sands, but I will work *with* him. Together we will try to make a part of this world a better place to live in. How do I feel about that? I feel very proud to be working once again with my friend."

XI

A note from Clement Stone started us packing again.

Bill, it has been called to my attention that over 10 percent of the nation's convicts are in the State of California. That state has a high crime rate and is most receptive to innovations in penology. In view of recent discussions concerning expansion of our program and also since Warden Duffy has joined us, California sounds like an ideal state for our operations. I think you should consider moving there for this purpose. Perhaps this is the right time to open the program in such prisons as San Quentin, Folsom, Chino, etc.

I had waited a long time for the opportunity to walk back into San Quentin as a successful ex-convict. That was where this had all started. I wanted to bring the program to those men, some of whom would probably remember me from the years I served there.

San Quentin and the California Institution for Men at Chino are the principal medium-security and minimum-security penitentiaries for the state. Chino cannot be compared to any other prison in the country. Just for one thing, in its approximate 25 years of operation, it has never had a killing. For another thing, Chino has no walls. The current superintendent at Chino, E. J. Oberhauser, will sometimes welcome a group of new arrivals with this kind of speech: "My name is Oberhauser. Most people call me Obie.

"Now, if you decide to run away from here and head south, you're going to run smack into the Maximum Security Diagnostic Center, and it's going to give you a lot of trouble. If you head east, you have nothing in your way at all, but it's a long way to the closest road. If you head north, you can get to a road fairly easily, but there's cattle running out there, and to keep them in we have a barbed-wire fence that's about four feet high, which you have to climb. And if you head west, you go out through all the housing and stuff, so that's a bad way to go. If you climb the fence, you're subject to rip your pants. So, I would suggest that you put your coat over the barbed wire and then use that, climb over the coat.

"Our officers do not carry guns or clubs. So there's nothing to stop you from going but one thing—and that is, if you run away from here, you can never come back again. When they catch you, you'll go to some other prison in California, and that's where you'll do the rest of your sentence. That's the only threat. If you run away, you can't come back."

The Seventh Step committee there, composed of seven men, has a combined record of having served more than 100 years. The use of Chino is not confined to boys and young men who have made one false step.

We had been trying without success to get a parole for Ezra Kingsley. The delays and stalling about Ezra's release irked me for I believed—along with Warden Duffy—that Ezra could help set up the Seventh Step movement in California. I toyed with the idea of publicizing the frustrations we were encountering, because Ezra's case seemed to me typical of the kind of injustice Kansas was tolerating. It would be a dramatic example of the attitude that had hindered Seventh Step work from the beginning. But I was afraid that any public uproar I raised

might be costly—not for the authorities, that is, but for Ezra.

Then the break came. Melvin M. Belli read *My Shadow* and liked it. The colorful, nationally-famous San Francisco lawyer wrote me a letter which ended, "If I can ever be of any help to you, just let me know."

Could he be of help? I almost knocked the telephone over grabbing it. Within a few minutes we were calling each other Mel and Bill, and I was asking him if he really meant what he said.

Four days later he and I were on our way to Kansas. Lansing, first. Mel wanted to meet Ezra. They were alone in the chaplain's office for quite a while. Then they came out, arm in arm with the lawyer saying "It looks like I have a new nonpaying client" in a hearty tone of self-congratulation.

Mel Belli's activities never go unnoticed. Kansas knew he was at Lansing, and the class that night was packed with prisoners and squarejohns. Lieutenant Governor Crutcher was there, and so were Warden Crouse, Kansas Director of Prisons McAtee, and former Gov. Payne Ratner.

Through the first hour, Ezra conducted the program. Then he turned the rostrum over to his new attorney. Mel Belli, in turn, introduced former Gov. Payne Ratner of Kansas and Lieutenant Governor Crutcher, Warden Crouse and Mr. McAtee to the mike, organized them into a quartet and boomingly—Belli-style—led them in singing "Happy Birthday" to Ezra.

Mel may have wondered why the applause was delayed. It was something that only a convict or an ex-con would have known. The men were dumbfounded at seeing such a distinguished group honoring a prisoner. When they did applaud, it was thunderous. Mel Belli stood up there, beaming until he got absolute silence. Then he turned to the other members of his quartet and said, "Gentlemen, you've just sung 'Happy Birthday' to a man who has done more for this prison than any convict in history. He doesn't have anything to be happy about. What about you, gentlemen? Are you happy or proud of yourselves for keeping this man locked up?"

Mel got a Kansas attorney, Dave Carson, to work with him, and set about building up a plea to have Ezra's last prison sentence set aside. I left pretty certain that we would soon have Ezra out.

I was happy until I got back. Pony and I had been having what the experts call "marital difficulties" for some time. We had tried to resolve them in the past, but this time we had to agree to separate.

The trouble had started way back in Kansas City. Pony was as involved in my prison work as I. She was dedicated to it and she worked at it. I don't know how I could have begun the Seventh Step without her tremendous help.

Pony, however, had suffered an experience far more traumatic than anything I had gone through. She had witnessed her best friend's execution. I have never been sure whether my work in prisons, where I took her along whenever possible, might not have been intolerably painful for her. I never even considered the possibility until it was too late.

And I'm sure I am not the easiest guy in the world to live with—as maybe the reader has guessed. I tend to be very emotional and I live an intense life—sometimes I work 20 hours at a stretch and then collapse. In pursuit of an immediate goal I will pack my bags and fly 3,000 miles at a moment's notice. I come back when the job is done. All this is hard on a wife. And I'm sure I wasn't always considerate of Pony's feelings.

In any event, Pony is remarried now—to a man who did time with me in San Quentin. He is very active in the rehabilitation of alcoholics, and so is Pony. She needs a full schedule and some work she cares about deeply to make her happy. I hope she is.

The new programs in California were a dream come true, for me and for everyone who had put so much into the Seventh Step for so long. Finally, expansion to a national scale was not a mere hope but a secure reality. All of us visualized swiftly branching out into one prison after another, and though it meant more work than we had ever had before, it was just what we wanted.

And then, without warning, Seventh Step suddenly faced the worst crisis since its inception. The crisis occurred when a firm pledge of a substantial sum, which we had considered basic to our plans, did not materialize. Our financial margin was always thin at best. Every cent we had available went into solidifying our gains and expanding. So the loss of this pledge was a disaster. Suddenly our plans were all daydreams. Only now they were daydreams we had held out as realities to the men at Chino and San Quentin as well as Lansing and Cook County, and we had no funds to support even one of these prerelease programs, let alone four.

In the confusion that followed this development, a well-meaning organization that had an honest regard for our intentions but no understanding at all of our basic principles offered to solve all our problems by taking over the foundation and replacing the ex-convicts on our board of directors with professional social workers and other respectable, educated people. When we failed to show enthusiasm, I'm afraid their feelings were hurt. The prerelease class leaders, the Seventh Step Club managers, the secretaries, everyone who had agreed to work for the salaries we had projected, would have to be told there were no salaries at all. They were duly informed, and what followed was perhaps the greatest miracle of the whole program.

Nobody quit.

I suppose we shouldn't have been surprised where the ex-convicts were concerned. One of our main preoccupations when we'd screened them was to make certain they were all solid. And when things went badly, they stayed solid.

The Chicago program is the only one that closed for lack of funds. Karl Bowen, however, continues to help convicts and ex-convicts. He has joined an organization in South Carolina that is very similar to Alcoholics Anonymous but concentrates on men in trouble with the law. It isn't The Seventh Step Foundation, but it was the best Karl could do under the circumstances.

Among the men who had been out long enough to have made a secure place for themselves and their families, some sold their homes, or took out second mortgages if they could get them, and even sold their cars and rode a bus out to the prisons. The people who had never been in prison stayed by us too, and the work went on.

Nowadays almost all our programs are self-supporting. The ones that aren't—those that are getting started—soon will be self-supporting.

But the foundation needs more money, on a national basis, to start new programs. Eventually we hope to have a revolving fund that will start programs and then demonstrate their success to local people, who are more likely to take over a successful project than an untried one.

At this time, there are active Seventh Step chapters in San Jose, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, Kansas City and Topeka. Some 3,500 convicts who attended Seventh Step classes are maintaining their freedom. But there is still a great deal of work to be done. There are more than 300,000 men in prisons in this country.

The efforts Seventh Step put into the Lansing are, to our great satisfaction, bearing fruit quite aside from the program's main objective of helping men to maintain their freedom. Although conditions in the penitentiary have not changed materially, a constant effort at improvement is being made. The old solitary "jail" has been torn down but unfortunately it was replaced by a new forbidding place of solitary confinement. A new vocational-training building has been erected, the old benches in the mess hall have been replaced with tables, the tear gassing of inmates has ceased, and physical brutality is almost totally eliminated. Even Sadie has shown signs of great change. He is a booster of the Seventh Step work, and he chose a Seventh Step dinner as the time that he would bring his wife into the prison for the first time.

Christmas before last I got the best present I've received in quite a while. Dave Carson, the Kansas lawyer Mel Belli had consulted with, wrote Ezra, and Ezra forwarded the letter to me:

Dear Mr. Kingsley:

We appeared in the Butler County District Court. Our motion was sustained, and the Court set aside your sentence and conviction of March 22, 1952.

Ezra was even more terse. He wrote:

Thank you, buddy.

What the attorney's letter meant was that Ezra's time would be recomputed on the basis of his original sentence, which meant that he should have been eligible for parole three years

before. This made it virtually certain that the board of paroles would give Ezra a date for parole. And sure enough, they did—the date June 1. This was better than nothing, but an awful lot could happen between December 1 and June 1. Any violation or alleged violation of prison rules could cancel the parole or delay it.

An awful lot happened to me in those six months. For one thing, I became a father again, after 13 years. When my first wife and I broke up, Jimmy was only six. Now he was almost 19, and had long believed I was dead. His mother and I had decided that was best because of my juvenile and San Quentin record and her hope to remarry.

But *My Shadow Ran Fast* printed my original name—Wilbur Power Sewell—which I had changed to Bill Sands when I was entertaining in nightclubs. Young Jim Sewell—Boiler Tender James Clinton Sewell, USN—read the book and thought such an unusual name was not likely to belong to two people by coincidence. Besides, he suspected—rightly, as it happens—that his own middle name might have been chosen in honor of Clinton T. Duffy.

He addressed his letter to "Mr. Sands," told me who he was, and said that if I had come up so far in the world that I didn't want to be burdened with a son, he would understand. It wasn't a whining letter. His stepfather, he said, had taught him "to look at every side of the story."

The letter was written aboard ship off the coast of Viet Nam. He wanted to know what his father was really like. At first I thought I knew. I had written a whole book on the subject, and this present book was partly written.

But then, as I wrote Jim—and it was 10 days before I could bring myself to start a letter that I didn't tear up—I realized that the book only told what I did, not what I am. And it was the same with all the letters and clippings and tapes of talks in my file.

Jim didn't remember me clearly, but he remembered things I did, like teaching him boxing and taking him and his mother horseback riding.

Part of my answer to Jim was personal, of course. But part, I think, is worth repeating here because it brought me up against the necessity of having to retake the first step of the Seven. The Step that called for facing myself. I wrote, in part:

I only know that your father is a guy who found himself very late in life and who thinks of himself as a very fallible guy who is trying as best he knows how, with the tools he has available, to build something that is bigger and stronger and far better than the guy who builds it.

You said in your letter that it was a shock for you to find out who I was and that you "cried like a baby" when you read my name in the book. It was a shock for me, too, to hear from you and I did the same thing!

Then, Jim, you asked me why I left you, my "flesh and blood," and said, "why haven't you ever tried to find me or even write to me once. Please tell me."

The answer to that question, Jim, should be obvious to you. When I was in prison, I saw the results of far too many broken marriages when each parent was trying to gain the love of the child, while resorting to the very human emotion of trying to discredit the other parent.

I resolved, when I decided to leave your mother, that you would not be put through that particular wringer.

There is no possible way for you to ever know what a decision that was for me to make. There is no possible way for you to ever comprehend how close we were, you and I, from your birth through the first five and a half years of your life.

It may interest you to know that I once drove almost 2,000 miles from Northern California to a little street on the outskirts of Houston, Texas, and sat parked in a car on the corner looking at a little frame house on a street full of tract houses so that I could catch one glimpse of my boy going by as he came home from school.

You asked me to tell you my side of the story. Jim, I can only suggest to you that it sometimes happens that two people get married who are not meant for each other and who bring unhappiness to each other and to those around them. This does not make either person "good" or "bad," it simply means that while they might find happiness elsewhere they cannot find it or bring it to the world with each other.

Why didn't I write to you? I hope you can understand and believe (as you eventually must if you search for the truth because it is true!) that it was because I loved you too much and that of all of the things I have ever done in my life the most courageous thing I have ever done was to try to give you your best chance in life by giving you up. . . .

With love,
Bill

In the spring I suddenly got a telegram. Jim was back in the United States, and less than 100 miles from where I was living. In a matter of hours I met my boy.

I remembered Jim as a lively, active child with the most beautiful eyes and the brightest smile I had ever seen. The young man I met that afternoon was quiet and reserved, but the beautiful eyes were the same, and the smile as bright as ever.

We had only a week together. We water-skied, we rode around beautiful Southern California, we explored things. Most of all, we talked about the present, about the future, and a little about the past.

I had a lot to be thankful for. Jim had not had it too bad. He had got into trouble in the first grade at school for fighting, which was a little like his dad, but he had straightened out as he grew older. He'd finished high school before he entered the Navy, and was only sorry that his grades weren't as high as he felt they could have been if he'd concentrated harder on his studies. But he was a good athlete, and, again like his father, he was fond of sports.

Not long after Jim returned to duty, another wonderful thing happened. This one brought the largest of my personal worries to an end. On June 1, 1966, I flew to Lansing, Kansas, and went out to the prison. The warden greeted me and then left me alone outside the locked gates.

When those locked gates next opened, Ezra Kingsley stepped through them. His scarred face scowling, he held out his hand to me.

And then he grinned, and he wasn't ugly at all any more.

XII

A sign along the road said I was leaving town, and as soon as I saw it I began to sweat, though it was certainly not hot. My hands were clammy, and from time to time I wiped them on my handkerchief.

The town we had left was San Francisco. The place we were going to was San Quentin. It's about 20 miles from the city to the prison. San Quentin is on a peninsula and is mostly surrounded by water—which makes it hard for anyone who might somehow have made it over the wall to get much farther. The site was not picked by accident.

We covered those 20 miles all too fast for my taste. Within what seemed only minutes of leaving San Francisco, the car was nearing the massive edifice of steel and concrete surmounted by gun towers that is San Quentin. When we arrived, our escort turned to me and said "Come on." None of us was very conversational. One never is, on the way to a prison.

We walked up to the big locked gate—the same gate that closed on me a quarter of a century or so ago—and waited to be admitted. With my companion at my side, our escort behind us, I began to tremble and I tried to conceal my tension. I thought of turning back, but they were waiting for me in there.

And then I realized that what I felt was nothing compared to what Ezra, standing tense but composed at my right, must be going through. His 12 years straight time at Lansing were only days behind him, and the tight, sick sensation I get walking into a joint must be nothing compared to his feelings. Our escort was Warden Duffy, who was with us to address the new Seventh Step class at San Quentin. He discreetly looked away from us. He, too, understands.

A man who has once been a convict has his viewpoint twisted. Never again can such a man walk through a barred gate into a prison without painful recollections.

I glanced again at Ezra and his face was a rigid mask. And then the second of our Seven Steps flashed through my mind, and I wondered if, perhaps, he was thinking of it, too.

REALIZING THAT THERE IS A POWER FROM WHICH WE CAN GAIN STRENGTH, WE HAVE DECIDED TO USE THAT POWER.

A guard appeared, and the gate swung open. I took a deep breath and stepped through it. **—Bill Sands**

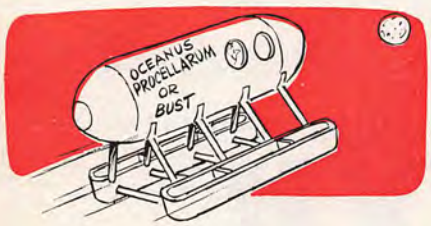
THIS FUNNY LIFE

On his birthday, a friend of mine was bemoaning the inevitability of advancing age.

"But think of the joys of growing older with your wife," I pointed out.

"Growing older with my wife!" he snapped. "She hasn't had a birthday in six years!"

Emanuel Mevorah
Hyattsville, Md.



During the U.S. Navy's Sealab II project held off the coast of southern California in 1965, in which aquanauts spent several days under water at a depth of 203 feet, one of the Navy enlisted men received a promotion to chief petty officer. The section where I worked decided to give him a party and we invited all the aquanauts including the headman, Astronaut-Aquanaut Scott Carpenter.

After considerable celebrating, the new chief, Carpenter and myself were sitting at the bar, when suddenly the chief turned to Carpenter and said, "Commander, sir, I have been diving for the Navy for years and I will stay under water for as long as I am ordered to do so—but there is no S.O.B. in this world that is going to build a *fire under my rear end and shoot me around the world like they did to you!*"

Donald S. Hayden
Long Beach, Calif.

After spending a complete Saturday afternoon looking for a car, we headed home. My mother complained that this was the third Saturday we had wasted on the project, that we must have looked at hundreds of cars, and still my father had not decided on one to buy. He retorted that he could not make up his mind in a matter of a few weeks.

"My, how you've changed," my mother said. "You married me three weeks after you first met me."

"Listen," my father replied impatiently, "buying a car is a serious business!"

R.Q.R.
Kennedy, N.Y.

A grocer in my town put up a sign in his window which read: "$5 worth of free groceries to the first girl to walk into this store wearing *only* a topless bathing suit."

The grocer finally had to give away the $5 worth of groceries to a blonde who came in. He did so quite grudgingly, however, since the blonde was only five years old.

Darryle Parker
Monroe, Mich.

My 10-year-old had a habit of replying, "Just a sec," whenever I asked her to do something, and one day she said it once too often. Unable to control my temper, I exploded at her—then suddenly realized what I must have sounded like to all the neighborhood: "NO! NO MORE SECS! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF SECS!"

Dorothy Shannon
Riverside, Calif.

As a new salesman in the northwest, I had snow tires put on my company car at the first signs of winter. The tires were adequate in most weather, but one day the roads were coated with treacherous "black" ice. The car became so hard to control that I stopped at the first garage to buy a set of tire chains.

The garage manager noticed that my snow tires were designed to hold those new style ice-grip studs. He suggested that for my kind of driving they would be handier than tire chains, so I had him install the studs.

The following week, however, there was considerable reaction from my company over the entry on my expense account under miscellaneous expenses: Stud Service for Company Car.

Jay Johnson
Seattle, Wash.

At a cocktail party, a pal of mine buttonholed a doctor and complained of many things.

"How much whisky do you consume?" the doc asked him.

"Oh, about eight highballs a night."

"Cut that down to two," said the doctor. "How many cigarets?"

"Two and a half packs a day."

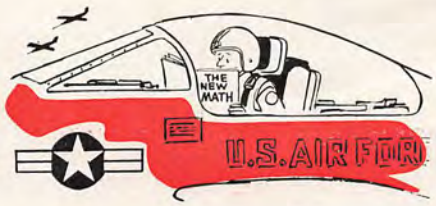
"Cut that down to one pack. And what about your sex life?"

My pal said, "Swell, Doc. Three times a week—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday."

"Cut out Wednesday."

"Can't do that. That's the night I stay home," answered my pal.

Aleon Bennett
New York, N. Y.



In Viet Nam, pilots must cope with a complex system of radio communications with ground units. Each unit operates on a different frequency to avoid confusion, and the frequencies must be changed regularly to avoid enemy interception.

One new pilot found himself at a loss in a strange area, since he didn't have the frequency for the unit he was supposed to contact. He queried his fellow pilots on the universal air-to-air frequency, even though he couldn't imagine how they could give him the needed information without revealing it to the enemy.

Immediately, a quick-thinking pilot replied, "From Jack Benny's age subtract 2.5." The newcomer tuned his radio to 36.5 kilocycles and completed his mission.

John W. Chase
Point Pleasant, N.J.

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